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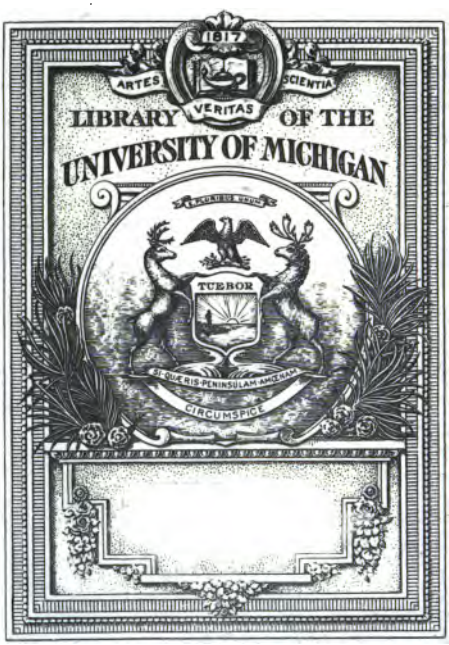

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THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE:

A Monthly Periodical

DEVOTED TO THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, FOLK LORE, TRADITIONS,

AND THE

SOCIAL AND MATERIAL INTERESTS OF THE CELT AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE,

(Late Secretary of the Gaelic Society of Inverness.)

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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ACCOUNT OF THE LAST BATTLES AND DEATH IN INDIA OF COLONEL WILLIAM BAILLIE OF DUNAIN, 1780-1782.

By Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A., Scot., M.P.

—o—

Amongst the many distinguished soldiers the County of Inverness has produced, few held a better position, or had higher prospects than Colonel William Baillie of Dunain, who died in 1782.

The family of Baillie is of long standing, and traces its descent from the Balliol, who founded the College of that name at Oxford. A branch settled at Dunain about the year 1452, and besides Dunain as it existed until lately, the possessions of the family formerly included Dochcairns, Easter Dochgarroch, Torbreck, Balrobert, and Knocknagail.

At the middle of last century, when Alexander Baillie was proprietor, the fortunes of the family were at a low ebb. Alexander Baillie had two sons, William and John, and two daughters, one Anna, married to George Baillie of Leys, the other Helen, married to Dr Alves of Shipland. William Baillie was intended for the law, but disliking the profession, procured without difficulty, in a stormy period, a Commission as Lieutenant in the old 89th Regiment in 1759, and afterwards entered the service of the East India Company.

His brother, John, afterwards Colonel of the Inverness Fencibles, his cousin, Lieut. Francis Baillie, and several men from the Parish of Inverness, were in the year 1780 serving in India. Thirty years ago, the story of Colonel Baillie's defeat and capture by Hyder Ali and his son Tippoo Saib, through the alleged default of Sir Hector Munro, and his confinement and death in Seringapatam, were often related about Inverness. It is now known but to few, and as we are in possession of several documents bearing upon it, and as an Inverness man was the principal figure, an authentic account may not prove out of place in a Magazine printed in the Highland Capital.

In the year 1780 Hyder Ali made a determined attempt to crush the Company, having some European corps in his service, with several French officers. He crossed the Ghauts, and as a first step, on 9th July, invaded the Carnatic with an army of 100,000 men, plundered and burnt the country to within 50 miles of Madras, and laid siege to Arcot, the capital of the Nabob of the Carnatic, with whom we were at friendship. A force of about 5000 assembled at Madras, in the month of July, to resist this

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invasion, under command of General, afterwards Sir Hector Munro of Novar. The detachment, consisting of about 3000 men, commanded by Colonel Baillie, had been stationed at Gintoir Circar, and at the urgent request of the Nabob, was ordered to join Munro. Colonel Baillie's progress had been, from the 25th of August to the 3d of September, impeded by the rise of the river Arblir, which however he crossed on the 3d, in the afternoon, without opposition, and resumed his march to Conjeveram, where he was to join Munro.

Upon the 4th, the following letter was sent to Colonel Baillie, probably by the Nabob's Secretary. It has some hieroglyphic attached :—

SIR,

The great attention which you have on all occasions shown to the interests of his Highness the Nabob, together with the regard which I have at all times expressed towards you, now induce me to write you a letter of congratulation on your having passed the River which impeded your progress, and on your being on the road to join General Sir Hector Munro, whose victorious arm will, with the blessing of God, chastise the unprovoked insolence of Hyder Ali Cawn. The sense which both the Nabob and I have of your services are not unknown to Governor Whiteside and General Munro. It is a pleasure to call one's self the friend of a gallant officer. What can I say more?

Given at Chepauk, 4th September 1780.

Lieutenant-Colonel Baillie.

Colonel Baillie, by the 6th, having got as far as the village of Perampauken, where he encamped, was attacked by Tippoo, at the head of 10,000 horse and 5000 infantry, with 14 pieces of cannon. The engagement lasted six hours, when the enemy had to retire with great loss. In August 1781, when the army under Sir Eyre Coote encamped at this place, great heaps of bones still remained. Col. Baillie had 300 native troops killed, his ammunition was almost exhausted, and on the morning of the 7th he wrote a note to Munro, stating that he had but the shirt on his back, that on review he found a like deficiency in ammunition and provision, in short, he added—"I must plainly tell you, Sir, that you must come to me for I see it impossible for my party to get to Conjeveram." Munro received this letter and instantly despatched Colonel Fletcher to Baillie's assistance, but it was at the time strongly felt that Munro did not act with sufficient promptness afterwards. Lord Macleod left India and resigned command of the 73d, it is said, "from having differed with Munro on the subject of his movements, particularly those preceding Colonel Baillie's disaster."

We now proceed to quote from a faded MS. which is entitled—"An account of the overthrow of Lieut.-Colonel Baillie's detachment by Hyder Ali's army on the 10th Sept. 1780. N.B.—The account was taken on the field of battle on the 28th August 1781, from black officers and several others who were in the action, and the correctness of it was afterwards confirmed in conversations on the subject by several of the surviving officers on their releasement from captivity." It is in the hand-writing, to the best of our belief, of General Macleod of the respected family of Geanies in Ross :—

"On the evening of the 7th September, Lieut.-Colonel Fletcher with the Grenadiers of the army, was detached to join Lieut.-Colonel Baillie, with some ammunition for his field-pieces, in doolies and on camels. As it was probable that this party should be obliged to take

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a round-about way to avoid the enemy, and meet with obstacles that would make it impossible for it to join Baillie before the night of the 8th Sept., the General concerted that Baillie was not to move, at any rate, before the night of the 9th, when he himself with the army was to march towards him from Conjeveram; upon which account, the General had likewise fixed upon the route by which Baillie was to move, as well as his own army; so that, in case of any attempt by the enemy, the army, and Baillie's detachment, should act to the same point. Fletcher had the good fortune of joining Baillie on the morning of the 8th without meeting with any obstruction. Colonel Baillie's force now consisted of the following troops, viz.:—

The Grenadiers and Light Infantry of the 73d	125
Two Companies of the Company's Grenadiers	160
Two Battalions collected from the northward	80
Artillery	85
Europeans—rank and file	450
Twelve Companies of Grenadier Sepoys	800
The Company of Marksmen	75
1st Battalion	500
Grant's Foot	325
Good Sepoys	1700

"A great many of the two Circar battalions deserted during the march from the northward; the battalion (Capt. Powel's) behaved remarkably ill in the action of the 6th. On the night between the 9th and 10th Sept., many of the Sepoys threw away their arms and clothing, and crept off. It may be concluded that not above 500 of the two battalions marched in the line on the morning of the 10th.

"It is well known that Colonel Fletcher and the greater number of his party were men of such mettle, as to imagine that they themselves could cut their way through Hyder's army. Nor was Fletcher's bravery and ambition tempered by much experience, or any reverse of fortune. Baillie was not less brave, or ambitious of military glory, but he had much more experience, and he knew the strength and weakness of the enemy's troops, as well as his own, thoroughly; he saw into the grand game that was begun on the theatre of the Carnatic; he was well acquainted with the character of the bold invader, and he had a just sense of the extraordinary turn our politics and manners had taken of late.

"In the present case the whole charge rested upon him. He was sensible of its weight, and how necessary it was for him to be extremely considerate and circumspect. The warm Fletcher rather exulted over this anxiety and seeming diffidence, and his grenadier officers readily gave into his way of thinking. By many reports Fletcher often repeated his wish of meeting with Hyder's whole force in broad day, and he looked on marching under the cover of night as a measure rather disgraceful."*

* The following memorandum is folded up within the manuscript:—"Lieut.-Col. Baillie ranked in the army next above Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, both men esteemed as officers of the first merit, none could exceed either in ambition for military fame; their minds—though they were always upon a footing of intimate friendship—were evidently tinged with no small degree of jealousy of each other. The patronage of the Commander-in-chief was particularly engaged to Baillie, who, as soon as the war appeared inevitable, requested to have the command of the Grenadiers of the army, as he had at the

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"The detachment marched from Perampaukin at seven at night on the 9th Sept., Fletcher's party in front, followed by Capt. Grant's companies, Powel's battalion, the two European battalion companies, Nixon's battalion, and Lucas' battalion in the rear. The whole marched by sub divisions. The doolies and baggage guarded by two companies from each battalion marched on the left flank.

"The detachment had not proceeded above two miles, when the enemy began to annoy it with rockets and musketry. A mile further the enemy were discovered in force in the rear, and opened some guns there, which raked our line. Upon this Colonel Baillie made some change in his disposition, and discovering the situation of the enemy in the rear, fired a few rounds among them from two field-pieces, which dispersing them, he resumed his march. Soon after they again opened their guns upon his left at no great distance, and he ordered a corps of Grenadier Sepoys to move out to take them. But they were interrupted by a deep watercourse. Their guns were, however, soon silenced by the fire of ours. At the same time the fire of small arms and rockets on all sides was incessant, and the baggage people and followers became very troublesome, many of them being wounded. Some of the Sepoy corps became uneasy, many deserted, and it was found difficult to maintain strict order and regularity on the march. 'Tis said that Colonel Fletcher and some of his gentlemen now again spoke to Baillie to halt until daylight, to which he agreed. It was about eleven at night when he halted at a top about 4½ miles from Perampaukin, and 3 from Polelore.

"There are causes to believe that Baillie here, and General Munro at Conjeveram, were both deceived and betrayed, much about the same time by their hircarrahs. A Sepoy of the guides and a Brahmin hircarrah, that were with Colonel Baillie upon this occasion, attended me on the 28th August 1781 over the melancholy field of slaughter, the Sepoy, giving an account of the fatal affair, told me, that immediately as the detachment halted, Colonel Baillie despatched his head hircarrah, with the strongest injunctions, and promises of great reward, for bringing certain intelligence to him, with all possible expedition, whether or not Hyder's army was near him, or moving towards him; and that the hircarrah returned betwen two and three in the morning, and most confidently assured the Colonel that Hyder with his army still lay near Conjeveram to oppose the General's army, that he had sent more horse to assist Tippoo Saib, but that no considerable force or artillery was arrived or expected. The Brahmin hircarrah checked the Sepoy while he was informing me of this circumstance, but the latter firmly insisted that it was true, adding, that

late siege of Pondicherry. The General assured him that he would have that command. Colonel Fletcher returned from Europe a short time before the army took the field, was extremely desirous to have the command of the Grenadiers; but as the General would on no account withdraw his promise to Baillie, Fletcher requested to command the Grenadiers until Baillie joined the army. This was granted, and his frank, popular, and convivial manners were particularly ingratiating with the corps. A just consideration of the above circumstances evinces the great imprudence of sending Fletcher with the Grenadiers to reinforce Baillie. This was the Commander-in-chief's (Munro) first error, which, like all his errors, arose from an indistinctness of judgment, and a facility to be misled by designing men. Of that mischievous class, too many edged themselves into his councils, and the rest of his advisers, weak men, were total novices in Indian intrigue and warfare."

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if Colonel Baillie had not been betrayed by his hircarrah, he would have gone to the little fort of Tuckollim, then possessed by our people, and not above a mile from his right; and most evident it is, that Baillie would have done this in the night without any loss.

"Between four and five in the morning Colonel Baillie put the detachment again in motion. His order of march now was, Rumley's Sepoy Grenadiers, First Battalion, Powel's Battalion, all the Europeans, Nixon's Battalion, Grant's Foot, and Gowdie's Grenadier Sepoys,—the doolies and baggage covered by companies from the different corps marched upon his right flank.

"At daylight, being in the avenue running west on the great road to Arcot (Conjeveram being nearly south), the head of the detachment turned to the left into the plain between it and the small village of Polelore. This was the field on which the enemy had planned their inevitable destruction, and as soon as the front appeared turning out of the avenue, the enemy began to play most furiously upon it, from the tops on the left, and divers stations all along in front, from so many guns, that our people say, they could not guess at their number. Many fell before they had proceeded 300 yards over the plain. The ground was somewhat hollow here. Baillie halted and immediately sent out Captain Rumley with six companies of Sepoy Grenadiers to take five guns stationed behind a water-course. About 400 yards yards on the left of the detachment, he likewise sent the company of Marksmen as a reinforcement after the Grenadiers. Rumley took these guns, but by some fatality, they were neither used against the enemy nor spiked. The enemy immediately turned several pieces of cannon upon this party, and large bodies of horse advanced furiously. The Colonel made the First Battalion move out a little, but the Grenadiers flew back broken and confused. About the time that Baillie had arranged the Grenadiers, a cannon ball grazed one of his legs, and not long thereafter two of his tumbrels were blown up by the enemy's shot, the detachment, notwithstanding, maintained its steadiness, and repeatedly beat back the horse that attempted to cut in among them. The enemy's cannon were so heavy and numerous that even had we ammunition our small field-pieces could do very little against them. Some people think it unaccountable that the detachment stood the unremitting destruction by the enemy's artillery, for at least an hour and a-half, without making any attempt to extricate themselves. But what could be done? All ranks of the shattered party were now most sensible of their very critical situation. The commanding officer saw that the black troops particularly were quite disheartened. The enemy's guns were judiciously placed in divers stations behind trenches, and great bodies of their best horse drawn up on both flanks in readiness to charge. Hyder overlooked the whole scene; this was his first essay in the war. From what had already happened, as well as what finally, in a moment decided the affair, it is evident, that any movement they could possibly attempt, would but accelerate their ruin. In short, it appears plain that no measure could be devised or attempted to overcome such superior force. The least disorder when on the move, would probably determine the affair in a moment; besides, they were fixed by the assured arrival—by the certain assistance—of their

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friends. Had not they every reason to hope that their General, with the army was by this time at hand, to relieve them? What would be said of Colonel Baillie had he, in a desperate attempt, lost his detachment at 7 or 8 o'clock,—in case General Munro with the army had arrived at Polelore at 10 o'clock. But to return to these brave men, Colonel Fletcher near the rear of the detachment, having something in view which is not, known, called aloud, 'Come this way, Grenadiers."*

"Instantly the Sepoys, and, in short, the whole detachment broke and flew back in the utmost disorder and confusion. The horse cut in among them as quick as thought, but Colonel Baillie rallied a body of the intrepid Europeans upon a small spot of ground that rose a little above the plain, at the distance of 300 yards from the ground on whieh they broke. This handful faced every way, and drove off the horse. Colonel Fletcher and many others were cut down upon this occasion, and but a few of even the European officers now appeared. There was not one black man to face the enemy. Such as fled beyond the spot on which the Europeans rallied were all put to the sword, as appeared by their bones, which covered the plain for about three-quarters of a mile, when we went over it in August last.

"All hopes of succour and relief being now exhausted, Colonel Baillie made a signal for surrendering, and a party of horse advanced, upon whom some of the Europeans fired, having no other idea than to sell their lives as dear as possible.

"As the men's ammunition was now mostly expended, the horse rushed frequently on their bayonets. In one of these attempts, two horsemen seized upon Colonel Baillie, but his life was saved by his Brigade-Major, Mr Fraser, declaring to them who he was, and beseeching them not to kill him. This was instantly reported to Hyder, and he immediately ordered the slaughter to cease.

"By all accounts, it was half-an-hour past 9 o'clock before this melancholy and most unfortunate affair was finally concluded, before the slaughter ceased and the few remaining brave men threw away their useless arms. Much about the same time the advanced guard of our army was within three miles of Polelore—that is, about four miles from their distressed friends; but alas! here they turned their backs upon this most hardy and resolute band, who, to the last moment, looked for their assistance.

"The ground on which the Europeans made the last desperate stand rises a little above the plain. Their bones remained upon it, with a great quantity of their braided hair; and all round and close by this spot, lay the bones of many horses, which they had killed."

(To be Continued.)

* The ground on which Colonel Baillie halted the detachment was somewhat a hollow, and he made the men to couch or sit down to avoid, as much as possible, the destruction by the enemy's heavy artillery. In this situation they were very much galled by musketry from the avenue—distant about 180 yards; and it is supposed that when Colonel Fletcher called out, "Grenadiers, come this way," his view was to drive the enemy's infantry from the avenue.

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THE CLEARING OF THE GLENS.

By Principal Shairp, St Andrews University.

—o—

The following poem attempts to reproduce facts heard, and impressions received, during the wanderings of several successive summers among the scenes which are here described. Whatever view political economists may take of these events, it can hardly be denied that the form of human society, and the phase of human suffering, here attempted to be described, deserve at least some record. If the lesser incidents of the poem are not all literally exact, of the main outlines and leading events of the simple story it may well be said, "It's an ower true tale." The story is supposed to be told by a grandson of the Ewan Cameron, and a nephew of the Angus Cameron of the poem—one who, as a boy, had seen and shared in the removal of the people from his native glen.

CANTO FIRST.

—o—

THE CHIEF RESTORED.

I.

Eighty years have come and gone
Since on the dark December night,
East and west Glen Dessaray shone
With fires illumining holm and height—
A sudden and a marvellous sight!
Never since dread Culloden days
The Bens had seen such beacons blaze;
But those were lurid, boding bale
And vengeance on the prostrate Gael,
These on the tranquil night benign,
As with a festal gladness, shine.
One from the knoll that shuts the glen
Flings down the loch a beard of fire;
Up on the braesides, homes of men
Answer each other, high and higher,
Across the valley with a voice
Of light that shouts, rejoice, rejoice.
Nor less within the red torch-pine
And peat-fires piled on hearth combine
To brighten rafters glossy-clear
With lustre strange for many a year.
And blithe sounds since the Forty-five
Unheard within these homes revive,
Now with the pibroch, now with song,
Driving the night in joy along.
What means it all? how can it be
Such sights and sounds of revelry

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From a secluded silent race
Break on the solitary place?
That music sounds, these beacons burn
In honour of the Chief's return.

II.

Long had our people sat in gloom
Within their own Glen Dessaray,
O'er-shadowed by the cloud of doom
That gathered on that doleful day,
When ruin from Culloden moor
The hills of Albyn darkened o'er,
From east to west, from shore to shore.
No loyal home in glen or strath
But felt the red-coats' vengeful wrath;
Yet most on these our glens it fell,
They that had loved the Prince so well;
To Moidart when he friendless came,
Had hailed him first with welcome brave,
When bloodhound bayed, and beacon flame
For him was blazing, shelter gave.

III.

No home in all this glen but mourned
Some loved one laid in battle low;
Who from the headlong rout returned
Were kept for heavier woe.
From their own hills with helpless gaze
To watch their flocks by spoilers driven,
Their roofs with ruthless fires ablaze,
Reddening the dark night heaven.
Some on the mountains hunted down
With their blood stained the heather brown,
And many more were driven forth
Lorn exiles from their native earth;
While he, the gentle and the brave,
Lochiel, who led them, doomed to bide
A life-long exile, found a grave
Far from his own Loch Arkaig side.
And when at last war guns were hushed,
And back to wasted farms they fared,
With bitter memories, spirits crushed,
The remnant, sword and famine spared,
Saw the old order banished, saw
The old clan-ties asunder torn,
For their chief's care a factor's scorn,
And iron rule of Saxon law,
One rent to him, constrained to bring
'The German lairdie,' called a king;

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They o'er the sea in secret sent
To their own Chief another rent
In his far place of banishment.

IV.

When forty years had come and gone,
At length on lone Glen Dessaray shone
A day like sudden spring new-born
From the womb of winter dark and lorn,
The day for which all hearts had yearned,
With tidings of their Chief returned.
Yea, spring-like on that wintry time,
The tidings came from southron clime,
That he their leal long-exiled lord
Ere long would meet their hearts' desires,
Their chieftain to his own restored
Another home would re-instate
Beside the place long desolate—
The ruined home where dwelt his sires:
Not he who led the fatal war,
No! nor his son—they sleep afar,
But sprung from the old heroic tree
An offshoot in the third degree.

V.

It wakened mountain, loch, and glen,
That cry—'Lochiel comes back again;'
Loch Leven and Loch Linnhe's shore
Shout to the head of Nevis Ben,
The crags and corries of Màmore
Rang to that word, "He comes again."
High up along Lochaber Braes
Fleeter than fiery cross it sped,
The Great Glen heard with glad amaze
And rolled it on to Loch Askaig-head.
From loch to hill the tidings spread,
It smote with joy each dwelling place
Of Camerons—clachan, farm, and shiel,
And the long glens that interlace
The mountains piled benorth Lochiel.
Glen Malie, Glen Camagorie,
Resounded to the joyful cry,
Westward with the sunset fleeing,
It roused the homes of green Glen Pean;
Glen Kinzie tossed it on—unburn'd
It swept o'er rugged Màm-Clach-Ard,
Start at these sounds the rugged bounds
Of Arisaig, Moidart, Morar, and Knoydart,
Down to the ocean's misty bourn
By dark Loch Nevish and Lochourn.

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VI.

Many a heart that news made glad,
Hearts that for years scant gladness had,
But him it gladdened more than all,
The Patriarch of Glen Dessaray,
Dwelling where sunny Sheneval
From the green braeside fronts noon-day,
My grandsire, Ewan Cameron, then
Numbering three score years and ten.
Of all our clansmen still alive,
None in the gallant Forty-five
Had borne a larger, nobler part,
  Had seen or suffered more;
Thenceforward on no living heart
  Was graven richer store
Of mournful memories and sublime
Gleaned from that wild adventurous time.

VII.

For when the Prince's summons called,
  Answered to that brave appeal
No nobler heart than Archibald,
  Brother worthy of Lochiel.
Him following fain, my grandsire flew
To the gathering by Loch Shiel,
Thence a foster-brother true
Followed him through woe and weal.
Nothing could these two divide,
Marching forward side by side,
Two friends, each of the other sure,—
Through Prestonpans and Falkirk Muir.
But when on dark Culloden day
A wounded man Gillespic lay,
My grandsire bore him to the shore
And helped him over seas away.
Seven years went by; less fiercely burned
The conqueror's vengeance 'gainst the Gael—
Gillespic Cameron fain returned
  To see his native vale.
Waylaid and captured on his road
  By the basest souls alive,
His blood upon the scaffold flowed,
Last victim of the Forty-five.
Thenceforth wrapt in speechless gloom
Ewan mourned that lovely head;
His heart become a living tomb
Haunted by memory of the dead.
Never more from his lips fell
Name of him he loved so well,

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But the less he spake, the more his heart
'Mid these sad memories dwelt apart.

VIII.

But when on lone Glen Dessaray broke
The first flash of that joyous cry,
From his long dream old Ewan woke—
I wot his heart leapt high.
No news like that had fallen on him,
Within his cabin smoky dim
For forty summers long and more.
Straightway beyond his cottage door
He sprang and gazed, the white hair o'er
His shoulders streaming, and the last
Wild sunset gleam on his worn cheek cast:
He looked and saw his Marion turn
Home from the well beside the burn,
And cried, 'Good tidings! Thou and I
Will see our Chief before we die.'
That night they talked, how many a year
Had gone, since the last Lochiel was here,
How gentle hearts and brave had been
The old Lochiels their youth had seen;
And aye as they spake, more hotly burned
The fire within them—back returned
Old days seemed ready to revive
That perished in the Forty-five.
That night ere Ewan laid his head
On pillow, to his wife he said:
"Yule-time is near, for many a year
Mirth-making through the glens hath ceased,
But the clan once more, as in days of yore,
This Yule shall hold with game and feast."

IX.

Next morning, long ere screech o' day,
Old Ewan roused hath ta'en the brae
With gun on shoulder, and the boy,
Companion of his toils and joy,
The dark-haired Angus by his side—
O'er the black braes o' Glen Kinzie, on
Among the mists with slinging stride
They fare, nor stayed till they had won
Corrie-na-Gaul, the cauldron deep
Which the Lochiels were used to keep
A sanctuary where the deer might hide,
And undisturbed all year abide.
Not a cranny, rock, or stone
In that corrie but was known

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To my grandsire's weird grey eye;
All the lairs where large stags lie
Well he knew, but passed them by,
For stags were lean ere yule-time grown.
Crawling on, he saw appear
O'er withered fern one twinkling ear—
His gun is up—the crags resound—
Startled, a hundred antlers bound
Up the passes fast away;
Lifeless stretched along the ground,
Large and sleek, one old hind lay.
Straight they laid her on their backs,
And o'er the hills between them bore,
Up and down by rugged tracks,
Sore-wearied, ere beside their door
They laid her down—'A bonny beast
To crown our coming yule-time feast'—
As night came down on scour and glen,
From rough Scour-hoshi-brachcalen.

X.

That night they slept the slumber sound
That waits on labour long and sore;
Next day he sent the message round
The glen from door to door,
On to the neighbouring glens—Glen Pean
The summons hears, and all that be in
Glen Kinzie's bounds—Loch Arkaig, stirred
From shore to shore the call has heard;
To Clunes it passed, from toun to toun,
That all the people make them boun
Against the coming New-Year's-Day,
To gather for a shinty fray
Within the long Glen Dessaray,
And meet at night round Ewan's board,
In honour of Lochiel restored.

XI.

Blue, frosty, bright, the morning rose
That New Year's day above the snows,
Veiling the range of Scour and Ben,
That either side wall in the glen.
But down on the Strath the night frost keen
Had only crisped the long grass green,
When the men of Loch Arkaig, boat and oar
At Kinloch leaving, sprang to shore.
Crisp was the sward beneath their tread
As they westward marched, and at their head

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The Piper of Achnacarry blew
The thrilling pibroch of Donald Dhu.
That challenge the Piper of the Glen
As proudly sounded back again
From his biggest pipe, till far off rang
The tingling crags to the wild war-clang
Of the pibroch that loud to battle blown
The Cameron clan had for ages known.
To-day, as other, yet the same,
It summons to the peaceful game,
From the braeside homes down trooping come
The champions of Glen Dessaray, some
In tartan philabegs arrayed—
The garb which tyrant laws forbade,
But still they clung to, unafraid;
Some in home-woven tartan trews,
Rough spun, and dyed with various hues,
By mother's hands or maiden's wrought,
In hues by native fancy taught;
But all with hazel camags* slung
Their shoulders o'er, men old and young,
With mountaineer's long slinging pace,
Move cheerily down to the trysting-place.

XII.

It was a level space of ground—
Two miles and more from west to east,
Where from rough Màm-Clach-Ard released
In loop† on loop the river wound,
Through many a slow and lazy round,
Ere plunging downward to the lake.
On that long flat of green they take
Their stations; on the west the men
Of Dessaray, Kinzie, Pean Glen,
Ranged 'gainst the stalwart lads who bide
Down long Loch Arkaig, either side.
The ground was tae'n, and the clock struck ten,
As Ewan, patriarch of the glen,
Struck off, and sent the foremost ball
Down the Strath flying, with a cry:
'Fye, lads, set on,' and one and all
To work they fell right heartily.

XIII.

Now fast and furious on they drive,—
Here youngsters scud with feet of wind,

* The Gaelic for a club.

† The English word "loop" is used as, perhaps, the best to represent the far more expressive Gaelic word *luib*, which is applied to windings or bends of rivers.

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There in a melee dunch and strive ;
The veterans outlook keep behind.
Now up, now down, the ball they toss ;
Now this, now that side of the Strath ;
And many a leaper, brave to cross
The river, finds a chilling bath ;
And many a fearless driver bold,
To win renown, was sudden rolled
Headlong in hid quagmire ;
And many a stroke of stinging pain
In the close press was given and ta'en
Without or guile or ire.
So all the day the clansmen played,
And to and fro their tulzie swayed,
Untired, along the hollow vale,
And neither side could win the hail ;
But high the clamour, upward flung,
Along the precipices rung,
And smote the snowy peaks, and went
Far up the azure firmament.
All day, too, watching from the knowes,
Stood maidens fair, with snooded brows,
And bonny blithe wee bairns ;
Those watching whom I need na' say,
These eyeing now their daddies play,
Now jinking round the cairns.

XIV.

The loud game fell with sunset still,
And echo died on strath and hill,
As gloamin' deepened, each side the glen,
High above the homes of men,
Blinks of kindling fires were seen,
Such as shine out upon Hallowe'en ;
Single fires on rocky shelf,
Each several farm-house for itself
Has lighted—there in wavering line
Either side the vale they shine
From dusk to dawn, to blaze and burn
In welcome of their Chief's return.
But broader, brighter than the rest,
Down beside Loch-Arkaig-head,
From a knoll's commanding crest
One great beacon flaring red,
As with a wedge of splendour clove
The blackness of the vault above.
And far down the quivering waters flung
Forward its steady pillar of light,
To tell, more clear than trumpet tongue,
Glen Dessaray hails her Chief to-night.

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XV.

The while the bonfires blazed without,
With logs and peats by keen hands fed—
Children and men—a merry rout;
In every home the board was spread.
On ev'ry hearth the fires burned clear,
And round and round abundant cheer
Passed freely for the men who came
From distant glens to join the game.
Freely that feast flowed—most of all
In the old home at Sheneval;
There Ewan Cameron, seated high,
Welcomed a various company.
Flower of the glens—old men, his peers,
White with the snows of seventy years;
And clansmen, strong in middle age,
And sprightly youths in life's first stage—
Down to his own bright dark-haired boy,
Who, seated in a chimney nook,
To his inmost bosom took
The impress of that night of joy.

XVI.

He feasted them with the venison fine
Himself had brought from Corri-na-Gaul,
And sent around the ruddy wine,
High spiced, in antique bowl—
Rare wine, which to the Western Isles
Ships of France in secret bore,
Thence through Skye and o'er the Kyles,
Brought to the mainland shore.
Far back that night their converse ran
To the old glories of the clan;
The battles, where in mortal feud
Clan Cameron 'gainst Clan Chattan stood;
And great Sir Ewan, huge of frame,
'Mid loyal hearts the foremost name,
How, yet a boy, he gave his heart
To the King's cause and great Montrose;
How hand to hand, in tangled den
He closed with Cromwell's staunchest men,
And conqueror from the death-grips rose:
How the war-summons of Dundee
In hoary age he sprang to meet—
Dashed with his clan in headlong charge
Down Killiecrankie's cloven gorge
To victory deadlier than defeat.
At these old histories inly burned
The heart of Ewan—back returned

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The vigour of long-vanished years,
A youth he stood 'mid hoary peers.
Even as in autumn you have seen
Some ancient pine alone look green
'Mid all the wasted wood's decay;
Some pine, that having summer long
Repaired its verdure, fresh and strong
Waits the bleak winter day.

XVII.

As Ewan's spirit caught the glow
Cast from the heights of long ago,
His own old memories became
Within his heart a living flame;
And, bursting the reserve that long
Had kept them down, broke forth in song:

1.

"What an August morn that was!
Think na' ye our hearts were fain,
Branking down the Cuernan Pass,
As we eyed the trysting-plain;

2.

"Where Glenfinnan opens, where
Spread the blue waves of Loch Shiel—
Lealest hearts alone were there,
Keppoch, Moidart, brave Lochiel;

3.

"There was young Clanranald true—
Crowding all round Scotland's Heir—
Him, the Lad with bonnet blue
Over his long yellow hair.

4.

"Kingly look that morn he wore
In our Highland garb arrayed,
By his side the broad claymore,
O'er his brow the white cockade,

5.

"Well I ween, he looked with pride
On that gathering by Loch Shiel,
As the veteran, old and tried,
Tullibardine, true as steel.

6.

"On the winds with dauntless hand
Broad the crimson flag unfurled,
Pledge that we to death would stand
For the Stuarts 'gainst the world.

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7.

"Jeanie Cameron there apart,
Where our people crowned the brae,
Gazed with proud exulting heart
On the sight of that brave day.

8.

"Loud the shouting shakes the earth,
Far away the mountains boom,
As the Chiefs and Clansmen forth
March to victory and to doom."

The while he sang, in fervent dream
The old man's eye beheld the gleam
Of yet another Forty-five
Along those western shores revive,
And Moidart mountains re-illume
The glory, but no more the gloom.

(To be Continued.)

THE CLAN ROTHAICH, OR MUNROS.—We are glad to notice various indications that Inverness is progressing in the direction of taking its proper place in the publishing world. Mr Mackenzie has issued some valuable works within the last few years, and we are glad now to find that Mr John Noble has in the press the History of the Munros, and ancient family of Foulis, from 1031 to the present time, with notices of the junior branches of the Clan. The author of this work is Major-General Stewart-Allan, F.S.A., Scot., who wrote the New Statistical Account of the Parishes of Edderton and Kincardine, in Ross-shire. He is a grandson of the well-known author of the Gaelic Grammar, recently re-published by Maclachlan & Stewart, and nephew of the late Mr Stewart of Cromarty, Hugh Miller's intimate and valued friend. The Munros are a very ancient family. We have several accounts of their origin, but it has been maintained that they came originally from Ireland, in accordance with the foolish and unpatriotic craze of almost all our Highland families for claiming a foreign origin. We prefer the account which traces them from the Siol O'Cain, and which Skene says has been converted into O'Cathan, thus forming Clan Chattan. Sir George Mackenzie says the name of the Clan was originally Bunroe. The eighth baron married a grand-niece of King Robert II. of Scotland. In the charters by which the Munros hold their lands, they are declared to hold them by the peculiar tenure of furnishing the King with a ball of snow off Ben Wyvis in mid-summer, if called upon to do so; and when the Duke of Cumberland was in the North in 1746, the Munros actually supplied him with snow to cool his wines. The Clan produced some very distinguished military officers, especially the "Black Baron," who so distinguished himself in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus. In this service there were at one time not less than three Generals, eight Colonels, five Lieutenant-Colonels, eleven Majors, and about thirty Captains, all of the name of Munro, besides a great number of Subalterns. These officers, in addition to the use of rich buttons, were allowed by Adolphus the peculiar and distinguished privilege of wearing a gold chain round their necks, to secure the wearer, in case of being wounded or taken prisoner, good treatment, or payment of future ransom. Indeed the history of the Munros is of such a nature that not only will it prove interesting to members of the Clan, but to the general reader who takes any interest in questions of family history connected with the Highlands.

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THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, *COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE.*

By the Editor.

THE gift of prophecy, second-sight, or *Taibhsearachd*, claimed for and believed by many to have been possessed, in an eminent degree, by *Coinneach Odhar*, the Brahan Seer, is one, the belief in which scientific men and others of the present day accept as unmistakable signs of looming, if not of actual, insanity. We are all, or would be considered, scientific in these days, and, therefore, it will scarcely appear prudent for any one who would wish to lay claim to the slightest modicum of common sense, to say nothing of an acquaintance with the elementary principles of science, to commit to paper his ideas on the subject, unless he is prepared, in doing so, to follow the common horde in their all but universal scepticism.

Without committing ourselves to any specific faith on the subject, however difficult it may be to explain away what follows on strictly scientific grounds, we shall place before the reader the extraordinary predictions of the Brahan Seer. We have had slight experiences of our own, which we would hesitate to dignify by the name of second-sight, but would rather leave the reader to explain them away, and to designate them by whatever name he pleases, after he has carefully examined and considered them. It is not, however, with our own experiences that we have at present to do, but with the "Prophecies" of *Coinneach Odhar Fiosaiche*. He is beyond comparison the most distinguished of all our Highland Seers, and his prophecies have been known throughout the whole country for more than two centuries. The popular faith in them has been, and still continues to be, strong and wide-spread. Even Sir Walter Scott, Sir Humphrey Davy, Mr Morrit, Lockhart, and many other eminent contemporaries of the "Last of the Seaforths" firmly believed in the predictions. Many of them were known, and were recited from one generation to another, centuries before they were fulfilled. Some of them have been fulfilled in our own day, and many are still unfulfilled.

Not so much with the view of protecting ourselves from the charge of a belief in such superstitious folly (for we would hesitate to acknowledge any such belief), but as a kind of slight palliation for obtruding such nonsense on the public, we might point out, by the way, that the sacred writers, who are now considered by many of the would-be considered wise to have been behind the age, and not near so wise and far-seeing as we are, believed in second-sight, witchcraft, and other visions of a supernatural kind. But then we shall be told by our scientific friends that the Bible itself is becoming obsolete, and that it has already served its turn; being only suited for an unenlightened age in which such men as Shakspere, Milton, Newton, Bacon, and such unscien-

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tific men could be considered distinguished. The truth is that on more important topics than the one we are now considering, the Bible is laid aside by many of our would-be-scientific lights, whenever it treats of anything beyond the puny comprehension of the minds and intellectual vision of these *enquirers after truth*. We have all grown so scientific that the mere idea of supposing anything possible, which is beyond the intellectual grasp of the scientific enquirer, cannot be entertained, although even he must admit, that in many cases, the greatest men in science, and the mightiest intellects, find it impossible to understand or explain away many things as to the existence of which they can have no possible doubt. We even find the clergy slightly inconsistent in questions of this kind. They solemnly desire to impress us with the fact that ministering spirits hover about the couches and the apartments in which the dying Christian is drawing near the close of his existence, and preparing to throw off his mortal coil; but were we to suggest the possibility of any human being, in any way, feeling the presence of these ghostly visitors, or discovering any signs, or indications, of the early departure of a relative or of an intimate friend, our heathen ideas and devious wanderings, from the safe channel of clerical orthodoxy and consistent inconsistency, would be howled against, and paraded before the faithful as the grossest superstition, with an enthusiasm and relish possible only in a strait-laced ecclesiastic.

Many able men have written on the second-sight, and to some of them we shall probably refer as we proceed, but meanwhile our purpose is to place before the reader the Prophecies of *Coinneach Odhar* as far as we have been able to procure them, with the aid of those who have so kindly assisted us in their collection. Among others, we are specially indebted to Mr Donald Macintyre, teacher, Arpafeelie, and Mr A. B. Maclennan, police constable, Croy. We understand that a considerable collection of the Seer's predictions has been made by the late Alexander Cameron of Lochmaddy, author of the "History and Traditions of the Isle of Skye," but we were unable to discover into whose possession the manuscript found its way; we hope, however, that this reference may bring it to light, and that the possessor will favour us with its perusal, that we may give as good an account of the Ross-shire Prophet as it is possible to give at this time of day.

The Seer was a dependant of the great Seaforths, and lived on the Brahan estate, in the neighbourhood of Loch Ussie. He was born in the early part of the seventeenth century, a few years before the Commonwealth. He was distinguished far and wide for his prophetic powers, and was also very shrewd and clear-headed, considering his menial position. Kenneth was always ready with a smart answer, and if any attempted to raise the laugh at his expense, seldom or ever did he fail to turn it against his tormentors. His position in society was only that of a common farm servant. His mistress, the farmer's wife, was unusually exacting with him, and he, in return, continually teased and expended, on many occasions, much of his natural wit upon her, much to her annoyance and chagrin. Latterly his conduct became so unbearable that she decided upon getting him disposed of in a manner which would save

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her any future annoyance. On one occasion, his master having sent him away to cut peats, which in those days was, as it is now in more remote districts, the common article of fuel, even in such comparatively civilised regions, it was necessary to send him his dinner, he being too far from the house to come home to his meals, and the farmer's wife so far carried out her intention of destroying Kenneth, by putting poison in his dinner. It was somewhat late in arriving, and the future prophet feeling exhausted from his honest exertions in his master's interest and want of food, laid himself down on the heath and fell into a heavy slumber. In this position he was suddenly awakened by feeling something very cold in his breast, which on examination he found to be a small white stone, with a hole through the centre. He looked through, when a vision appeared to him which disclosed the treachery and diabolical intention of his mistress. To test the truth of this vision, he gave the dinner intended for himself to his faithful collie; the poor brute writhed, and soon after died in the greatest agony.

We have received the following version from Mr Macintyre:—Although the various accounts as to the manner in which *Coinneach Odhar* became gifted with second-sight differ in some respects, yet they all agree in this, that it was acquired while he was engaged in the humble occupation of cutting peats or divots, which were in his day generally, and still are in many places, used as fuel throughout the Highlands of Scotland. On the occasion referred to, being somewhat tired, he laid himself down, resting his head upon a little knoll, and waited the arrival of his wife with his dinner, whereupon he fell fast asleep. On awakening, he felt something hard under his head, and, on examining the cause of the uneasiness, discovered a small round stone with a hole through the middle of it. He picked it up, and looking through it, saw by the aid of this prophetic stone that his wife was coming to him with a dinner consisting of sowans and milk, polluted, though unknown to her, in a manner which, as well as several other particulars connected with it, we forbear to mention. But *Coinneach* found that though this stone was the means by which a supernatural power had been conferred upon him, it had, on its very first application, deprived him of the sight of that eye with which he looked through it, and he continued ever afterwards *cam*, or blind of an eye. It would appear from this account that the intended murderer made use of the Seer's own wife to convey the poison to her own husband, thus adding to her diabolical and murderous intention by making her who would feel the loss the keenest, the means by which her husband was to lose his life.

We quote the following from Hugh Miller's "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland":—When serving as a field labourer with a wealthy clansman who resided somewhere near Brahan Castle, he made himself so formidable to the clansman's wife by his shrewd, sarcastic humour, that she resolved on destroying him by poison. With this design, she mixed a preparation of noxious herbs with his food, when he was one day employed in digging turf in a solitary morass, and brought it to him in a pitcher. She found him lying asleep on one of those conical fairy hillocks which abound in some parts of the Highlands, and her

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courage failing her, instead of awakening him, she set down the pitcher by his side and returned home. He woke shortly after, and, seeing the food, would have begun his repast, but feeling something press heavily against his heart, he opened his waistcoat and found a beautiful smooth stone, resembling a pearl, but much larger, which had apparently been dropped into his breast while he slept. He gazed at it in admiration, and became conscious as he gazed that a strange faculty of seeing the future as distinctly as the present, and men's real designs and motives as clearly as their actions, was miraculously imparted to him; and it is well for him that he should become so knowing at such a crisis, for the first secret he became acquainted with was that of the treachery practised against him by his mistress.

We have already indicated that many of the propheeies are still unfulfilled, and it may be well to place some of them on record, and so give an opportunity to those who come after us, which they would not otherwise have, to test their belief, or scepticism, in Kenneth's supernatural powers, by comparing what may come to pass in their day with the unfulfilled predictions to be here recorded. He no doubt predicted many things which the unbeliever in his prophetic gifts may ascribe to great natural shrewdness. Among these may be placed his prophecy, 150 years before the Caledonian Canal was built, that ships would some day sail round the back of Tomnahurich Hill. Mr Maclennan gives the following translation of this prediction:—"Strange as it may seem to you this day, the time will come, and it is not far off, when full-rigged ships will be seen sailing eastward and westward by Muirtown and Tomnahiurich, near Inverness." Mr Macintyre supplies us with a version in the Seer's vernacular Gaelic:—"*Thig an latha 's am faicear laraichean Sasunnach air an tarruing le srianan corcaich seachad air cul Tom-na-hiuraich.*" (The day will come when English mares, with hempen bridles, shall be led round the back of Tomnahurich.) It is quite possible that a man of penetration and great natural shrewdness might, from the appearance of the country, with its chain of great inland lakes, foresee the future Caledonian Canal. Another, which might safely be predicted without the aid of any supernatural gifts, is, "that the day would come when there would be a road through the hills of Ross-shire from sea to sea, and a bridge upon every stream." "That the people would degenerate as their country improved." "That the clans would become so effeminate as to flee from their native country before an army of sheep." Mr Macintyre supplies the following version of the latter:—Alluding possibly to the depopulation of the Highlands, *Coinneach* said "that the day will come when the Big Sheep will overrun the country until they strikè (meet) the northern sea." Big sheep is commonly understood to mean deer, but whether the words signify sheep or deer, the prophecy has been very strikingly fulfilled. The other two have been only too literally fulfilled.

Mr Macintyre gives another version of them, as follows:—He predicted "that the day would come when the hills of Ross would be strewed with ribbons." It is generally accepted that this finds its fulfilment in the many good roads that now intersect the various districts of the country. Other versions are given, such as 'a ribbon on every hill, and a bridge on

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every stream' (*'Raoban air gach cnoc agus drochaid air gach alltan'*); 'a mill on every river and a white house on every hillock' (*'Muillinn air gach abhainn agus tigh geal air gach cnocam'*); and 'that the hills of the country would be crossed with shoulder-halts' (*criosan guaille*). It is well known that mills were formerly very common, and among the most useful industrial institutions of the country, as may be evidenced by the fact that, even to this day, the proprietors of lands, where such establishments were once located, pay Crown and Bishop's rents for them. And may we not discover the fulfilment of "a white house on every hillock" in the many elegant shooting lodges, hotels, and school-houses found in every corner of the Highlands.

Other predictions of this class will no doubt occur as we proceed, but we have no hesitation in saying that, however much natural penetration and shrewdness might aid Kenneth in predicting such as the above, it would assist him little in prophecying "that the day would come when Tomnahurich," or, as he called it, *Tom-na-Sithichean*, or the Fairy Hill, "would be under lock and key, and the Fairies secured within." It would hardly assist him in foreseeing the beautiful and unique cemetery on the top of the hill, and the spirits (of the dead) chained within, as we now see it.

Regarding the evictions which would take place in the Parish of Petty, he said, "The day will come, and it is not far off, when farmsteadings will be so few and far between, that the crow of a cock will not be heard from the one steading to the other." This prediction has certainly been fulfilled, for, in the days of the Seer there were no fewer than sixteen tenants on the farm of Morayston alone.

On the south of the bay, at Petty, is an immense stone of at least eight tons weight, which formerly marked the boundary between the estates of Culloden and Moray. On the 20th of February 1799, it was mysteriously removed from its former position and carried about 260 yards into the sea. It is supposed by some that this was brought about by an earthquake; others think that the stone was carried off by the action of ice, combined with the influence of a tremendous hurricane, which blew from the land, during that fearful and stormy night. It happened the same night on which the frightful catastrophe occurred in the Forest of Gaick, when the "Black Captain" and his four attendants were overwhelmed and suffocated by the storm. It was currently reported, and pretty generally believed at the time, that his Satanic Majesty had a finger in this tragic work. Be that as it may, there is no doubt whatever that the Brahan Seer predicted "that the day will come when the Stone of Petty, large though it is, and high and dry upon the land as it appears to people this day, will be suddenly found as far advanced into the sea as it now lies away from it inland, and no one will see it removed, or be able to account for its sudden and marvellous transportation."

He was at one time in the Culloden district on some important business. While passing over what is now so well known as the Battlefield of Culloden, the Seer exclaimed, "Oh! Drummossie, thy bleak moor will, ere many generations pass away, be stained with the best blood of the Highlands. Glad am I that I will not see that day, for it will be a fearful period; heads will be lopped off by the score, and no mercy will

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be shown or quarter given on either side." It is perhaps unnecessary to point out how literally this prophecy has been fulfilled on the occasion of the last battle fought on British soil. We have received several other versions of this one from different parts of the country, almost all in identical terms.

"The time will come when whisky or dram shops will be so plentiful that one may be met with at the head of almost every plough furrow."—"*Thig an-latha 's am bi tighean-oil cho lionmhor 's nach mor nach fhaicear tighe-osda aig ceann gach claise.*" "Policemen will become so numerous in every town that they may be met with at the corner of every street." "Travelling merchants" [pedlars and hawkers we presume] "will be so plentiful that a person can scarcely walk a mile on the public high-way without meeting one of them."

We take the following from "A Summer in Skye," by the late Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama." Describing Dunvegan Castle and its surroundings, he says :—"Dun Kenneth's prophecy has come to pass—'In the days of Norman, son of the third Norman, there will be a noise in the doors of the people, and wailing in the house of the widow; and Macleod will not have so many gentlemen of his name as will row a five-oared boat round the Maidens.' If the last trumpet had been sounded at the end of the French war, no one but a Macleod would have risen out of the church-yard of Dunvegan. If you want to see a chief (of the Macleods) now-a-days you must go to London for him." There can be no question as to these having been fulfilled to the letter.

Mr Maclennan supplies us with the following :—There is opposite the shore at Findon, Ferrintosh, two sand banks, which were in the time of the Seer entirely covered over with the sea, even at the very lowest spring ebbs. Regarding these, *Coinneach* said, "that the day will come, however distant, when these banks will form the coast line; and when that happens, know for a certainty that troublesome times are at hand." "These banks," our correspondent continues, "have been visibly approaching for many years back, nearer and nearer to the shore." This is another of the class of predictions which might be attributed to natural shrewdness. It is being gradually fulfilled, and it may be well to watch for the "troublesome times," to test the powers of the Seer. He foretold, "that, however distant it may now appear, the Island of Lews will be laid waste by a destructive war, which will continue till the contending armies, slaughtering each other as they proceed, reach Tarbart in Harris. In the Caws of Tarbart, the retreating host will suddenly halt; an onslaught, led by a left-handed Macleod, called Donald, son of Donald, son of Donald, will then be made upon the pursuers. The only weapon in this champion's hands will be a black sooty *cabar*, taken off a neighbouring hut; but his intrepidity and courage will so inspirit the fugitives that they will fight like mighty men and overpower their pursuers. The Lews will then enjoy a long period of repose." It has not hitherto been even suggested that this prophecy has been fulfilled, and we here stake the reputation of our prophet upon the fulfilment of this, and the following unfulfilled predictions, which are still current throughout the Northern Counties of Scotland.

Another, by which the faith of future generations may be tested,

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is the one in which he predicted "that a Loch above Beauly will burst through its banks and destroy in its rush a village in its vicinity." We are not aware that such a calamity as is here foretold has yet occurred, nor are we aware of the locality of the loch or of the village.

We have received various versions of the, as yet, unfulfilled prediction regarding *Clach an t-Seasaidh*, near the Muir of Ord. This is an angular stone, sharp at the top, which at one time stood upright, and was of considerable height. It is now partly broken and lying on the ground. "The day will come when the ravens will, from the top of it, drink their three fulls, for three successive days, of the blood of the Mackenzies."

Mr Maclennan's version is:—"The day will come when the ravens will drink their full of the Mackenzies' blood three times off the top of the *Clach Mhor*, and glad am I (continues the Seer) that I will not live to see that day, for a bloody and destructive battle will be fought on the Muir of Ord. A squint-eyed *(cam)*, pox-pitted tailor will originate the battle; for men will become so scarce in those days that each of seven women will strive hard for the squint-eyed tailor's heart and hand, and out of this strife the conflict will originate."

Mr Macintyre writes regarding these:—"The prophecies that 'the raven would drink from the top of *Clach-an-t'-seasaidh*, its full of the blood of the Mackenzies for three successive days,' and 'that the Mackenzies would be so reduced in numbers, that they would be all taken in an open fishing-boat *(scuta dubh)* back to Ireland from whence they originally came,' remain still unfulfilled." At present, we are happy to say, that there does not appear much probability of the Clan Mackenzie being reduced to such small dimensions as would justify us in expecting the fulfilment of the *scuta dubh* part of the prophecy on a very early date. If the prediction, however, be confined in its application to the Mackenzies of Seaforth, it may be said to have been already almost fulfilled. We have, indeed, been told that this is a fragment of the unfulfilled prophecy uttered by *Coinneach* regarding the ultimate doom and total extinction of the Seaforths, and which we have been as yet unable to procure. It was, however, know to Bernard Burke, who makes the following reference to it:—"He (the Seer) uttered it (the prophecy) in all its horrible length; but I at present suppress the last portion of it, which is as yet unfulfilled." Every other part of the prediction has most literally and most accurately come to pass, but let us earnestly hope that the course of future events may at length give the lie to the avenging curse of the Seer. The last clause of the prophecy is well known to many of those versed in Highland family tradition, and I trust that it may remain unfulfilled. We presume (continues our correspondent) that the mention here of *Clach-an-t'seasaidh* refers to the remains of a Druidical circle to be seen still on the right and left of the turnpike road at Windhill, near Beauly. As a sign whereby to know when the latter prophecy would be accomplished, *Coinneach* said 'that a mountain-ash tree would grow out of the walls of Fairburn Tower, and when it became large enough to form a cart axle, these things would come to pass.' Not long ago, a party informed us that a mountain-ash, or rowan tree, was actually growing out of the tower walls, and was about the thickness of a man's thumb."

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Another connected with this locality, and supposed to be fulfilled by the annual visits of the militia for their annual drill, is, "That when a wood on the Muir of Ord grew to a man's height, regiments of soldiers will be there seen drawn up in battle order."

(To be Continued).

THE COT IN THE DELL.

—o—

Howl on ye rude winds from the mountains swift-sweeping;
Shrill is your voice in its tempest of wrath:
Shriek on! know my soul in its glory is leaping,
As ye in your majesty circle my path:
I heed not your revels, I reck not your wailing,
I fear not the whispers that float in your swell;
Blow on in your revelries! love is prevailing,
My footsteps are winged for the Cot in the Dell.
There in her beauty lone,
Blooms life's endearing one,
There in yon shieling I fondly will woo
All that my heart contains,
All that for ever reigns,
Queen of my bosom, leal-hearted and true.

Rise on ye dark waves! o'er the breast of the ocean,
Break your white crests on the rocks of Bowmore;
Roll on in your grandeur! ye sing of devotion,
And kiss as fond lovers the foam crested shore:
I list to your music of deep-rolling voices,
I eerily hear the sad tale they aye tell;
Awe-fettered my heart in their numbers rejoices,
But dearer by far is yon Cot in the Dell:
There in her peerless worth,
Shines my lone star of earth,
There my love's morning aye dawns in her smile;
All that can mould my joys,
All that bids Hope arise,
Lives in the breast of my Light of the Isle.

What tho' the shrill blasts of the gloaming are roaring?
What tho' the night clouds darkly gather and lour?
What tho' the hoarse throat of the ocean is pouring
Its deep sullen tones on the surf-lighted shore?
Tho' thunders a thousand in glory were pealing!
Tho' trembled the earth 'neath their terrible spell!
Undaunted, defiant, love's pure, Highland feeling
Would triumph, and seek the Wee Cot in the Dell:
There in her loneliness
Beams all my happiness,
There is life's fountain unsullied with shade;
Ever enfiring me,
Ever inspiring me,
Ever, love's soul is my own Isla's maid.

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

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THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

(CONTINUED.)

BY ALASTAIR OG.

—o—

IMMEDIATELY after the bard had concluded the recitation of his song to *Fear a Gharbha*, the company dispersed to their respective homes, all well pleased with the night's entertainment. The reader will notice that all which has yet appeared of the *Ceilidh* is only what took place during one evening.

When the house was cleared and the family left to themselves, one of the female members of the household set about preparing the supper, which was, as usual, of the most healthy, though of the most primitive and simple description. It was soon ready, on the table, and the interesting household gathered round it. The family consisted of the old patriarch himself; his three sons, whose ages ranged, as we already stated, from 75 to 68, and one of whom, the eldest, was now stone-blind; the eldest son's wife; his three sons and two daughters, and their young offspring, presenting the very unusual spectacle of four generations supping together, as one family, at the same table, and, as they always did, in loving and affectionate sympathy with one another. Two of the bard's sons who lived in the house were unmarried, and continued to live under the old rafters until their dying day, cared for and attended by the elder brother's wife with a devoted solicitude and tenderness worthy of all praise, and which was not, and could not be, surpassed by her devotion to her own husband. She still, aged and frail, like Ossian, left alone by all her contemporaries, but surrounded by her own family and grandchildren, survives them all, a peculiar and standing example of devoted affection to her husband's talented though humble relatives, and a centre of tender and affectionate regard in the district. Such virtues as these in the higher circles of society would not fail, and deserved, to be recorded by some able and graphic pen. But we delight in having an opportunity of recording an instance of real disinterested and loving solicitude for aged relatives in a rude Highland cottage, and among the humblest class of our Highland peasantry, which would do honour to, and which indeed is seldom met with in, the upper and more favoured ranks.

The simple meal was soon over, and grace said, as it invariably was, before and after all meals. His Gaelic Testament*—the only one in the district—was handed to the old and venerable bard, who gave out and read a chapter, explaining some of the passages as he went along. He then read a psalm in the metrical version, and with his tremulous, but still

* This Testament was brought home from Edinburgh by the laird; Sir Hector Mackenzie, Bart., and by him presented to the bard, who made such good use of it that Sir Hector took it back to Edinburgh to be re-bound, some years after. On a more recent occasion, John Mackenzie, of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," took it to the same place for a third binding. It is now sorely requiring a fourth, but still in fair preservation, and is at present in the possession of the writer of these pages.

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sweet voice, led the song of praise, reading each line,* that the whole family might join and follow him in the song, the sweet and natural melody of which, on a calm night, could be heard with a pleasing and soul-inspiring effect, throughout the greater portion of the village. These exercises of praise over, the frail old man, with his long snow-white locks and patriarchal beard, rose, by the support of the table and the chair upon which he sat, bent his knees on the earthern floor, leaning on his straw-covered chair—the whole household, young and old, following his example—when he poured forth his spirit in his native and expressive Gaelic vernacular, before his Maker, with an eloquence and earnestness of soul which visibly affected his fellow-worshippers. We are perhaps prejudiced on this point; but we believe that it is impossible, through the medium of any other language, to give expression to such soul-stirring appeals and to produce such an effect on the hearer, as the venerable old man used to do on these occasions. He was quite a stranger to that narrow sectarian spirit now so common amongst us, when almost every section of the Church, indeed almost every member of each section, would have a Heaven all to themselves, if they could find one. He prayed for all, and he would have all possess that open-hearted, genial, catholic, and beneficent belief in the love of his Maker, which afforded him so much comfort and blessedness.

The contrast between the proceedings during the earlier part of the evening and what we have now described as the final scene, may appear somewhat strong and inconsistent to the straight-laced and more formal Christian of the present day, but to us the kind of life led by the bard and his family has a beautiful simplicity and innocence, which we must look for in vain among his successors, who have, by the clergy, been frightened and scolded into giving up their innocent and entertaining recitation of song and story, and who, instead, have been in many cases driven to the public-house and other questionable places of resort.

The following night the members of the Ceilidh circle again met as usual. Matters were soon arranged in the usual order, and the bard welcomed back his friends. Some of them—particularly Norman, who had put in an appearance, and *Fear a Ghairbha*—were specially honoured with a hearty shake of the hand from the bard and his sons. The youngsters were called upon to give the solutions of the riddles (see page 332) propounded the previous evening, which Alastair Eachainn gave at once correctly and without hesitation, as follows:—

Answer to No. 1—A cow—her four feet running, her four teats shaking, her two horns looking up to the skies, and her mouth bawling. (2) Riding across a bridge, underground, upon a horse which, as a foal, was cut out of his dead mother's side, of whose hide the bridle was made. (3) A man with only one eye saw *two* apples on a tree, he took *one* off, so that he neither left apples on, nor did he take apples off. (4) An egg. (5) A thorn in his foot, which he found in the wood, but did not find in his foot, and so he brought it home with him. If he had found it he would have left it in the wood where he first found it. (6) Abel. All these solutions were well known to the elder members of the circle, but the young-

* The scarcity of books in those days accounts for the system, which is still continued, throughout the Highlands.

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sters were complimented for their ability, and encouraged to persevere and dig deeper into the same mine.

Kenneth Fraser, *Leac-na-Saighid*, was now called upon to give his promised story, or rather series of stories, tracing how the Mackenzies first came to obtain possession of the lands of Gairloch, and how the Macbeaths were first driven out of the country, and afterwards their successors, the Macleods—*Clann 'ic Ille Challum*—of Raasay. These legends have been so well told in the pure dialect of the district, before it became corrupted by an admixture of English phrases, that, in order to preserve it, we shall give them here word for word as they were recited on the occasion. Certain very expressive words peculiar to the district will be noticed, and it will be remarked that the words *beul, meur, feuch*, and such like, are pronounced *bial, miar, fiach*, and so on. Such words as these may easily be altered in prose writings, without any injury to the text, but it is impossible to do so in poetry, the sound being so very different, without altering the harmony and consonance of the piece. This will account for our giving the Gaelic Songs throughout the *Ceilidh* in the dialect of the district in which they were composed, and our answer to any who may consider the orthography faulty and not in accordance with the now almost universally received standards. A literal translation of these legends, which will be found a wonderfully fair and close account of the historical facts to which they refer, will be given with each for the benefit of the English reader. Kenneth proceeded with the story of the Macbeaths, premising that it was related to him by an old man, Roderick Fraser, Inverkerry, who died some few years before, aged 105 years, as follows :—

HOW THE MACBEATHS WERE DRIVEN FROM THEIR STRONGHOLD IN THE ISLAND OF LOCH TOLLY.

"Bha uair-eigin duine tapaidh—Iain Mac Iain Uidhir—a fuireach ann an Carra Chinntaile, agus an uair a chual e gu'n robh a leithid so do dh-fhogaraich dhaoine (Clann 'ic Bheathain) a gabhail comhnuidh ann an Eilean Loch Thollaidh, smuainich e ann fhein, air oidhche na bliadhn' uire, gu'm bu bhochd an leithid a choigrich mhilltich a bhi anns an aite, a togail cis air an fhearann, nach bunadh dhoibh, agus sliochd dhaoin' uaisle do Chlann Choinnich, ged da bha cuid dhiubh aig an robh fearann, gu'n robh cuid eile dhiubh as aonais.

"Beagan aimsir an deigh sin, dar a thraogh an sneachda dheth na monaidhnean, thog e 'bhalg saighid air a mhuin. Chuir e fios air Domhnull Mor Mac Mhic Raonail 'ic Rath a Inbhir-Innait, agus choisich iad, mar aon le cheile, a null air Cill-fhaolainn. Choisich iad troimh mhonaidhnean Loch-Carron. Thainig iad a steach air monaidhnean Cheann-loch-iugh (Cha be Ceann-loch-iugh a b-ainm dha aig an am so ach Ceann-loch-ma-righ). Thainig iad trath anmoch am fradharc Loch Thollaidh, agus bheachdaich iad air Caisteal Mhic-Bheathain anns an Eilean, agus air aite o'm biodh e furasda dhoibh an cuid saighid a chur air ionnsuidh a chaisteal. Bha craobh chaorainn ri taobh a chaisteal a bha anns an rathad orra, ach dar a thainig plumanaich na h-oidhche, theann iad a bhan ris a chladach, air a leithid do dhoigh, 's gun d' fhuair na h-o'laich

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faisg air bruach an Loch, ach gum biodh iad, ann am briseadh na h-arrunn, (an latha) comhrard ri Mac Bheathain dar a thigeadh e mach.

"An am dha thighinn a mach anns a mhaduinn, thubhairt am fear eile ri fear Inbhir-Innait, "Fiach gu de cho math sa tha da lamh a nise mar a h-eil crith innte an deighe na h-oidhche, Fiach an amaisg thu air siol na miole-moighe, ach an cuir thu as an ait e, air neadh gun dean thu carcois deth chon am beil e, do bhrigh 's nach eil e dligheach dha bhi ann." Thilg fear Inbhir-Innait an t-saighid air tuaims', ach cha d-rinn i ach sgliuncan ri te dheth na seorsachan uinneag a bh'aca anns an t-seorsa chaisteal a bh' ann.

"Dar a chunnaic fear a Charra gur e sud diol a rinneadh air saighid fear Inbhir-Innait shaoil leis nach robh ann an saighid a chompanaich ach monar. Fhuair fear a Charra failmse air fear dheth na seirbhisich aig Mac Bheathain, a toir leis ballan burn gu bruich laos-boc a thug e a creag Thollaidh an oidhche roimhe so, ach broinean! cha be e fhein a cheallaich an laos-boc. Thilg seann Alastair Liath a Charra an t-saighid, 's char i troimh na h-airnean aig fear a bhallain uisge.

"Chuir Mac Bheathain an umhail gun robh gne da rud-eigin air a chulthaobh, air nach robh fios aige. Smuainich e ann fhein gun fhuireach ris an laos-boc ithe', gu'm bu cho math dha bhi dol air tir—beo na bas da—fhad sa bhiodh an t-aiseag aige. Thog e na h-uile rian a bh-aige, 's rinn e tir dheth. A mheud 's nach leanadh e dh-fhag e iad; choisich e cho luath sa bha na uilt, ach air cho luath 's dha robh Mac Bheathain char saighid Mhic Dhomnuill Mhoir an sas ann, an tiuighe na feola, na mhas. Ruith e 's an t-saighid an greim, 'sa lamh chli 'san t-saighid, an dochas, an comhnuidh, gun tugadh e air a h-ais i. Ruith e leis a bhruthaich gu aite ris an canair gus an latha 'n diugh Bura, agus se as aobhar da 'n ainm sin, dar a thug Mac Bheathain an t-saighid as a mhas gun d' thainig buradh fola aiste.

"Dar a chunnaic na Tailich gun da theich an Ceannas as an t-seorsa dhidean a bh' aige, choisich iad timchioll ceann Loch Thollaidh, spagach sgith mar a bha iad; 's an dearbh aiseag a thug Mac Bheathain air tir thug e Clann 'ic Rath o thir a dh'ionnsuidh 'n eilean, 's chaith iad cuibhrionn dheth an laos-boc a bha gu bhi aig Mac Bheathain gu bhiadh; sheall iad ris an duine dheth an d-rinn iad corp re am dha na chocaire dol gu deasachdainn na madainn. Duilichinn no cas cha robh air na Tailich; chuir na h-o'laich neo-sgathach an oidhche seachad anns a chaisteal; cha robh eagal Mhic-Bheathain orra sa, ach bha eagal gu leor air Mac Bheathain, an corr nach d-fhuair e gum faigheadh e.

"Ge da bha ioma-ruagadh coigrich Duithaich Mhic-Aoidh* air aire nan Taileach smuainich iad gun d're'adh iad a ghabhail beachd ciamar a bha Gearrloch na 'luidhe. Dh-fhalbh iad anns a mhaduinn an latha na mhaireach, an deighe cuaraman a dheanamh da chraicionn an laos boic, le cur iallan ann, mo na chaith iad an cuid fhein air an t-slighe, a tigh'nn a Ceanntaile; thainig iad troimh Ghearrloch, 's bheachdaich iad air na h-uile gne mar bu mhiann leo fein a thaobh naduir; choisich iad ceum air

* 'S ann a duthaich Mhic-Aoidh thainig Clann 'ic Bheathain roimhe so, na'm fogaraich iad fein.

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cheum, mar b-urra dhoibh a dheanamh, gun eagal gun fhiamh corparra. Rainig iad Brathainn; chuir iad failte air MacCoinnich; agus thuirt iad gun aiteachas, ma bha tuilleadh mhac aige gu'm faigheadh iadsa tuilleadh talmhainn da. Dh'fhiathaich MacCoinnich a steach iad 's ghabh e 'naigheachd. Dh'innis iad dha mu thir Ghearrloch, 's mu'n doigh a chunnaic iad aig MacBheathain, 's mar chuir iad an teicheadh air, agus an uin' a bha iad beo air feol an laos-boic. "Agus a Choinnich," arsa Domh'ull, "bithidh cuimhne agam-sa air latha cas an laos-boic fhad sa bhitheas Domh'ull orm."

(Ri leantainn.)

We give the following literal translation for the benefit of the English reader:—

"Once upon a time, there lived a powerful man—Iain Mac Iain Uidhir—in the Carr of Kintail, and when he heard such aliens (The MacBeaths) resided in the Island of Loch Tolly, he thought within himself on New Year's night that it was a pity that such mischievous aliens should be in the place, raising taxes (rents) on the land which did not of right belong to them, while the offspring of gentlemen of the Clan Mackenzie, who, although some of them possessed lands, others were without it.

"Some little time after this, when the snow subsided off the mountains, he lifted his arrow bladder* on his back; sent word for Big Donald, Son of the Son of Ranald Macrae from Inverinate, and they walked as one together across Kilaolainn. They walked through the mountains of Lochcarron. They came in by the mountains of Kenlochewe (Kenlochewe was not the name at this time, but Loch-ma-righ—*Loch of my King*). They came at a late hour in sight of Loch Tolly, and they took notice of MacBeath's Castle in the Island, and of a place from where it would be easy for them to send their arrows to the Castle. There was a rowan-tree alongside the Castle, which was in their way, but when the darkening of night came they moved down to the shore in such a way that the heroes got near the bank of the Loch, so that they might in the breaking of the sky (break of day) be level (opposite) MacBeath when he came out.

"When he (MacBeath) came out in the morning, the other man said to him of Inverinate, 'Try how good (true) your hand is now, if it is not tremulous after the night; try if you can hit the seed of the beast(ly) hare, on that you make a carcase of him where he is, inasmuch as he has no right to be there.' Inverinate threw his arrow by chance, but it only became flattened against one of the kind of windows in the kind of Castle that was in it.

"When the man from Carr saw what happened to the arrow of the man from Inverinate, he thought that his companion's arrow was only a useless one. The man from Carr got a glimpse of one of the servants of MacBeath carrying with him a stoup of water to boil a goat buck,† which he had taken from Craig Tolly the night before, but, poor fellow! it was not him who consumed the goat buck. Old Alastair Liath (grey) of Carr, threw the arrow, and it went through the kidneys of him of the water-stoup.

* Quiver. † Wether goat.

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"MacBeath suspected that a kind of something was behind him which he did not know about. He thought within himself not to wait to eat the goat buck, that it would be as well for him to go ashore—life or death to him—as long as he had the chance to cross. He lifted every arrangement he had and he made the shore of it. Those who would not follow him, he left behind him: he walked as fast as was in his joints, but fast as MacBeath was, the arrow of the son of Big Donald fixed in him in the thickness of the flesh, in his buttock. He ran with the arrow fixed and his left hand fixed in the arrow, hoping always that he would pull it out. He ran down the brae to a place which is called Boora to this day; and the reason of that name is, that when MacBeath pulled the arrow out of his buttock, a *Buradh* (a bursting forth) of blood came out of it.

"When the Kintail men saw that the superior of the kind of fortress had flown, they walked round the head of Loch Tolly sprawling, tired as they were; and the very ferry-boat which took MacBeath ashore, took the Macraes to the Island. They used part of the goat buck which MacBeath was to have to his meal. They looked at the man of which they had made a corpse while the cook went to the preparation for the morning (meal). Difficulty nor distress was not (apparent) on the Kintail men. The fearless heroes put past the night in the Castle. They feared not MacBeath, but MacBeath was frightened enough that what he did not get he would soon get.

"Although the pursuit of the aliens, from Mackay's country,* was in the thoughts of the Kintail men; they thought they would go and see how (the lands of) Gairloch lay. They went away in the morning of the next day after making *cuaranan* (untanned shoes) of the skin of the goat buck by putting thongs through it, as they had worn out their own on the way coming from Kintail. They came through Gairloch; they took notice of everything as they desired themselves according to their nature. They walked (afterwards) step by step as they could do without fear or bodily dismay. They reached Brahan; they saluted Mackenzie; they said boldly, if he had more sons that they would find more land for him. Mackenzie invited them in, and took their news. They told him about the land of Gairloch, the way in which they saw MacBeath, and the way in which they made him flee, and the time which they lived on the flesh of the goat buck. 'And Kenneth,' says Donald (addressing the chief) 'I shall remember the day of the foot of the goat buck as long as Donald is (my name) on me.'"

(To be Continued.)

* It is said that it was from Mackay's country in Assynt that the MacBeaths came originally.

Note.—For the arrangements which we have been able to make, so far, for Vol. II., by the kind aid of an extensive band of distinguished contributors, all well known Celtic scholars, see first page of our advertising sheet.

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THE OSSIANIC CONTROVERSY.

Part Third.

Mr Hately Waddell replies to Mr Maclean's last letter, as follows:—

Without farther troubling your correspondent, Mr Maclean, with whom I have had an exchange of arguments on the authenticity of Ossian, and who seems really to believe in it a great deal more than his own prejudice will allow, I cannot altogether dismiss the subject without adverting to a certain point which has more than once been touched upon by other antagonists as well as Mr Maclean, but which I have not hitherto, in your columns at least, commented on. It is slightly amusing in itself, and would be altogether unaccountable in the way of argument among dispassionate men, if it were not a fact that the mere name of Ossian is enough to inspire all unbelievers in his authenticity with a sort of chronic craze in contradiction, as blind as it is arrogant, and which on any other subject would be absolutely intolerable. What I refer to is the systematic refusal to allow the equal application of any principle of proof on both sides of the controversy. If some given line of argument has been adopted, which seems to be favourable to themselves, it is insisted on with schoolboy pertinacity; but if the same line of argument should prove ultimately favourable to their antagonists, it must never be mentioned more. Nothing, in short, must be said or sung, of which they are not to have the exclusive benefit; and failing all other modes of self-assertion they doggedly decline to move.

In my own case, for example, the exercise of instinct or intuition, on my part and theirs, in the determination of authenticity at large, and of Ossian's in particular, has come repeatedly in question; and the plea on this point has been urged by those on the opposite side with singular innocence, almost unconsciousness, of its bearings against themselves. When these learned controversialists, including authors and erudite professors, undertake to determine, it may be, whether the English or the Gaelic Ossian was the original product of Macpherson's brain, and which, if either, was the primeval forgery by that father of lies, such a process on their part is far from being the result of anything like mere instinct. God forbid! It partakes more, in character, of the highest critical discrimination—with this slight drawback apparently, that no two of the erudite who rejoice in the exercise of such faculty among themselves can agree about its application, or define its limits; and the practical effect of the operation hitherto has been to produce only chaos and contradiction. The turn of a sentence in one case has been held conclusive proof that Macpherson was a liar, whilst the turn of the same sentence in another case has been relied on as clear enough evidence, not of actual dishonesty, perhaps, but of utter incapacity on his part for such work, any one among themselves concerned having been able to do all that was

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required infinitely better; both parties in the meantime being hopelessly remorsely ignorant of the translator's own sense, and themselves either fixedly averse, or unblushingly incompetent to arrange any two paragraphs of his work in proper sequence.

On the other hand, when the same faculty of critical discrimination to determine in the first place whether the English version is the work of an honest man, is employed by myself, and when I venture to assert that mere moral instinct, or intellectual intuition, in any unprejudiced mind capable of discerning will return a verdict in his favour, I have the honour to be assailed with shouts of hilarious ridicule on the exercise of what they are pleased to call supernatural gifts; and if I modestly, but earnestly, retort—that the face of the land and the flow of the sea, the configuration of the earth's surface, and the contents of its various strata, the course of rivers, the site of exhausted lakes, the drift of clouds, the position of rocks, the recesses of caverns, the very stumps of trees, the ordnance survey, the compass and theodolite, the position of graves, the discovery of canoes, the disentombed fragments of calcined human remains in ruined forts, the hammer of the geologist, the microscope of the chemist, the collection of the antiquarian, the traditions of the people, the sense of their local phraseology, the very nomenclature of the ground on which they tread—everything everywhere is in support of my conclusion, a studied silence follows among the erudite, which is symptomatic surely, in some slight degree, of cowardice or conviction! Or I am told, with sagacious irrelevance, that Hugh Miller and Smith of Jordanhill are of a different opinion from mine about marine formations, &c., &c.—that is, that some distinguished geologist or antiquarian seems to differ from me on a subject which he has never investigated; therefore I must be wrong, and his testimony is to be accepted implicitly in preference to the witness-bearing of earth and sea! It may be useless to point out to such reasoners how absurd it seems that Hugh Miller's verdict should silence the surge of the Solway, or Smith of Jordanhill's speculations outweigh the waters of the Clyde; therefore, I no longer attempt it. But it is absolutely incumbent, notwithstanding, to expose such absurdity when it is solemnly intruded as an argument in the face of fact. This also has been repeatedly done, both by anticipation in the work itself, and in newspaper correspondence since the controversy began; but without effect. They still persist in their calumnies, without proof; in their jaunty assertions, without evidence; in their critical discriminations, without truth; in their pretended discoveries, without eyesight. Why should I longer seriously discuss a question of impotence with such antagonists? Is it not my privilege rather to ridicule and defy them; or to lay bare their ignorance to the bone, since no other process can affect them? I come at last reluctantly to be of that opinion, and hereby give them all due notice, in so far as your columns enable me to do so, that in any future controversy with them I shall act without reserve on that principle. I have no wish to write unpleasantly in the circumstances—far from it. But I have no alternative; the cause is not my own; it is identical with the highest interests of European literature—nay, of European history, and can neither be slurred nor surrendered. If they are able to answer, let them gird up their loins now like men and answer me. If not, then let me note every man among them worth noting, as a traitor to the Commonwealth of Letters, who in ignorance or bad faith shall persist in his calumnies. Nothing can be fairer; and whatever they may have said hitherto in the way of doubt or disparagement on Macpherson's work, I shall avail myself of this opportunity, before waving adieu, to instruct these gentlemen

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that his translation of Ossian is a finer work than anything of the sort that will ever be produced by their united most strenuous efforts; and that no work since the days of Moses to the present hour—not even the most commonplace matter-of-fact schoolboy manual of geography—is capable of clearer verification. All this may be so far due to the fact that the Gaelic from which Macpherson translated was truer and better than that which is now in print; but this only makes the question in favour of his honesty and capacity the clearer; and it seems to be one of the strongest proofs of their own incapacity to intermeddle in such an argument at all that an alternative so obvious and natural has never occurred to one of them.—I am, sir, &c.,

P. HATELY WADDELL.

Glasgow, 1876.

The following is Mr Hector Maclean's reply:—

It appears evident that Dr Waddell is the Don Quixote of the Ossianic controversy, and, armed with his pasteboard shield, which he believes to be made of the trustiest metal, he marches forth to give battle to all and sundries who have a word to say against the veracity of James Macpherson. If the pasteboard shield receives a gash from anyone, that does not prove that it is pasteboard! No! No! but it proves in reality that those who lacerate the pasteboard are disingenuous! perhaps not "honest!" Dr Waddell could always be very severe if he liked, as may be gathered from his own assertions, but being so very magnanimous, he can spare those whom he holds merely to scratch his good steel armour, and consoles himself with the illusion that the gashes are nothing but innocuous strokes! The blows by which he is hit are not fairly given; yet being so very chivalrous he restricts himself "to the mildest form of condemnation!" In these days of analytical inquiry Dr Waddell seems to prefer the Fluellen logic; for it is mostly by this species of logic that he establishes all his points:—"There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my brains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one; 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmon in both."

Dr Waddell seems to be enveloped in Fingalian mists, which prevent him from perceiving clearly and distinctly the force of evidence calculated to dispel his Ossianic delusions. When he complained of the disagreement of Highland Gaelic scholars, I suggested to him the propriety of viewing the subject from German and Irish standpoints, and I pointed to Lhuyd as an old authority that has hitherto stood the test of the new science of comparative philology which was founded in Germany by Grimm, and which has been applied to the Keltic languages so successfully by J. C. Zeuss in that profound and learned work, the *Grammatica Celtica*. To show that the Highland Society's Dictionary and some other authorities on which Dr Waddell depends for his definitions of names are not reliable for philological purposes, I beg to quote the following passages—one from the *Grammatica Celtica*, and the other from Dr Whitley Stokes' *Goidilica*. I have already, in my former letter, quoted Lhuyd's definition of *Dun*, and I quote now Zeuss's explanation of the meaning of the same name, which completely contradicts the definition given in Dr Waddell's book:—"Præmittitur item, quod postponitur in aliis linguis adhuc. *dun* (castrum, oppidum), *in* nominibus urbium vel montium castra munitorum."

With regard to the Highland Society's Dictionary and its compilers, I have to say that it was very good in its day, but that it was compiled at a time when Gaelic Scholarship was in its infancy, and when the place of scientific philology was supplied by an inane and trifling species of whimsical etymology. In confirmation of these views I would beg to call the reader's attention to the following passage from the work of one of the greatest Kel-

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tic scholars of the day—from Dr Whitely Stokes' *Gpidilica*, which corroborates all that I have said of the Highland Society's Dictionary:—"*Brath* 65, 66 acc. sg. *cilbrath*, 'brad, braith 4. gen. sg. bratha 41, 'judgment' wrongly explained in the Highland Soc. Dic. as 'conflagration,' Gaulish bratu, W. brawd." I may inform those who have not paid much attention to these matters that sg. is a contraction signifying *Codex Priscíani Sancti Galli*, an ancient Irish continental manuscript, and that the figures refer to the Irish or Gaelic glosses.

Many errors equally glaring and absurd may be pointed out in this "confessedly one of the finest works of its sort in modern lexicography." Thirty years ago I thought highly of this dictionary, but such has been the progress of Keltic philology since, that it has completely outgrown the most of Keltic Dictionaries and Grammars, both Kimric and Gaelic. Old manuscripts lying dormant in libraries in Great Britain and Ireland and on the continent have been brought to light by the indefatigable industry of the learned, so that certainty is in a great measure substituted for conjecture.

I deny that there is any irrelevancy in what I have brought forward as evidence in my reply to Dr Waddell, much less is there anything self-contradictory; it appears so only to Dr Waddell in consequence of the distorting influence of his envelope of Ossianic mist. While Dr Waddell is possessed in a high degree of the æsthetic feelings and intellect that can appreciate and discriminate literary excellence, he is evidently too warm and emotional for dealing in a cool, scientific manner with historical evidence, else he could not avoid perceiving that Macpherson's English Ossian—the only Ossian of which, I presume, he knows anything, could not be the production of a North Briton of the third century,—much less could he avoid perceiving that the narratives in Macpherson's English Ossian cannot be the history of any tribe of North Britons in the third century;—nay more, that these prose poems could not have been produced at any other period in the Highlands than at the time when they appeared. The defeat at Culloden ended two Highland insurrections, the object of which was the restoration of a fallen dynasty. A mistaken judgment led noble and generous sentiments astray; but the devotion and heroism of the men that joined in those Jacobite insurrections, must, of necessity, be admired as long as the human heart retains any of its most worthy qualities. Macpherson's boyhood was reared amidst sadness and suffering caused by mistaken but disinterested loyalty. The melancholy that overshadowed his country tutored his genius. Like other men of genius he was the exponent of his age and people. For the construction of his works, he had living heroes and heroines to serve as architypes for his characters; old mythical poems and tales to supply material for his narratives; and the wild mountain scenery of his native country to suggest his grand but gloomy descriptions of external nature. How lightly literary forgery was thought of in his day appears clearly from the following judicious remarks of the *Saturday Review*:—"But in justice to Macpherson it must be borne in mind that literary forgery was a fashion of the day. And to make the deception so complete as to trick the public into believing it was a sign of talent rather than of knavery. Percy himself restored his relics till they were almost past recognition. It was but a bolder flight in the same direction that bore Macpherson to wealth and fame, ending in a tomb in Westminster Abbey."

I am extremely sorry that Dr Waddell endorses all the vile slander that was heaped on Dr Shaw by some of his countrymen, because he had succeeded in divesting himself of a delusion that had spread far and wide, and was fortunate enough to recover from the Ossianic mania by which so many were infected. In an edition of Tacitus's Germania and Agricola, by the Rev. N. S. Smith, of Bristol, honourable mention is made of Dr Shaw, who wrote to Smith from Chelvy, of which place he was Rector, April 30th, 1821. A

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translation of the speech of Galgacus to the Caledonians into Gaelic by Dr Shaw is to be found in this work.

To attempt to torture geology out of Macpherson's writings, or accurate history out of traditions, myths, fables, giants, and giantesses, in this enlightened age, is supremely ridiculous. So much, however, is Dr Waddell in love with his Ossianic phantasms that no amount of evidence, as it appears to me, can convince him of their absurdity and baselessness.—I am, sir, &c.,

HECTOR MACLEAN.

Ballygrant, Islay, 1876.

LITERATURE.

AN T-ORANAICHE (THE SONGSTER), COMHCHRUINNEACHADH DE ORAIN GHAIDHEALACH. LE GILLEASBUIG MAC-NA-CEARDCH, 62 *Sraid Ar-a-Ghaidheil, Glaschu.*

WE have before us the first Part of this work—The Songster—a new volume of Gaelic Songs, many of them now published for the first time by Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow. It is to be completed in five parts, and if the succeeding divisions come up to the one now before us, the work, when completed, will be the handsomest Collection of Gaelic Songs hitherto issued from the press. We have here about seventy songs, making 104 pages of bold, clear, and very readable type; unquestionably the best printed, and the best got up, specimen of Gaelic that has ever yet appeared.

When first told that this work was to be a collection of unpublished Gaelic Songs, we thought Mr Sinclair was making a mistake; for, unpublished Gaelic Songs would, necessarily, only be known in a limited circle, and it requires a good intermixture of well known and popular Gaelic Songs to make any collection attractive to the general reader. The compiler has therefore acted wisely in giving several very well known pieces in the work before us, judiciously arranged among those which have hitherto been almost entirely unknown, even to the majority of Gaelic readers.

Among the best known in this part will be found "Buaidh Leis na Sgoid" (which is, in the Songster, ascribed to Alexander Macgregor, schoolmaster, but which was the *joint* production of himself and brother—the late Rev. Mr Macgregor of Kilmuir, Isle of Skye, uncle and father of the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., Inverness), "'S i mo Leannan an Te Ur"; "Nighean Bhan an Achadh-Luachrach"; "A Mhaighdean Og nam Meal-shuilean"; "A Mhairi Mhig-shuil, Mheal-shuileach"; "A Ghruagach Dhonn a Bhroillich Bhain"; "Fleasgach an Fhuilt Chraobhaich Chais"; "An Gouinne thu Leannan an Cluina thu"; "A Mhairi Mhin Mheal-shuileach"; "Moladh na Landaidh"; "Ho ro mo Nighean Donn Bhoidheach"; "Olaidh Sinn Deoch Slainte 'n-Oighre"; "Soraidh leis a Mhaighdinn"; "Oganaich an Oir-Fhuilt Bhuidhe"; "Domhnull Cuimeanach"; "Thogainn Fonn air Lorg an Fheidh"; "Cruinneag Bhoidheach A'Chuil Bhuidhe"; "Deoch-Slainte Chamshronaich";

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"MacGriogar O Ruadh-Shruth"; "Mo Roghainn 's mo Run"; "Ille Bhuidhe"; "Soraidh Slan Do'n Ailleagan." There are also several excellent songs by the late Dr Maclachlan of Morven, many of which have previously appeared in print, but none of them so well known as they deserve to be. Most of these display real poetic genius; and none of them are without considerable merit. "Dusgadh nan Gaidheil," by Nigel Macneill, is an excellent production, and well deserves a place in the collection. His song to the "Lily" is also good, but he is too fond of contracting his words, a habit which a good poet always avoids as much as possible. The requirements of his metre obliges him far too often to resort to contractions, which indicate poverty of expression and dearth of language: for instance, he writes *teannach'* for *teannachadh; guaill'* for *guaillean*, or *guaillaibh; cheil'* for *cheile* all in one line. In another song—"Boichead," which we think is not worthy of a place in this collection,—he writes *cuimhneach'* for *cuimhneachadh*; "*Tha mais' ann fath'st is miannaich'*" in the same piece, and "*Mu righ-chath'r mais' air neamh*," are two lines which are very stiff and ugly. In another, we meet with *dioch'nich* for *di-chuimhnich*. The whole line—"*Cha dioch'nich mi chaoidh ge b'e aite d'an teid*"—indeed the whole song, "An t-Eilean Uain' Ileach" is very stiff. Three of M'Neill's given in this work are highly creditable. "Gearan Gaoil" is very good, but the melody could be improved by making *duinn* in the fourth and sixth lines of the first stanza read *dhuinn*, and *di* in the fourth line of the second stanza *dhi*.

There are many other songs highly meritorious; but especially do we commend the selection from Dr Maclachlan's compositions already referred to, from Dougal Macphail's, and many others; while the part is appropriately brought to a conclusion by "Oran a Phrionnsa," by Alexander Macdonald (Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair).

Another serious drawback to the work, and one which can easily, and should, be remedied in future parts, and in the table of contents as regards the one before us, is, that many of the songs are without the name of the author. This is a grave defect in a collection otherwise so valuable.

These suggestions and criticisms may appear trifling, but they are really not so, for with a little more attention on the part of the editor the "Songster" would be almost perfect.

We would also suggest that the Editor should spell the same words in the same way throughout the work. We do not like to see *bhuadhnaich* in one place and *bhuanaich* in another, for won; *laoghaich* in one place and *laoich* in another, for heroes: *nunn* and *null*, for over; *fhaoileann* and *fhabilinn*, for gull; *oigeor* and *oigeir*, for youth; *faoighneachd* and *foinneachd*, for asking; *siothionn* (which violates an excellent rule) and *sithinn*, for venison; *Gheobhainnse* and *Gheibhinnse*, for I would get; *rudha* and *rughadh*, for a flash or flush; *feigh* and *feidh*, for deer. We do not like such expressions as "*Ca bheil*," for *C'aite 'm beil*; "*Lion do buadhan*," for *Lion do bhuadhan*; *Fhiosam*, for *fhios a'm*; *Fuireachd*, for *fuireach*, or more correctly *fuirich*; *Sgiallaich* for *sgiathail*, flying: *Batailt*, for *batail*; *Botainn*, for *botan*; *Am bruthach*, for *a bhruthach*; *Lionteadh* for *lionte*; *Mhuin* for *bhan* (down); *Catmhach* (Sutherland

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man) for *Cat'ach (Cat thaobhach)*; *Seoltan* for *siuil* (sails); *Feile pleate*, for *feile pleata*, or *pleatach* (plaited); *An t-sobhag*, for *an seobhag*; *An tabaid*, for *an t-sabaid*. We find *tighinn* (coming), when contracted, written *tigh'n* and *tigh'nn* alternately.

Why put *tochar* in *italics*? and why write *jacket*? the latter should be *deacaid*, or *peiteig*. These are important matters, and it is quite within the province of the Editor to secure uniformity as far as possible in the spelling—indeed it is a duty which he owes to his readers. He ought not to consider himself bound by the orthography of his authors, many of whom, although they could compose good poetry, could not write a line, and had to depend upon the best Gaelic scholars within reach to commit their compositions to paper.. It is expected, in such circumstances, that the orthography should vary, but that is no excuse for the Editor of such an excellent work as this to allow so many unnecessary variations of an objectionable kind.

Mr Sinclair has placed the Celtic literary world under a deep debt of obligation to him for producing a collection of Gaelic poetry, which promises to be the best collection of Gaelic poetry ever issued. It is the best printed we have seen. It is the best value in the language as regards quantity, and the matter is on the whole remarkably well selected. A little more care in the direction we have above indicated will make the forthcoming part of the work perfect.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS IN GAELIC READING, GRAMMAR, AND CONSTRUCTION. **Inverness: The *Highlander* Office. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart. Glasgow: William Love.**

Of late years the many beauties and elementary properties of the Gaelic language have arrested no ordinary share of public attention. Two great causes have conjointly operated to produce this effect. The one arises from the nature of the lately enacted Government School Bill, in which no provision is made for the teaching of Gaelic in Highland parishes; and the other arises from a directly opposite source, viz., the indefatigable exertions of Professor Blackie and others for the endowment of a Celtic chair in one of our Scottish Universities. It will appear at once obvious to all who take an interest in this important subject, that both these causes, which are in reality negative and positive in their tendency, are still working together for the promotion of a boon which must not eventually be denied to our Gaelic-speaking countrymen in the Highlands and Islands. It is a fact that the New Educational Code, in which no encouragement is given for instructing our Highland youth in their native tongue, has aroused the regret, if not the indignation, of a host of philanthropists of all ranks and classes. It is such a palpable fact, that while the Gospel requires to be preached in the districts just named, through the medium of the only language which the natives understand, and while the rising generation must be instructed in the only language which they speak, ample provision is urgently required for the proper training of pastors and teachers, in order to the effectual performance of

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their respective duties. The only alternative is the sad one of leaving the poor Highlanders to their fate, and of allowing the youth to grow up in comparative ignorance of the Word of Life, which to them is otherwise a sealed book; and of allowing, on the other hand, the aged to pine away, and sink into their graves, under the great disadvantage of not having the Gospel expounded to them fluently and eloquently in that language which alone can reach their hearts. Fortunately as yet, however, matters have not actually come to this issue, but they are rapidly drifting into it, when clergymen capable of addressing multitudes in their native tongue will become "few and far between." Many worthies in the land deeply deplore this sad state of things. Many learned gentlemen in all quarters of the kingdom use their utmost endeavours to counteract the evils, which otherwise have a tendency to increase. We have learned men,—we have scientific minds and noble characters,—we have principals and professors of Universities,—doctors of divinity and medicine,—ministers of all churches and denominations,—statesmen and rulers, and all grades of society, throwing their differences to the winds, and firmly uniting together to foster this great and invaluable boon for the temporal and spiritual benefit of our neglected Highlanders!

It is fortunate, however, for the Highland student, that under the many disadvantages already alluded to, he possesses one valuable boon, and that is the great variety of Grammars, Primers, and Lesson-books which are brought within his reach, and which he may make available, to a certain extent, for acquiring a correct knowledge of the Gaelic language. While it is not easy for any student to make great progress in gaining a thorough acquaintance with even his native tongue without a teacher, yet, if diligent and persevering, he may receive an amount of insight into his native language, which will surprise himself, by the proper use of the lesson-books published for his benefit. Of these there is a gradation to suit all capacities, from the student of the highest standard, to the boy lisping his spelling-book. The country has been furnished with excellent grammars by such eminent Celtic scholars as Stewart, Munro, Forbes, Armstrong, Macalpin, and others; and latterly we have the very suitable manual of Mr George Lawson Gordon, of Halifax, N.S., which was some months ago favourably alluded to in these pages. We have now the pleasure of adverting to "The Elementary Lessons in Gaelic Reading, Grammar, and Construction," by our talented young townsman, Mr L. Macbean, to which we call the favourable attention of our Highland countrymen, as well as that of our southern friends, who may desire to acquire even a partial knowledge of the Gaelic language. Mr Macbean is a superior Gaelic scholar. He has displayed his critical knowledge of the language in the little manual before us. The "Lessons" were at first compiled, not with a view to publication, but for the benefit of a Gaelic class conducted by him, under the auspices of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. They are now placed before the public in a neat, cheap, and portable form. Mr Macbean deserves much praise for this unpretentious manual. Its beauty and utility consist in conciseness, while at the same time it is full and comprehensive. It required no ordinary skill and tact to make it plain and simple, yet so full and complete. He has prudently avoided abstruse constructions and critical anomalies. He commences at

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the beginning, and conducts his pupils forward by easy steps and stages through the entire routine of the various parts of speech. His exercises are graduated and appropriate, and, in addition to all, the student is supplied with a pleasing variety of phrases, vocables, old sayings, Gaelic poetry and songs, and a detached key to solve the whole. A few slight errors have crept in; these, however, we attribute to the compositors, who, we know from experience, do not claim infallibility when printing Gaelic. All Highlanders, and all who wish the Highlanders well, have cause to welcome this little volume, and cordially to thank its author for furnishing them with such sound and suitable "Elementary Lessons."

LINES WRITTEN NEAR AULTNACRAIG, OBAN.

O'er Morven's peaks bright glowed the golden west,
And I sat down upon a heath-clad hill
To list the brook sing its sweet psalm of rest,
As on it rippled past the silent mill.

So full of glory was the gorgeous scene,
Where seemed the beauties of all lands combined;
The gay heath 'mong a thousand shades of green,
The ivy around tree and rock entwined.

The music of the bee, the bird, the brook
The mirrored sea where mountains gazed with pride,
The hoary crag, the flower bedappled nook,
The stately trees thro' which the zephyrs sighed;

The crystal fountains and the fragrant air
So cool and pure, and as the sun went down
The lingering glory crowning everywhere
The lovely braes beyond sweet Oban town.

The brook was hymning to the old grey mill,
As on it rippled to the silvery sea;
And I beheld another on the hill
Who seemed to listen to its minstrelsy.

Strangely in keeping with the scene sublime,
His flowing locks bathed in the mellow light,
Like some grand chieftain of the olden time
Taking his rest from weary chase or fight.

Friend of our mountain-land, our tongue, our race,
The sunbeams haloing thine hoary head
Are not the noblest crown that doth thee grace—
Learning and virtue round thee lustre shed.

When musing in these bowers at morn or eve,
Tho' fancy with her beauteous wings a-fold
No longer youth's own fairy visions weave,
Be thine, oh! Blackie, countless thoughts of gold.

From the rich chalice of the ancient sage
Get precious draughts for the aspiring youth;
Unseal the beauties of the classic page
To fire his soul with nobleness and truth.

Then bright young reapers to the harvest come,
Led by thine eye will bind their golden sheaves,
And when they sing their joyous harvest-home,
They'll bless the hand that gave their laurel leaves.

MARY MACKELLAR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"BENDERLOCH."—We cannot depart from our invariable rule, not to publish any communication unless we are supplied with the writer's name, not necessarily for publication. The question raised is interesting, and we shall be glad to take it up if our correspondent furnishes name and address.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XIV. DECEMBER 1876. Vol. II.

ACCOUNT OF THE LAST BATTLES AND DEATH IN INDIA OF COLONEL WILLIAM BAILLIE OF DUNAIN, 1780–1782.

By Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A., Scot., M.P.

[Continued.]

It would have been observed that the writer of the manuscript was very guarded in his reference to the Commander-in-chief. Others were not so. In another manuscript, apparently written by an actor in the events narrated, the author says, after bringing his narrative down to the first repulse of Tippoo Saib, and the taking of so many guns:—"The Grenadiers had put themselves in possession of the enemy's guns, but were staggered at the appearance of a large body of horse on their right flank, which proved no less than the van of Hyder's army. The Grenadiers supposing their intention was to cut them off from the line, and seeing no support advancing from that quarter, abandoned the enemy's guns, and began to retreat in some disorder to the line.

"The body of horse charged the line, but were repulsed with loss, part of them coming up with the rear of the Grenadiers before they were able to reach the line, several of them were cut down. Tippoo Saib soon put himself in possession of his guns thus abandoned by the Grenadier Sepoys, and no steps having been taken to render them useless, they were opened upon us immediately after the horse were repulsed. Hyder by this time had formed his line, and his guns began to open upon us from all quarters.

"The appearance of his army seemed to strike our Sepoys with dismay; and the rapid retreat of the Grenadiers into the line, threw them into some confusion. After faintly returning the cannonade a few minutes, our guns became useless for want of ammunition. Our only hope was now the General's marching to our relief. Our army and Hyder's being encamped in sight of each other on the evening of the 8th (at which time Colonel Fletcher marched from Conjeveram to join us), it was reasonable to suppose the General would not allow Hyder to move, without being at his heels. On this supposition we built our hopes, as nothing but the appearance of our army could save us.

"Hyder's guns advanced upon us at every discharge, and his infantry

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with their scattered fire killed a number of our people. They had done but little execution with their guns till they brought four upon the high ground, which took the detachment directly in flank. The guns, I was afterwards informed, were directed by Mona. Gallie in person, and were, in a great measure the cause of hastening our defeat.

"We were now completely surrounded on all sides, and not less than 60 pieces of cannon playing upon us, without being able to return a single shot. The Sepoys appeared alarmed, and began to crowd towards the rear, in spite of all their officers could do to prevent it, some of them leaving their ranks, ran about in great disorder. The Europeans alone at this time were steady and in good order. The confusion among the Sepoys was soon perceived by the enemy, and their horse began to close upon us from every quarter. Such a moving world advancing upon us, and no ammunition to our guns to keep them off, completed the disorder of the Sepoys. In spite of the smart firing that was kept up by the troops then in order, the enemy kept pressing forward. All was confusion. Colonel Baillie after making every effort to save us, perceiving all was lost, and that it was his duty to save as many of the lives of his people as he could, held up a white flag for quarter. At this moment the horse were almost upon the point of the bayonets, but pulled up on perceiving the white flag. The enemy pointed to a smart firing which was kept up by our people towards the rear. Colonel Baillie sent orders to throw down their arms, but the firing continuing, the horse cut in."

This writer clearly infers that Hyder should not have been allowed to move without Munro "being at his heels," and that Hyder was apprehensive such would be the case, is demonstrated by his instant retreat to the Round Wells. Had the Commander-in-chief pushed on, it is not too much to say, that the losses of the morning would have been retrieved, and Colonel Baillie released. But first Munro's delay, and second his retreat, ultimately cost thousands of lives and millions of treasure.

We resume, however, the narrative:

After Colonel Baillie's defeat, another manuscript says:—"Hyder disgraced his victory by the manner in which he treated his prisoners. Col. Baillie was stript and brought before him wounded in three different places. Hyder, quite intoxicated with success, exulted over him with unsoldierlike cruelty, which the other retorted with such spirit and contempt, that Colonel Assar (of the French army) says, he apprehended Hyder would have been exasperated to an act of fatal barbarity. A European officer in Hyder's service, of the name of Elliot, was beat by his order in the Durbar for carrying necessaries to Colonel Baillie.

"Hyder after the action, without halting on the field of battle, retreated to the Round Wells, leaving many of his wounded behind him, expecting to have been pursued. On his arrival there, he heard of the retreat of our army towards Chingleput, when he dispatched his cavalry in pursuit. They returned the next day loaded with plunder, and with many prisoners, most of them horribly wounded.

"This officer says that very few of our artillery were taken, most of them being cut down by their guns, which they defended to the last, and that the greatest part of the Europeans who were made prisoners, are so

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grievously wounded that he imagines few can recover; that officers and men are denied the common necessaries of life, and subjected to every species of bad usage.

"Colonel Assar, in the presence of the Governor of Goa, bestowed the highest encomiums upon Colonel Baillie, and repeatedly said that every manœuvre which he made, showed him to be an officer of great experience, conduct, and knowledge in his profession; and that he did not think any troops in the world could have displayed more intrepidity and determined resolution than the troops under his command, both European and Sepoys."

It would appear that the prisoners were at first very badly used, and rumours of ill-treatment in confinement had reached Inverness. Dr Alves writing from Inverness on 18th January 1783 to his brother-in-law, John Baillie, afterwards Colonel John Baillie of Dunain, who had been serving on Sir Eyre Coote's staff, says:—"The accounts we got, and the reports which have prevailed upon such occasions, by no means serve to relieve our anxiety. We have been told that your brother was treated with severity, and kept by the black savage, whose prisoner he is, in very close confinement, and even in irons. This cursed report had well-nigh cost poor Nelly her life; and though we collected several circumstances afterwards that rendered the account improbable, yet the idea frequently comes across her, and throws a damp on her spirits that nothing can get the better of."

The following interesting letter from Lieutenant Francis Baillie, then serving under Munro, to Dr Alves, dated Fort-George, Madras, 28th November 1780, shows that Colonel Baillie was well treated:—

DEAR SIR,—It is a long time since you have heard from me, and now I am afraid the following sheets will tire your patience. You have no doubt ere now heard of our misfortunes on this coast; yet, give me leave to give you, what I think a just account of them. On the 10th of Sept., about ten in the morning, Colonel Baillie with about 3600 men, were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, by Hyder Ali. His army consisted of 50,000 men, and by all accounts, he had two-and-forty guns; whereas our troops had only ten, and even with this small number, Hyder's army were repulsed two or three times before they got the better. A cannonade began about twelve o'clock the preceding night, which continued some time and was very plainly heard in General Munro's camp. Had he marched at that time, as was expected, the troops being all lying on their arms, we would have come time enough to have obtained a most complete victory. Instead of which he delayed marching until the next morning, half an-hour after sunrise, so that by the time we got within five miles of the place of action, the General was informed that very superior numbers had got the better of the small force commanded by Colonel Baillie, after fighting most gallantly from day-break till about ten o'clock. When the accounts of the defeat arrived, we retreated to Conjeveram, where we remained on our arms that night. About two in the morning of the 11th, we set out for Chingleput, a fort belonging to the Company, and on our road to this place; that day we retreated, or rather fled, with the remains of our army and thirty-two guns, the distance of thirty five miles. During this flight we lost the whole baggage of the army. We halted one day at Chingleput, where we received a small re-inforcement, after which the little army we had, quite disheartened, made a march of twenty-seven miles, which brought us to St Thomas' Mount, within nine miles of Fort-George. The battle of Bulkasar, and the stumbling into Pondicherry, by which Sir Hector has acquired such laurels, will not now save his credit; for he has given very clear proofs at this time that he has no idea of the profession of a soldier. You will think this extraordinary of a man that has come to such high rank, but it is the truth. The small army we have got is now in cantonments within a mile of Madras, in the garden-houses belonging to the gentlemen of the place. We have now got General Coote to command us. He came purposely from Bengal, on account of the mismanagement here, and brought with him 600 Europeans. He expected 10 battalions of Sepoys to march overland, but it is feared that

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they cannot now be spared, as the Mahrattas give them enough to do there. Since we came here, Hyder has taken Arcot, the capital of our Nabob. It held out six weeks against his whole army, which now does not consist of less than 100,000 men. The number of troops in the place were 150 Europeans belonging to us, and about 1500 fighting men belonging to the Nabob. Arcot is a large place, and formerly the Nabobs used to reside in it, but since they found that money gave them great sway in our Councils, they have taken up their residence at Madras. There is a wall round the town of Arcot seven miles in circumference, with small bastions at different places. In the inside is a small fort or citadel, but not capable of any great resistance after the town is taken. By retiring to this fort our people got terms, which were, that they marched out with the honours of war, and were sent to this place on their parole not to serve against the enemy during the war. You now see that the loss of a few hours in not marching to the assistance of Colonel Baillie, when the cannonade was first heard, has lost us the most of the Carnatic, which General Coote with our small army will find no easy matter to regain. I imagine, in a month or two hence, we shall be able to take the field with about 8000 men, black and white,—of the latter near 2000—and I make no doubt but we shall give a very good account of this tyrant.

General Goddard, who has been in the field against the Mahrattas, on the Malabar Coast, is now ordered to enter Hyder's country on that side. His army consists of about 16,000, so that in a little time Hyder will find enough to do, for as soon as Goddard enters his country, he must draw off the greatest part of his army out of the Carnatic.

Since writing the above, there are accounts arrived here of 8 battalions of Sepoys having marched from Bengal for this place, so that if they come safe, I think this same Invader will get a good drubbing.

Colonel Baillie is kept in his camp with two or three more officers. He is perfectly recovered of his wounds, is very much respected by Hyder as a brave and good officer, and at the same time well treated. His brother and myself are with the army here, in cantonments. He is now made a Captain, and Deputy-Lieut.-Master-General. I was six weeks ago promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and we both are in good health.

The enclosed letter has been written some time ago, but no opportunity of forwarding it has offered until now. The list of the killed and wounded is not very just, it being made out by report of some black men; but enclosed I send you one which was received a few days ago, from one of the officers, prisoner with Hyder. You may depend upon the justness of it, as I copied it from the original. Baillie, the cadet who died of his wounds, was the same that came out in Lord Macleod's Regiment.

I think this epistle will make up for the deficiencies in time past.

My best wishes attend you, Mrs Alves, and I am truly, and believe me, dear sir, yours most truly,

(Signed) FRANCIS BAILLIE.

Fort-George, 28th Nov. 1780.

The writer of the above letter, an Inverness man, shortly after fell in action; and he is thus referred to in the letter, from Dr Alves, of 18th January 1783:—"The accounts we have had of poor Frank's death have come to us through a channel that leaves no room to doubt of its truth. Indeed, I have seen two men of the 73d Regiment that were in the same action in which he fell. This unlucky event gave Nelly and me much concern; and you may believe, it was a heavy stroke indeed to his poor mother. The loss of a promising, and an only son, could not miss to be affecting; and the loss, at the same time, of her only means of subsistence was a sad aggravation. Before we had the account of his death, the last remittance he sent her was exhausted. I had written to him that I would not see her want, and I gave her a supply accordingly. Till I hear from India, I shall continue to supply her wants out of your brother's funds, which I hope he will approve. They are not many, as she is a very moderate person, and she is so broken that I suppose they will not continue long."

That Colonel Baillie was kept in the closest confinement, and not permitted to communicate with his friends, is very clear, as there is not a scrap of writing from him after the day of his capture to his death, which

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occurred on 13th November 1782. His agent in London, Mr Mitchell, writes to him in December 1783, thirteen months after his death; and his brother, John, then at Madras, was not aware of his death until 7th June 1783, when he received the following letter:—

SERINGAPATAM, 10th January 1783.

DEAR BAILLIE,—You will probably have heard, before you receive this, of your brother's death. He died the 13th November last, after an illness of three months and a half. His will and papers are in the possession of Dr Sinclair. Exclusive of his will he has left legacies to the amount of about £350 sterling, £300 of which is to your sister. Mrs Alves. His last words to me concerning you were,—"I hope in God my brother will live and get home. Tell him to go home immediately, and not to be looking too high as I have been, he can live like a prince in his own country."

Brigade-Major's pay while in prison is an object to me, as even in case of my death it will be of great service to my brothers and sisters who, you know, stand in need of it. Perhaps your mentioning me to General Stuart will be the means of securing it for me. I can say with great truth that had your brother lived, he would have obtained pay for me, as his staff was but little, very little, of what he intended to do for me, as you will know, if ever I am released. I have a great deal to communicate to you relative to your brother's demands on the Company, but my present horrid situation will admit of my saying only that I am, my dear Baillie, most affectionately yours,

(Signed) ALEX. FRASER.

P.S.—Captain Rumley, who is my prison companion, desires his compliments to you.

This letter was written by the Colonel's aide-de-camp, Captain Fraser, and the messenger who had been bribed to deliver it had not an opportunity for nearly five months of fulfilling his mission. Thus, unhappily and prematurely, closed the career of a distinguished soldier, of whom Inverness may justly be proud.

A COMMISSION is now making enquiry in the north as to the scarcity of crabs and lobsters. We would suggest as a subject of, at least, equal importance, the *scarcity of men and women*, and the best way to protect them from the inroads of sheep and deer.

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.—The Latin word *Lucus* (a grove) has always puzzled etymologists. To show how desperate the case was, it was suggested that it was from being deficient in light. If we look at some Latin dictionaries, such as Ainsworth's, *Lucus* is defined to be, first, a grove or wood dedicated to some saint, and left uncut; and secondly, a temple in a wood. Years ago it struck me that the above order ought to be reversed, my idea being that the primary meaning was a temple or altar—and this I derive from the Gaelic *leac*, a flat stone (suppose an altar-stone, as in the compound, *cromleach*). The name was at first applied to the altar, and *afterwards* to the grove around it. The sacred character of the trees so near the altar preserved them from the axe. Looked at from some distance, the trees only would be visible, and the word, applied at first to the altar, was transferred to the group of trees forming the grove. Latin has a way of often making substantives end in *us*, so that *luc* is all we have to do with. The English word *grove* is from the Gaelic *craobh*, tree.—THOMAS STRATTON.

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THE CLEARING OF THE GLENS.

By Principal Shairp, St Andrews University.

CANTO SECOND.

BOTHAIN-AIRIDH; OR, THE SHEALINGS.

I.

When from copse, and craig, and summit
Comes the cuckoo's lonely cry
Down the glen from morn to midnight
Sounding, warm June-days are nigh.
At that cry, the heart of Allan
Turns towards the shealings green,
Where for ages every summer
Men of Sheaniebhal have been.
Bonny shealings, green and bielded,
Where there meet two corrie burns,
Ault-na-noo and Ault-a-bhealaich,
Pouring from high mountain urns.
Small green knolls of pasture fringing
Skirts of darksome Màm-clach-ard,
Scour-na-naat and Scour-na-ciecha
Westward keeping aweful guard.
Allan then, one grave glance round him
East and west the long glen cast,
Saw the clouds were high and steady,
Knew the wintry weather was past;
Then spake loud to all his people—
"Mak' ye for the shealings boun:"
On the morrow every door was
Closed within the old farm-toun.

II.

When the light lay on the mountains
Of a morning calm and mild,
From their homes the people going
Set their faces to the wild.
Then were seen whole families climbing
Up among the hoary cairns,
Grandsires, grandames, fathers, mothers,
Lads and lasses, winsome bairns,
Driving calves, and kye for milking,
Goats and small sheep on before,

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Two white ponies trudging after
With their all of household store.
Here the blackcock, all his rivals
Driven aloof, on yonder mound
Sits and spreads his snowy pinion,
Drumming to his mates around.
There the redcock, new in plumage,
Scarlet crest in fresh May-glow,
From the distant heights replying,
Calls aloud with cheery crow.
Yonder Alpine hare before them
Canters lazily away,
With her coat snow-white in winter,
Now returned to dark-blue grey;
Then aloof, on hind legs rising,
Perking ears in curious mood,
Listens, "whence have these intruders
Come to scare my solitude."
Downward the hen-harrier stooping,
To and fro doth flit and wheel,
Stealthily along the heather,
Hunting for his morning meal.

III.

Westward sloped the sun, ere reaching
Hillocks by the meeting burns,
Men begin last summer's bothies
Thatching, with dry heath and ferns.
Wives the while, small ingles kindle,
Spread fresh heather beds on floor;
For the milk and cheese make ready
Roomy sconce in ben-most bore.
Angus and his kilted comrades
In the hill-burn plash and shout,
All about the granite boulders
Guddling for the speckled trout.
Well-a-day! but life was bonny
With our folk in those old days;
Children barefoot, morn and even,
Wandering high on brackeny braes;
Lips and faces purpled over
With the rich abundant fill
Of blae, wortle, and crow-berries,
Gathered wide from craig and hill;
Nature's own free gladness sharing
Through the sweetest of the year,
With the red grouse crowing round them,
And far-heard the belling deer;
From behind, the mountain quiet
Blending with the lilting cry

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Of the women homeward calling
Down their goats and dauted kye.

IV.

It befell one time of shealings
Allan with his youngest boy,
Angus, high above the bothies
Wandered on some hill-employ;
When from top of Ault-a-bhealaich
Looking, they beheld the bowl,
Caldron-shaped and dark in shadow,
Far beneath, of Corrie-na-Gaul.
"Was not that the hiding-place," cried
Angus, starting at the name,
"Where ye refuged, when Prince Charlie
Guiding, through these hills ye came?"
"Many a place we had for hiding,"
Answered Allan, "first and last:"
"Tell me all the way ye travelled,
Whence the Prince came, whither passed."
"Well, dear laddie! sith ye will it,
I will teach thee what befell
After that the Prince bade Flora,
And the shores of Skye farewell.

V.

As he steered up dark Loch Nevish,
And set foot on mainland shore,
Deadly foes were close behind him,
Deadly, keeping watch before.
Seaward, every frith and islet,
Girt and swept by hostile sail;
Landward, one long line of sentries,
Post on post, kept hill and dale.
High and low, on glen and summit,
From Glenfinnan to Lochourn,
All the day saw guards patrolling,
All the night red watch-fires burn.
Fast across the hills of Morar
Sped the Prince to Borodale—
That leal House, when first he landed,
Welcomed him with glad 'all hail.'
There before his eyes the bonny
Homestead lay—a blackened heap—
Mid the craigs and woods o'erhanging,
The old Laird in hiding deep
With his sons kept. Thither guided,
Lay the Prince in safety there
For three days, till foemen prowling
Close and closer girt their lair.

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Then these leal Macdonalds longer
Could not their loved Prince conceal,
He must leave Clanranald's country
For the mountains of Lochiel.
Soon to Cameron of Glen Pean
Came the word that he must wait
For the Prince, on one lone hill, and
Guide him through that desperate strait.
To our toun, came Donald crying,
'Up and help the Prince with me,'
For he knew of these hill-passes
I had better skill than he.

VI.

Long we kept the cairn of trysting,
But none living came that way;
Then to seek them through the mountains
Far we wandered: summer day
Into midnight deep was darkening,
When low down faint forms appear,
Through a slack between the mountains
Moving dim like straggling deer.
Who they might be, all unknowing,
Down we hurried to the vale;
Forward one then stept to meet us—
Who but brave Glenaladale?
Glad was he to find no stranger,
But Glen Pean, whom he knew;
Glad the Prince to greet a Cameron
Long since proven leal and true.
Two days after dark Culloden,
A night 'neath Donald's roof he lay,
When in haste for Moidart making
Came he by Loch Arkaig way.

VII.

'Come, thrice welcome! fain are we to
Place our lives within thy hand,
Through these fires, where'er you lead us,
We will follow thy command,'
Low the Prince to Donald whispered,
For the watch-fires blazed anear,
And the sentry-voices answering,
Each to other, smote our ear.
'Trust us, Prince! our best endeavour
We will give to bring you through,
But the paths are rough and rocky,
And the hours of darkness few.'
Then, as leaders, I and Donald
On thro' darkness groped and crawled,

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Down black moss-hags gashed and miry,
Up great corries, torrent-scrawled;
Till all faint with toil and travel,
As around the watch-fires wane,
In the first grey of the dawning
Yonder summit we attain,—
Southern wall of long Glen Dessaray,
Mamnyn-Callum—that round hill—
There, like hares far-hunted, squatting
Close we kept all day and still;
Eyeing the red-coats beneath us,
How like wasps they swarm and spread
From their camp within the meadow,
Pitched beside Loch-Arkaig-head.
Though so near, Glenpean bade the
Prince take rest, and nothing dread,
For yestreen all Mamnyn-Callum
They had searched from base to head.

VIII.

Sundown over Scour-na-ciecha,
Forth we creep from out our lair,
Just as the watch-fires rekindling
Leap up through the gloamin' air.
On the face of Meal-na-Sparden,
'Neath the sentries close, we keep
Westward, down yon cliff descending
To Glen-Lochan-Anach deep.
At the darkest of the night, we
Crossed our own Glen-head, and heard
Eerie voices of the howlets
Hooting from dim Màm-clach-ard.
Crawling then, up Ault-a-bhealaich,
Just at this spot—waning dim
O'er the mountains of Glengarry—
Ghost-like hung the crescent's rim.
When we turned the bealach, downward
By yon rocky rough burn-head;
With this right hand, through the darkness
Him, our darling Prince, I led.
O! to think that such as I should
Grasp within this hand of mine
Him, the heir of all these Islands,
Last of Albyn's kingly line!
Think that he was fain to refuge
In yon grim and dripping hold;
He whose home should hae been a palace,
And his bed a couch of gold!

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IX.

All these gnarl'd black-corried mountains
Hold no den like Corrie-na-Gaul—
Womb of blackest rain-storms—cradle
Of the winds, that fiercest howl.
See ye yon grey rocky screetan
Down from that dark precipice strown,
There I led them to a cavern
Under yon huge shelter-stone.
All the day we heard the gun-shots
On the mountains overhead,
Well we knew red-coats were busy
Shooting our poor people dead.
Two days we had all but fasted,
Now were growing hunger-faint,
All the while the Prince would cheer us,
Not one murmur or complaint;
Though for many days, the choicest
Fare he had his want to fill
Was scant oatmeal, cold spring water,
And wild berries from the hill.
So in search of food I ventured
Down to where some shealings were,
But I found them all abandoned,
And the bothies empty and bare.
Baffled, I returned and brought them
Forth from our dark cavern-bed,
And, though full the daylight, led them
Warily to a mountain head,
That o'erlooked Glen-quoich's dark waters;
There, what saw we close below
But a camp with red-coats swarming,
And a troop in haste to go
Up the very hill we lodged in!
All about they searched that day,
Close we cowered, and heaven so guided
That they came not where we lay.
Then the Prince said, 'not another
Sun shall rise ere we shall make
Trial to pass the chain of sentries—
Life upon that hazard stake.'

X.

Gloamin' fell, we rose and started
From our lair, a stealthy race
O'er that stream and flat Lōn-meadow,
Up yon wrinkled mountain face,—
Druim-a-chosi,—from that summit
Seen, a watch-fire wildly burned

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In the glen, across our pathway—
Westward to the side we turned:
And so close we passed it, voices
Of the sentinels reached our ear—
Low we crouched, and round the hillocks
Crawled, like stalkers of the deer.
Up a hill flank—(Druim-a-chosi
Will not let us now discern)
Scrambling up a torrent's bed, we
Won the ridge of Leach-na-fearn.
There, in our descending pathway
Down before us, full in view
Watch-fires twain in grey dawn flickered,
That way we must venture through.
Then I said, 'Prince! ere you venture,
Let me first the passage prove';
And, with that, few steps to westward
Crept adown a torrent's groove.
There I watched till warders pacing
Passed each other, back to back;
Swift, but mute, I passed between them,
Safe returned the self-same track.
And we all kept close in shelter,
Till again they face to face
Met and passed each other, leaving,
Back to back, an empty space.
Quick I darted forward, whispering,
'Now's our time, Prince! follow me':
Few brief breathless moments crawling
Down the corrie—we were free.
Out beyond the chain of sentries,
Down by Lochan-doire-dhu,
'Neath the bield of birks and alders,
Past the mouth of Corrie-hoo,
Up the rock of Innis-craikie—
Just as the last star grew pale
On the brow of Scour-a-vorrar,
Reached we Corrie-scorridale.

XI.

There, in rocky den safe-sheltered,
O the welcome blest repose!
Time at last for food and slumber,
Respite from relentless foes.
When a day and night were over,
We arose and wandered on,
Northward to the Seaforth country,
West from long Glenmorriston.
Then, I knew my work was ended,
For those hills to me were strange,

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And a clansman of Glengarry's
Bred amid that mountain range—
One who had shar'd Culloden battle—
Was at hand a guide to be.
Then the Prince turned round, and gazing
On my face, spake words to me:
'Allan! what can I repay thee
For thy service done so well,
Naught but thanks are mine to render,
Heart-deep thanks, and long farewell.'
In his own he grasped this right hand,
The Prince grasped it—never since—
Never while I breathe shall mortal
Grasp this hand which touched the Prince.*
Think na ye the tears came fa'ing,
Think na ye my heart was sair,
Watching him depart, and knowing
I should see his face nae mair."

(To be Continued.)

NIEL MACKAY'S nurse is said to have been so much attached to him as generally to have accompanied him to the field of battle. On one occasion she brought her seven sons along with her, to accompany their chieftain; and as he happened, during some part of the engagement, to be dangerously beset by a company of archers, she took one of her sons and placed him in front, to defend him from the enemies' arrows. When this one was slain she placed another, and so on, till all her seven sons were either slain or wounded, still exclaiming as they fell —"Apran ur air beulabh Naile"—*A new apron in front of Niel!* In another conflict, Niel being sore wounded with a poisoned arrow, and lying on the ground in great pain, when he saw his nurse coming towards him, immediately called out to keep her away, as she would only torment him, without being of any service in his present condition. She was not, however, to be so restrained, but lying down upon him, carefully extracted the deadly weapon, and with her mouth sucked out the poison. He soon after completely recovered.—*History of the Clan Mackay.*

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* This is literally true of Hugh Chisholm, one of the seven men who sheltered the Prince, on his way north, in the Cave of Corombian. Chisholm went afterwards to reside in Edinburgh, where many called on him out of curiosity, to see one who had been such a devoted adherent of Prince Charlie. Chisholm received money from several of these admirers, and in return, while thanking them, he always offered them a shake of his left hand, excusing himself for not giving the right, by saying, that since he had shaken hands with the bonnie Prince at parting, he resolved never to give his right hand to any man, until he saw the Prince again. We have heard the same story related of John Macdonald, one of the Glengarry men, of which an old oil painting is now to be seen in a certain place in Inverness, snuff-horn in hand, and with a trusty crook under his arm—a real picture of the "olden time." It has the following inscription:—"John Macdonald, aged 107 years, adherent of Prince Charles Steuart." (Ed. *C. M.*)

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THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, *COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE.*

By the Editor.

—o—

[Continued.]

There are various other unfulfilled predictions of the Seer's to be noticed. One is regarding *Clach an Tiompáin*, a well-known stone in the immediate vicinity of the far-famed Strathpeffer Wells. It is, like *Clach an t-Seasaidh*, an upright, pillar-looking stone, which, when struck, makes a great hollow sound or echo, and hence its designation, the literal meaning of which is the "stone of the hollow sound or echo." *Coinneach* said "that the day will come when ships will ride with their cables attached to *Clach an Tiompain.*" It is perhaps superfluous to point out that this has not yet come to pass; and we can only imagine two* ways in which it is possible to happen, either by a canal being made through the valley of Strathpeffer, passing in the neighbourhood of the *Clach*, or by the stone being removed some day by

* Since the above was written, we have taken a ramble through the neighbourhood of Loch Ussie, and found our way to the top of Knockfarrel, famous for its perfect specimen of a vitrified fort. We were so struck with the great size and uniformity of the foundation of this pre-historic stronghold that we paced it, and found it be one hundred and fifty paces in length, with a uniform width of forty, both ends terminating in a semi-circle, from each of which projects, for a distance of sixty paces, vitrified matter, as if it were originally a kind of promenade, thus making the whole length of the structure two hundred and seventy yards, or thereabout. On the summit of the hill we met two boys herding cows, and as our previous experience taught us that boys, as a rule,—especially herd boys—are acquainted with the traditions and places of interest in the localities which they frequent, we were curious enough to ask them if they ever heard of *Coinneach Odhar* in the district, and if he ever said anything regarding the fort on Knockfarrel. They took us to what they called "Fingal's Well," in the interior of the ruined fort, and said that this well was used by the inhabitants of the fortress "until Fingal, one day, drove them out, and placed a large stone over the well, which has ever since kept the water from oozing up, after which he jumped to the other side of the (Strathpeffer) valley." There being considerable rains for some days prior to our visit, water could be seen in the "well," but one of the boys drove down his stick until he reached the stone, producing a hollow sound which unmistakably indicated the existence of a cavity beneath it. "*Coinneach Odhar* foretold," said the boy, "that if ever that stone was taken out of its place, Loch Ussie would ooze up through the well and flood the valley below to such an extent that ships would sail up to Strathpeffer and be fastened to *Clach an Tiompain*; and this would happen after the stone had fallen three times. It has already fallen twice," continued our youthful informant, "and you can now see it newly raised, strongly and carefully propped up, near the end of the doctor's house." And so it is, and can be seen, on the right, a few paces from the road side, as you proceed up to the Strathpeffer Wells. We think it right to give this—a third—with the other versions, for probably the reader will agree that the one is just as likely to happen as the other. We can quite understand Kenneth prophecying that the sea would yet reach Strathpeffer, for to any one standing where we did, on the summit of Knockfarrel, the bottom of the valley appears much lower than the Cromarty Firth, beyond Dingwall, and it looks as if it might, any day, break through the apparently slender natural embankment below Tulloch Castle, which seemed, from where we stood, to be the only obstruction in its path. We need, however, hardly inform the reader in the district that the bottom of the Strathpeffer valley is, in reality, several feet above the present sea level.

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the authorities of *Baile Chail* to Dingwall pier. They may feel disposed to thus aid the great prophet of their county to secure the position as a great man, which we now claim in his behalf. Another prediction is, that concerning the Canonry of Ross, which is still standing—"The day will come when, full of the Mackenzies, it will fall with a fearful crash." This may come to pass in several ways. The Canonry is the principal burying-place of the Clan, and it may be full of dead Mackenzies, or it may fall when a large concourse of the Clan is present at the funeral of a great chief.

"When two false teachers come across the seas, who will revolutionize the religion of the land, and when nine bridges will span the river Ness, the Highlands will be overrun with ministers without grace and women without shame," is a prediction which some maintain has all the appearance of being rapidly fulfilled at this moment. It has been suggested that the two false teachers are no other than the great evangelists, Messrs Moody and Sankey, who, no doubt, from *Coinneach Odhar's* stand-point of orthodoxy, attempted to revolutionize the religion of the Highlands. If this be so, the other portions of the prophecy are looming not far off in the immediate future. We have already seven bridges on the Ness, the eighth is being completed, and the funds with which to build the ninth are almost already in hand. If we are to accept the opinions of certain of the clergy themselves, "ministers without grace" are becoming the rule, and as for a plenitude of "women without shame," ask any ancient matron, and she will at once tell you that Kenneth's prophecy may be held to have been fulfilled in that particular any time within the last half century. *Gleidh sinne ! !*

It is possible the following may have something to do with the same revolution in the Highlands. Mr Maclennan says:—"With reference to some great revolution which should take place in the country, *Coinneach Odhar* said that 'before that event shall happen, the water of the river Beauly will thrice cease to run. On one of these occasions a salmon, having shells instead of scales, will be found in the bed of the river.' This prophecy has been in part fulfilled, for the Beauly has on two occasions ceased to run, and a salmon of the kind mentioned has been found in the bed of the river." Mr Macintyre gives another version of this one:—"When the river Beauly is dried up three times, and a 'scaly salmon' (or royal sturgeon) is caught in the river, that will be a time of 'great trial." *Nuair a thraoghas abhainn na Manachain tri uairean, agus a ghlacair Bradan Sligeach air grunnd na h-aibhne, 's ann a sin a bhitheas an deuchainn ghoirt.* The river has been already dried up twice, the last time in 1826, and a *Bradan Sligeach*, or royal sturgeon, measuring nine feet in length, has been caught in the estuary of the Beauly about two years ago.

We have yet to see the realization of the following:—"A dun, hornless cow (supposed to mean a steamer) will appear in the Minch (off Carr Point, in Gairloch), and make a '*geum*,' or bellow, which will knock the six chimneys off Gairloch House." *"Thig bo mhaol odhar a steach an t-Aite mor agus laigeas i geum aiste 'chuireas na se beannagan dheth an Tigh Dhige."* Gairloch House, or the *Tigh Dige* of *Coinneach's* day, would be the old

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house which stood in the park on the right, as we proceed from the bridge in the direction of the present house. The walls were of wattled twigs, wicker work, or plaited twig hurdles, thatched with turf or divots, and surrounded with a deep ditch, which could, in time of approaching danger, be filled with water from the river, hence the name "*Tigh Diga*," House of the Ditch. It has been suggested that the Seer's predictions referred to this stronghold, but a strong objection to this theory appears in the circumstance that the ancient citadel had no chimneys to fall off.

"The day will come when a fox will rear a litter of cubs on the hearthstone of Castle Downie." "The day will come when a fox, white as snow, will be killed on the west coast of Sutherlandshire." "The day will come when a wild deer will be caught alive at Chanonry Point, in the Black Isle." "The day will come when a river in Wester Ross will be dried up." "The day will come when there will be such a dire persecution and such bloodshed in the county of Sutherland, that people can ford the river Oykel dryshod, over dead men's bodies." "The day will come when a raven, attired in plaid and bonnet, will drink his full of human blood on *Fionn-bheinn*, three times a day, for three successive days."

"A battle will be fought at *Ault-na-Torcan*, in the Lewis, which will be a bloody one indeed. It will truly take place, though the time may be far hence, but woe to the mothers of sucklings that day. The defeated host will continue to be cut down till it reaches *Ard-a-chaolais* (a place nearly seven miles from *Ault-na-Torcan*), and there the swords will make terrible havock." We are not aware that this has yet occurred.

With respect to the clearances in Lewis, he said—"Many a long waste feannag (rig, once arable) will yet be seen between Uig of the Mountains and Ness of the Plains." That this prediction has been fulfilled to the letter, no one acquainted with the country will deny.

Speaking of what should come to pass in the parish of Lochs, he said—"At bleak Runish in Lochs, they will spoil and devour, at the foot of the crags, and will split heads by the score." He is also said to have predicted "that the day will come when the raven will drink its three fulls of the blood of the Clan Macdonald on the top of the Hills of Minaraidh in Parks, in the parish of Lochs." This looks like as if the one already given about the Mackenzies had been misapplied to the Macdonalds.

Regarding the battle of *Ard-nan-Ceann*, at Benbecula, North Uist, he said—"Oh, *Ard-nan-Ceann, Ard-nan-Ceann*, glad am I that I will not be at the end of the South Clachan that day, when the young men will be weary and faint; for *Ard-nan-Ceann* will be the scene of a terrible conflict."

"When a magpie *(pitheid)* shall have made a nest for three successive years in the gable of the Church of Ferrintosh, the Church will fall when full of people," is one of those regarding which we find it difficult to decide whether it has been already fulfilled or not. Mr Macintyre, who supplied us with this version, adds the following remarks:—The Church of Ferrintosh was known at an earlier period as the Parish Church of Urquhart and Loggie. Some maintain that this prediction refers to the Church of Urray. Whether this be so or not, there were circumstances connected with the Church of Ferrintosh in the time of the

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famous Rev. Dr Macdonald which seemed to indicate the beginning of the fulfilment of the prophecy, and which led to very alarming consequences. A magpie actually did make her nest in the church gable, exactly as foretold. This, together with a rent between the church wall and the stone stairs which led up to the gallery, seemed to favour the opinion that the prophecy was on the eve of being accomplished, and people felt uneasy when they glanced upon the ominous nest, the rent in the wall, and the crowded congregation, and remembered *Coinneach's* prophecy, as they walked into the church to hear the Doctor. It so happened one day that the church was unusually full of people, insomuch that it was found necessary to connect the ends of the seats with planks, in order to accommodate them all. Unfortunately, one of those temporary seats was either too weak, or too heavily burdened: it snapped in two with a loud report, and startled the audience. *Coinneach Odhar's* prophecy flashed across their minds, and a simultaneous rush was made by the panic-struck congregation to the door. Many fell, and were trampled under-foot, while others fainted, being seriously crushed and bruised.

Among a rural population, sayings and doings, applicable to a particular parish, crop up, and, in after times, are applied to occurrences in neighbouring parishes. Having regard to this, may it not be suggested that, what is current locally in regard to Ferrintosh and *Coinneach's* saying, may only be a transcript of an event now matter of history in a parish on the northern side of the Cromarty Firth. We refer to the destruction of the Abbey Church at Fearn by lightning, October 10, 1742. We have never seen a detailed account of this sad accident in print, and have no doubt the reader will be glad to have a graphic description of it from the pen of Bishop R. Forbes, the famous author of the "Jacobite Memoirs," who visited his diocese of Ross and Caithness in the summer of 1762. This account is taken from his unpublished MS. Journal, now the property of the College of Bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and presently in the hands of the Rev. F. Smith, Arpafeelie, who has kindly permitted us to make the following extract:—

"The ruinous Church of Ferne was of old an Abbacy of White Friars (see Keith's Catalogue, p. 247). The roof of flagstones, with part of a side wall, was beat down in an instant by thunder and lightning on Sunday, October 10th, 1742, and so crushed and bruised forty persons, that they were scarcely to be discovered who or what they were, and therefore, were buried promiscuously, without any manner of distinction. The gentry, having luckily their seats in the niches, were saved from the sudden crash, as was the preacher by the sounding-boards falling upon the pulpit, and his bowing down under it. Great numbers were wounded (see Scot's Magazine for 1742, p. 485). But there is a most material circumstance not mentioned, which has been carefully concealed from the publishers, and it is this: By a Providential event, this was the first Sunday that the Rev., and often mentioned, Mr Stewart, had a congregation near Cadboll, in view of Ferne, whereby many lives were saved, as the kirk was far from being so throng as usual, and that he and his people, upon coming out from worship, and seeing the dismal falling-in

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just when it happened, hastened with all speed to the afflictive spot, and dragged many of the wounded out of the rubbish, whose cries would have pierced a heart of adamant. Had not this been the happy case, I speak within bounds when I say two, if not three, to one would have perished. Some of the wounded died. This church has been a large and lofty building, as the walls are very high, and still standing."

It has been suggested that this prediction was fulfilled by the falling to pieces of the Church at the Disruption, but we would be loath to stake the reputation of our prophet on this assumption.

We have now disposed of most, if not all, the unfulfilled prophecies we have been able to procure, and will proceed to give one or two as to which there is a doubt whether they have been fulfilled or not. We shall then give some comparatively unimportunt predictions, as to the fulfilment of which there can be no doubt whatever, and afterwards proceed to detail those which have been fulfilled in such a literal and extraordinary manner in the history of the great, and once powerful, Mackenzies of Seaforth.

In connection with the battle, or battles, at *Cille-Chriosd* and the Muir of Ord, Mr Macintyre says:—The Seer foretold that '*Fear Ruadh an Uird* (the Red Laird of Ord) would be carried home, wounded, on blankets.' Whether this saying has reference to an event looming in the distant future, or is a fragment of a tradition regarding sanguinary events well known in the history of *Cille-Chriosd*, and of which a full and graphic account both in prose and verse can be seen on pp. 82-86 and 136-139, Vol. I. of the *Celtic Magazine*, it is impossible to say.

The following prediction would appear to have been made solely on account of the unlikelihood of the occurrence:—"A Lochalsh woman will weep over the grave of a Frenchman in the Lochalsh burying-place." People imagined they could discern in this an allusion to some battle on the West Coast, in which French troops would be engaged; but there was an occurrence which gave it a far different interpretation. A native of Lochalsh married a French footman, who, shortly after this event, died, and was interred in the burying-ground of Lochalsh, thus leaving his widow to mourn over his grave. This may appear a commonplace matter enough, but it must be remembered that a Frenchman in Lochalsh, and especially a Frenchman whom a Highland woman would mourn over, in *Coinneach's* day, was a very different phenomenon to what it is in our days of railways, tourists, and steamboats.

The Seer also predicted the formation of a railway through the Muir of Ord, handed down in the following stanza:—

Nuair a bhios da eaglais an Sgire na Toiseachd
A's lamh da ordaig an I-Stian'
Da dhrochaid aig Sguideal nan geocaire
As fear da imleag an Duncan
Thig Miltearan a Carn a-chlarsair,
Air curbad gun each gun srian,
A dh-fhagas am Blar-dubh na fhgeach
'Dortadh fuil le iomadh sgian;
A's olaidh am ftiheach a thrè saitheachd
Dé dh-fhuil nan Gaidheal, bho clach nam Fionn.

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Here is a literal translation :—

When there shall be two churches in the Parish of Ferrintosh,
And a hand with two thumbs in *I-Stiana*,
Two bridges at *Sguideal* (Conon) of the gormandizers,
And a man with two navels at Dunean,
Soldiers will come from *Carn a Chlarsair* (Tarradale)
On a chariot without horse or bridle,
Which will leave the *Blar-dubh* (Muir of Ord) a wilderness,
Spilling blood with many knives;
And the raven shall drink his three fulls
Of the blood of the Gael from the Stone of *Fionn*.

We already have two churches in the Parish of Ferrintosh, two bridges at Conon, and we are told by an eye witness, that there is actually at this very time a man with two navels in *I-Stiana*, in the Black Isle, and a man not far from Dunean with two thumbs on each hand. The "Chariot without horse or bridle" is undoubtedly the "iron horse," but what particular event the latter part of the prediction refers to, it is impossible to say; but if we are to have any faith in the Seer, something serious is looming not very remotely in the future.

Mr Macintyre sends us the following, which is clearly a fragment of the one already given :—*Coinneach Odhar* foresaw the formation of a railway through the Muir of Ord, which he said 'would be a sign of calamitous times.' The prophecy regarding this is handed down to us in the following form :—'That he would not like to live when a black bridleless horse would pass through the Muir of Ord.' *Fearchair a Ghunna* (Farquhar of the Gun, an idiotic simpleton who lived during the latter part of his extraordinary life on the Muir of Tarradale) seems in his own quaint way to enter into the spirit of this prophecy, when he compared the train, as it first passed through this district, to the funeral of 'Old Nick.' Tradition gives another version of this prediction, viz. :—'That after four successive dry summers, a fiery chariot would pass through the *Blar Dubh*,' which, it is said, was very literally fulfilled. *Coinneach Odhar* was not the only person that had a view before-hand of this railway line, for it is commonly reported that a man residing in the neighbourhood of Beauly, gifted with second-sight, had a vision of the train moving along in all its headlong speed, when he was on his way home one dark autumn night, several years before the question of forming a railway in those parts was mooted.

Here are two other Gaelic stanzas having undoubted reference to the Mackenzies of Rosehaugh :—

Bheir Tanaistear Chlann Choinnich
Rocus bàn dà a choille;
'S bheir e ceile bho tigh-cinil
Le a mhuinntir 'na aghaidh;
'S gum bi' n Tanaistear, mor
Ann an gniomh 's an ceann-labhairt,
'Nuair bhios am Pap' anns an Roimh
Air a thilgeadh dheth chathair,

Thall fa-chomhair Creag-a-Chodh
Oidhreachaidh taillear coal odhar;

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'S Seumas gorach mar thighearn,
'S Seumas glic mar fhear-tomhais—
A mharcaicheas gun srian
Air loth fhiadhaich a roghainn;
Ach cuiridh mor-chuis gun chiall
'N aite siol nam fiadh siol nan gobhar;
'S tuitidh an t-Eilean-dubh briagha
Fuidh riaghladh iasgairean Aŭch.

Literal translation :—

The heir (or chief) of the Mackenzies will take
A *white* rook out of the wood,
And will take a wife from a music house (dancing saloon),
With his people against him!
And the heir will be great
In deeds and as an orator,
When the Pope in Rome
Will be thrown off his throne.

Over opposite *Creag-a-Chow*
Will dwell a diminutive lean tailor,
Also Foolish James as the laird,
And Wise James as a measurer,
Who will ride without a bridle
The wild colt of his choice;
But foolish pride without sense
Will put in the place of the seed of the deer the seed of the goat;
And the beautiful Black Isle will fall
Under the management of the fishermen of Avoch.

We have not learnt that any of the Rosehaugh Mackenzies has, as yet, taken a *white* rook from the woods; nor have we heard anything suggested as to what this part of the prophecy may refer to. We are, however, credibly informed that one of the late Mackenzies of Rosehaugh had taken his wife from a music saloon in one of our southern cities, and that his people were very much against him for so doing. One of them, Sir George, no doubt was "great in deeds and as an orator," but we fail to discover any connection between the time in which he lived and the time "when the Pope in Rome would be thrown off his throne." We are unable to suggest the meaning of the first six lines of the second stanza, but the seventh and eighth have been most literally fulfilled, for there can be no doubt that "foolish pride without sense" has brought about what the Seer predicted, and secured, for the present at any rate, the seed of the goat where the seed of the deer used to rule. The deer, and the deer's horns, as is well known, are the armorial bearings of the Mackenzies, while the goat is that of the Fletchers, who now rule in Rosehaugh, on the ruins of its once great and famous *Cabair-feidh*.

The beautiful Black Isle has not yet fallen under the management of the fishermen of Avoch,* but who knows but some fisherman from that humble village may yet amass a sufficient fortune to buy the whole. The old proprietors, we regret, are rapidly making way with their "foolish pride without sense," for some one to purchase it.

(To be Continued.)

* Since this was in type, a friend who accidentally read the proof, asked us whether we were not aware of the fact that the present proprietor of Rosehaugh was the son of

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THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

By Alastair Og.

—o—

[Continued.]

Kenneth Fraser having finished the MacBeath part of the story, asked *Ruairidh Mor a Chnuic* to give that part of it which gave an account of Hector Roy's conflict with the Earl of Ross, and his future troubles; and of how the Mackenzies first came to obtain possession of the lands of Gairloch. Roderick at once consented, and proceeded to relate, as follows:—

CIA-MAR THAINIG CLANN CHOINNICH A GHEARRLOCH.

Bha tighearna MacCoinnich ann uair-eigin a phos nighean a Mhorair Rois, agus bha i air leth shuil, agus ge be air bith a thainig eadar an tighearna MacCoinnich agus a Morair Ros 'sa nighean, chuir e dhachaidh thuige fhein i, agus chuir e i air muin eich air leth shuil, agus chuir e gille air leth shuil leitha, agus eu air leth shuil cuide riu. Ghabh a Morair Ros do dh' ardan 's gur ann a thigeadh e a sgrios Chlann Choinnich.

Bha gnothaichean an teaghlaich aig an am so car ro mhi-chearbach. Se Coinneach, mac na mna chaidh a chur dhachaidh, a b'oighre dligheach am beachd cuid, ach cha robh ann ach duine nach robh buileach glic; cha robh e fada dar a thoisich e air cogadh ris an righ, agus fhuair an righ greim air, agus chuireadh gu bas e. Cha d'fhag e cloinn, agus fhuair a bhrathair, gille gle og, an oighreachd. Bha Eachainn Ruadh, brathair athair, na dhuine anabarrach tapaidh, agus dar a thainig a Morair Ros a thoir a mach dioghaltas, air son a nighean a chuir dhachaidh air a leithid a sheol tamailteach, 's ann ri Eachainn Ruadh a bha Clann Choinnich, gu leir, ag earbsa mar cheann-feadhna.

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an Avoch fisherman? We admitted our ignorance, and expressed our surprise. Our friend then informed us that a Mr Jack, who followed the avocation of a fisherman in the village of Avoch for many years, left the place and went to reside in Elgin, where he commenced business as a small general dealer, or "huckster"; that some of the boys—his sons—exhibited a peculiar smartness while in school; that this was noticed by a lady relative of their mother, an aunt, he thought, of the name of Fletcher, who encouraged and helped on the education of the boys, and who took one or more of them to her own home, and brought them up; afterwards they found their way south, and ultimately became successful merchants and landed proprietors. In corroboration of the main facts above stated, we give the following from "Walford's County Families of the United Kingdom":—"Fletcher, James, Esq. of Rosehaugh, Ross-shire, son of the late William Jack, Esq., by Isabel, dau. of the late Charles Fletcher, Esq., and brother of J. C. Fletcher, Esq.; *b.* 18—; *m.* 1852, Frederica Mary, dau. of John Stephen, Esq., niece of Sir Alfred Stephen, C.B., Chief Justice of New South Wales, and widow of Alexander Hay, Esq., of the 58th Regt. . . . . He assumed the name of Fletcher in lieu of his patronymic on the death of his mother in 1856." These are facts of which we were entirely ignorant when writing down the stanzas above given. The verses were sent to us from various quarters, and they have undoubtedly been floating about the country for generations. So much for the Seer's prophetic power in this instance. Were we acquainted with the history of the other families referred to in the stanzas, it is probable that more light could be thrown upon what they refer to, than we are at present able to do.

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Thug a Morair Ros leis seachd ciad fear, air son cogadh ri Eachainn Ruadh, agus na bh' aige 'sgrios. Air cluinntinn do dh-Eachainn Ruadh air a so, chruinnich esa a dhaoine fhein, ach cha b-urrainn e thogail ach seachd fichead fear—fichead ma choinneamh a chiad a bh' aig a Mhorair.

Choinnich iad a cheile; char iad ann an ordugh, agus thoisich an cath, agus bha duine ann an sin air an robh Ruairidh Mor Mac-a-Linnean, ris an abrair mar fhrith-ainm "Suarachan," agus chaidh e a choimhead a chatha. Bha 'n gnothuich a cuir teth ri Eachainn Ruadh, 's thainig e chon an robh Suarachan, agus thubhairt e ris, "An ann mar so a tha 'Ruairidh 's mise ann an cruaidh-chas, 's nach eil thu ga ma chobhar." "Gu de gheibh mi?" ars' a Ruairidh, "Gheibh thu cuid fir ars' Eachainn Ruadh. Dh-eirich Suarachan, 's le chlaidheamh mor fhein mharbh e duine, 's shuidh e air a chorp.

Thainig Eachainn Ruadh na rathad an dara h-uair, agus thuirt e ris: "An ann mar so a tha 'rithisd a Ruairidh, 's mise an cruadh-chas?" "Gu de gheibh mi ars' a Suarachan," a rithisd. "Gheibh thu cuid dithis," ars' Eachainn Ruadh. Dh'eirich Ruairidh, 's le chlaidheamh mor fhein mharbh e fear eile, 's shuidh e air a chorp.

Thainig Eachainn Ruadh an treas uair agus thuirt e, "An ann mar so a tha 'rithisd a Ruairidh, 's mise ann am fior chruaidh-chas." "Cha da gheall thu dhomhs' ach cuid dithis" arsa Suarachan, 's mharbh mi dithis." "Cha bhithinn a cunntadh riut," ars' Eachainn Ruadh. Dh-eirich Suarachan le chlaidheamh mor ruisgte, 's e 'g eigheachd an aird a ghuth, "Am fear nach biodh a cunntadh rium, cha bhithinn a cunntadh ris." Thoisich e air an namhaid, 's chaidh an ruaig orra ann an uin' ghearr, agus thainig iad nan cabhaig gu taobh na h-aibhne, agus choinnich iad bean ris an da dh'fhoinnich iad "c'aite'n robh an t-ath air an abhuinn, air am faigheadh iad a null," "Oh, ghaolaich," arsa 'bhean, "is aon ath an abhuinn, ged tha i dubh cha'n eil i domhain." Thainig an ruaig cho teann orra 's gu robh iad a dol a mach air an abhuinn an aite sam bith an robh i tachairt riu. Bha iad a dol leis an abhuinn nan ciadan, agus bha moran phreas ri 'taobh, air an robh iad a deanamh greim. Bha Suarachan a coimhead so, agus a h-uile fear a chitheadh e 'gabhail greim air preas, bha e ruith thuige, a gearradh a phris, agus ag radh, "mo na bha mi leigeil urad leat dheth an latha, leigidh mi sin leat." Chaill am Morair Ros an latha, 's choisinn Eachainn Ruadh.

Dar a thainig an t-sith, shuidh Eachainn Ruadh sa chuid daoine sios gu biadh, ach cha robh ac' ach bonnach dha gach fear; 's cha robh bonnach idir ann da Shuarachan, ach a thug a h-uile duine greim a bhonnach fhein da, 's mar sin fhuair e an earrainn bu mho—seachd fichead greim.

A nise dar a chunnaic a Morair Ros nach b'urrainn e e fhein a dhioladh air Eachainn Ruadh, chaidh e dh-ionnsaidh 'n righ, agus fhuair e airgiod cheann a chuir a Eachainn Ruadh air son a ghlacadh. B'fheudar do dh-Eachainn teicheadh, ach lean da-dhuine-dheug e, agus far am biodh e'n diugh cha b'ann a bhiodh e 'maireach. Bha e na lagh aig an am so na'n gleidheadh fear as am biodh airgiod cheann e fhein seachd bliadhna, gum biodh e saor o'n toireachd.

Aig an am so cha robh uachdaran air Gall-thaobh ach an righ fhein, agus 'se MacCailean Ar-a-ghaidheil, carraide da dh' Eachainn Ruadh a

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thaobh a mhathair, a bhiodh an righ cur a thogail a mhail, agus fhuair Eachainn Ruadh a mach gun deach na Gallaich an co-bhonn ri cheile gum marbhadh iad Clann 'ic Chailean an ath uair a thigeadh iad a thogail a mhail. Dar a fhuair Eachainn Ruadh a mach gun robh so an ruin nan Gallach, thug e Gall-thaobh air le dha-dhuine-dheug.

Bha e ann am monadh Ghall-thaobh agus thainig MacCailean le bhuidhinn-dion; thog iad an cuid buthan dhoibh fhein, agus chuir iad seachad an oidhche ann an sin. Dh-eirich iad sa mhaduinn, sheall MacCailean a mach, agus bha na Gallaich air cruinneachdainn 'os a chionn. Thainig e steach am measg a chuid daoine agus thuirt e riu "mar a gearr sibh troimh na Gallaich, cuiridh iad amach air a mhuir sinn; ach tha mi 'faicinn duine mor os an cionn, agus da-dhuine-dheug cuide ris, agus 's mo tha e cur a dh' eagal orm na na Gallaich gu leir."

Chaidh MacCailean sa dhaoine fuidh 'n airmeachd agus dh-fhalbh iad gu gearradh tromha. Dar a thoisich a chomh-stri, thigeadar Eachainn Ruadh sa dha-dhuine-dheug a nuas; thoisich iad air na Gallaich; se robheag dhiubh fhuair as; thainig an t-slth, agus char Eachainn Ruadh agus MacCailean an cainnt a cheile. Dh-innis Eachainn da MhacCailean an staid anns an robh e. "Gu de," arsa MacCailean, as urra mise, agus as miannach leat mi, dheanamh air da shon." "'S tu fein as fhearr fios," ars' Eachainn Ruadh. "Theid thu 'Dhun-eidin air a leithid so da latha, coinnichidh mise ann an sin thu, agus chi mi gu de 's urrainn mi dheanamh air da shon," arsa MacCailean.

Air an latha 'chaidh a chur air leth, dh'fhalbh Eachainn Ruadh a Dhun-eidin, choinnich MacCailean an sin e, agus shuidhich e ris gum biodh esa 's an righ ann a leithid so da dh' aite, air a leithid so da latha, esa (Eachain Ruadh) a dhol seachad, agus a nuair a chitheadh e MacCailean san righ cuideachd, e thighinn far am biodh iad, 's a dhol air a ghlun air beulabh 'n righ; agus, thuirt MacCailean ris, gum beireadh an righ air laimh air, gu thogail, "agus cuimhnich," ars esa, "gu n aithnich a lamh gun d-rug e ort."

Roimhe so, bha MacCailean 's an righ a bruidhinn ri cheile mu dheidhinn Eachainn Ruaidh, agus thubhairt an righ, gur e duine fiadhaich, tapaidh a bh'ann, air an robh e fairtleachdainn orra greim a dheanamh.

"Ma gheibh mise m-iarratus uat a righ," ars' MacCailean, "bheir mi dhuit air laimh e." Gheall an righ sud dha.

Dar a thainig an latha chaidh a chur air leth dh'fhalbh Eachainn Ruadh seachad air an aite anns an robh an righ agus MacCailean a gabhail seideag do ghaoth na madainn. Rinn e ball direach orra, agus chaidh e air a ghlun air beulabh 'n righ. Rug an righ air a laimh gu thogail. Theannaich Eachainn lamh an righ; dh-eirich e agus dh'fhalbh e, agus dar a dh'fhalbh, sheall an righ a laimh do MhacCailean, agus an fhuil a bruchdadh a mach air barran a mheoir.

"Car son nach da chum thu e," arsa MacCailean.

"Cha robh duine 's an rioghachd a chumadh an duine ud," ars' an righ.

"Ma tha sud agad Eachainn Ruadh, 's feumaidh mise m'iarratus fhaighinn a nis," arsa MacCailean.

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"Gheibh thu sin, choisinn thu i, ciod i f" ars' an righ.

"Gum faigh Eachainn Ruadh a shìth," arsa MacCailean; 's fhuair Eachainn Ruadh a shìth.

Ghabh an righ a leithid da thlachd a neart 'us tapachd Eachainn Ruaidh, 's gun robh e ro dheonach gum biodh e na fhear dheth a bhuidhinn dion fhein, ach ghabh Eachainn leisgeul, a nise dar a fhuair e shìth, gun robh moran aige ri chur an ordugh aig a bhaile; ach gheall e bhi dol an drasda sa rithisd, a mach, a Dhun-eidin, a choimhead air an righ.

Bhiodh Eachainn Ruadh mar a gheall e a dol a mach a choimhead air an righ. Bha piuthar da dh' Eachainn Ruadh—nighean tighearna Bhrathainn—posd' aig Iain Dubh MacRuairaidh, an Leodach a bh ann an Gairloch a comhnuidh anns an t-seana chaisteal a bha anns an Dun aig ceann a deas na Gaineamhiche Moire. Bha atharrachadh air choir-eigin ri dheanamh air coraichean na h-oighreachd. Uair dheth na h-uairean, dar a bha Eachainn Ruadh a dol a Dhun-eiden a choimhead air an righ, thug Iain Dubh dha na coraichean gu 'm faighinn air an atharrachadh, 's rinn Eachainn Ruadh rud-eigin cosgais ris na coraichean.

'S i nighean an t-Siosalaich bu bhean dligheach da dh-Eachainn, agus bha mac aige rithe dha'm b'ainm Iain. Chaidh a thogail ann an Strathghlais, ann an tigh an t-Siosalaich, agus air an aobhar sin ghoirte Iain Glasach dheth. Chaochail e ann an Caisteal Eilean-Donnain, ann an Ceanntaile, agus chur na Tailich a chorp gu muinntir Strath-ghlais, agus dh-adhlaic iads' e ann an Eaglais mhor na Manachain. Dh-fhag e aon mhac dha 'm b'ainm Iain, ris an canadh iad, anns an duthaich, Iain Ruadh Mac Iain Ghlasaich. Chaidh an gille og so a thogail aig Domhnullach, a bha na pheathair, ann an Glais-leitir Cheanntaile, ris an abradh iad, Iain Liath. Agus tha e air a radh, gun da phos mathair Iain Ruaidh (banntrach Iain Ghlasaich) tighearna Mhic-aoidh.

Dh-fhas Iain Ruadh na ghille mor, tapaidh, agus dar a thainig e gu aois cuid fir, thug e duthaich Mhic-aoidh air, a choimhead air a mhathair. Air ruighinn tigh Mhic-aoidh dha, cha da leig e ris co e, 's cha mho leig a mhathair. Bha e mar chleachdadh a nuair sin nach foinnichte ri coigrich 's am bith a thogradh fuireach an tigh duin' uasail, co iad, no co as a thainig iad, ach am biodh iad latha 's bliadhna 'stigh. Bha dà chu ro-ainnidh, aig Macaoidh—fear dhiubh air an robh "Cu-dubh," agus air an fhear eile "Faolag" mar ainm. Agus bhiodh Iain Ruadh an comhnuidh a falbh leo anns a mhonadh 's a sealg. Bhiodh e toir a bhèdh, a bhiodh e toir na mhonadh air a shon fein, dha na coin. Dh-fhas, mar so, na coin cho measail air, 's nach leanadh iad duine ach e fhein. 'S ann anns cheann shios—ceann nan seirbhiseach—dheth an tigh a bha e cadal agus a gabhail a bhèdh.

Bha bhliadhna 'tarruing gu ceann, agus latha dheth na lathaichean, thubhairt Mac-aoidh ri mhnaoi, gun robh e cuir umhail gur e mac duin'-uasail a bh' ann, agus air dha so a chantuinn rithe, shil a suilean gu frasach. Thug Mac-aoidh an aire dhi. "An ann mar so a tha," ars esa, 's e toir achmhasan caoin di, "cha bhiodh e cuide ri ma chuidsa seirbhiseach, nam biodh fhios agam, mar a bh' agadsa, gu'm be sud aon mhac Iain Ghlasaich." Dh-orduich e 'n sin gu bhord fhein e, 's bha e cuide riu fhein fhad sa bha e 's an tigh, ach ma dheireadh arsa Mac-aoidh,

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"Gu de tha thu 'g iarraidh mise dheanamh air da shon." "Oh, cha 'n eil," ars' Iain Ruadh, "ach an da-dhuine-dheag a thaghas mi fein, a measg do dhaoine, thoir dhomh, agus 'Cu-dubh 'us Faolag.'"

Fhuair e sud, agus cha be na clibairean iad, agus air Iain Liath 'sa Ghlais-leitir gun d-rinn e. Thug iad leo angar uisge-bheatha agus rainig iad a Ghlais-leitir. Bha Iain Liath air an airidh, agus cha leigeadh Iain Ruadh na fir a bha cuide ris, am fradharc a bhothain aig Iain Liath. Dh-fhalbh e leis fhein, chunnaic e cliabh a muigh aig dorus a bhothain, agus shuidh e air. Bha cailleach Iain Lèith an deighe eiridh, agus bha i a sniomh air a chuigeil. Bheireadh i suil, agus suil, air an fhear a bha muigh. Ma dheireadh leig i 'n eighe ri Iain Liath, 's e na luidhe, "A dhuine, tha fear a muigh ud, aig dorus a bhothain, na shuidhe air a chliabh, cha 'n fhaca mi dà ghlun riamh, as coslaiche ri dà ghlun Iain Ruadh againn, na 'ghluinean." Dar a chuala Iain Liath sud, dh'eirich e as a leine, agus chon an doruis a char e. "An tu tha sud Iainidh," ars esa. "Oh, 's mi dhuine," "Am bheil agad ach thu fhein," "Oh tha, tha da-dhuine-dhiag agam." "Bi falbh 's thoir leat iad." Mu'n d-thainig e bha 'n dara tarbh marbh aig Iain Liath air an cinn. Dar a ghabh iad am biadh, thubhairt Iain Liath ris, "tha MacCoinnich a tigh'nu an diugh gu Tomaseilge d'athair le aoghailt, mar a cum tha fhein dheth e."

Dh-fhalbh Iain Ruadh 'sa dha-dhuine-dheug, agus Iain Liath nan coig, 's thug iad leotha 'n t-uisge-beatha. Thainig MacCoinnich le dhaoine, agus chunnaic e na daoine ud air an toma-sheilge, 's chuir e gille 'bhàn a dh'fhoinneachd, "Gu de na daoine bha iad ann?" "Dean suidhe 'us innsidh sinn sin duit," ars Iain Ruadh. Rinn e suidhe mar a dh-iarradh air, agus neor-thaing mar a robh aghaidh na dibhe air, 'sa h-uile h-uair a bheireadh e air gu falbh thairgte 't-eile dha. Bha MacCoinnich a gabhail fadachd nach robh an gille tigh'nn air ais, agus chuir e gille eile air aghart. Thachair dha-sa mar thachair dha 'n fhear eile. Dar a chunnaic MacCoinnich mar bha dol, thubhairt e, "Tha mi f'aithneachdainn gun d'thainig Iain Ruadh, ma thainig faodaidh mise bhi dol dachaidh." 'S thug e Brathainn air.

Thill an sin Iain Ruadh 'sa bhuidhinn gu bothan Ian Lèith. "Gu de nise ni thu Iain?" ars Iain Liath, "Gu de tha aibh fhein ag radh ni mi?" "Innsidh mise sin duit," ars Iain Liath, "tha coraichean Ghearrloch agam-sa ann an ciste do sheanair—Eachainn Ruadh—agus falbhaidh tu fhein 's do chuid daoine, a thagar na h-oighreachd, agus falbhaidh mise comhladh riut." Agus dh fhalbh iad, Thog Iain Liath a chuid spreidhe, a bhean, 'sa bhean-mhuinntir, 's am buachaille, 's bha iad a tighinn ach an d'thainig iad a steach aig Bealach-a-chomhla, aig taobh Baothais Bheinn.

Greis an deigh dhoibh a thighinn a bhàn fuidh'n a bheinn, thachair iad air fuaran math; Leig iad an iomraich aig an fhuaran, agus tha "fuaran Iain Lèith" air gus an latha 'n diugh. Dh-fhag iad a spreidh 's a chailleach an ard, 's thainig iad air an aghart, 's thachair feadhainn riu o'n da ghabh iad roimheachd na duthcha. Dh-innis an fheadhainn sin doibh, gun robh e mar chleachdadh aig Iain Dubh MacRuairidh (tighearna Ghearrloch), gach latha, a dhol sios a Ghaineamhach Mhor, agus luidhe air mullach

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a Chraisg, a ghabhail beachd air an duthaich, agus a dh'fhiachainn gu de chitheadh e.

Thainig na fir chon an robh e ann an sud, agus labhair Iain Liath ris, "Mar a bi thu air falbh agus mar toir thu da chasan leat a caisteal an Dùin, mas tig an oidhche nochd, caillidh tu 'n ceann. Ghabh Iain Dubh MacRuairidh eagal a bheatha, 's char a h-uile ni a bha anns a chaisteal, a b'fhiach an t-saothair, a chuir anns a bhirlinn, ach aon chiste a dh-fhagadh, le cion amaisgidh, anns an robh coraichean mhic Leoid air an oighreachd. Mar so thainig Iain Ruadh 'us Clann-a-choinnich a Ghearrloch.

'S minic a thainig na Leodaich air an ais o'n tair sin a dh'fhiachainn ris an oighreachd a thoir air a h-ais, agus toireachd a thoir a mach; ach mar is trice thainig 's ann bu mhiosa dh'fhalbh.

(Ri leantainn.)

"THE GAEL."—This Gaelic periodical, which is now in its fifth year, has, last month, changed hands, and is now the property of Messrs Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh. In a valedictory address to the reader, in the last issued—the July—number, the late editor and proprietor, Angus Nicholson, explains the causes of the irregularity in the appearances of the *Gael* during the last twelve months. We have no doubt that, under the new management and well proved enterprise, in the Celtic field, of its present proprietors, the *Gael* will receive new vigour, and will soon make up for his irregularity in the past. Let us have it brought up to date as early as possible, and we have no hesitation in predicting it a success beyond anything it has yet attained. [Since the above was written the August number has appeared—within a fortnight of its predecessor.]

"THE GLASGOW HIGHLANDER."—On Saturday the 11th November, a new paper has been issued in Glasgow, called the *Glasgow Highlander*. It consists of twelve pages, and is intended as the organ to represent the views of the large body of Highlanders congregated in the City of Glasgow. The promoters admit that there are other provincial papers here and there throughout the Highlands devoted to Highland interests; but they allege that these are necessarily too much taken up with local matters and questions of little general interest. The proprietors of the *Glasgow Highlander*, therefore, have started it as a less local and less provincial journal, with the view to meet the cosmopolitan wants of Highlanders at home and abroad. There is, no doubt, room for a well conducted paper of the kind in Glasgow. We would, however, caution the editor against making a paper, which is intended to meet the wants of *all* classes of his countrymen, a stalking horse for airing his own peculiar crotchets and opinions. If he wants to influence and "educate" the Highlanders, he must conduct his paper in such a way as to secure and maintain a circulation *in* the Highlands. He must *lead*, not *scold*, those who possess influence amongst us. We wish the *Glasgow Highlander* every success, and extend him the right hand of fellowship. *Buaidh agus piseach leis.*

A RESOLUTION was adopted by the Council of Trinity College, Dublin, setting forth the expediency, when funds can be provided, of establishing in the University a Chair of Celtic Literature and Languages. We trust that this matter will attract some public attention. It will be a matter of pain to every patriotic Irishman (says the *Freeman's Journal*) if, while the efforts of Professor Blackie give Scotland her Celtic Chair, "Old Trinity" will remain without a professor of the language and the letters of the Erse.

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SEUMAS AN TUIM.

Seumas an Tuim, alias James Grant of Carron in Strathspey, is one of those Highland notabilities who have made themselves famous for deeds of lawlessness and rapine. *Seumas* is the subject of the well-known song:—

A mhnathan a ghlinne,	Ye women of the glen,
A mhnathan a ghlinne,	Ye women of the glen,
A mhnathan a ghlinne,	Ye women of the glen,
Nach mithich dhuibh eiridh,	Is it not time for you to rise, [cattle.
'Seumas an Tuim 'ag iomain na sprèidhe,	And James-an-Tuim driving away your

The melody of this song is a beautiful one, and has been adapted to the great Highland bagpipe in the shape of a well-known pibroch—"The Breadalbane Gathering," or "*Bodaich na'm briogais,*" and associated with a victory, which John Glas, first Earl of Breadalbane, gained over the Sinclairs of Caithness, at *Allt nam-mearlach.* This was towards the close of the seventeenth century. But the air, as we said, belongs to an earlier period. *Seumas-an-Tuim* flourished in the beginning of that century.

The wild career of this man seems to have originated in accident. Unintentionally he slew his cousin, one of the Ballindalloch family. The consequence was a fierce feud between the Grants of Ballindalloch and the Grants of Carron, and James finding his enemies implacable became lawless and desperate. In retaliation for his deeds of spoliation, Ballindalloch hearing that John Grant of Carron, James' brother, with a party of his men, was cutting timber in the forest of Abernethy, set upon them and slew the laird of Carron, on the presumption that he aided the outlaw. The Earl of Murray, then Lord-Lieutenant of the county, interposing to protect Ballindalloch, *Seumas-an-Tuim* vowed that he would avenge himself by his own hand. On the 3d of December 1630, he came with a number of followers to Pitchas, the residence of Ballindalloch, burned his corn yard, his barns, byres, and stables, with the cattle, horses, and sheep, driving away such as escaped the flames. Then he went with his men to Tulchin, the residence of old Ballindalloch, where he did in like manner, driving away as many of his cattle and horses as escaped the conflagration. Notwithstanding all this he succeeded in eluding every attempt on the part of the Earl of Murray to capture him; who having failed in every effort to do so by force, had recourse to stratagem. Acting in accordance with the proverb of "setting a thief to catch a thief," he employed three "broken men," with whom he made a compact, offering handsome rewards should they succeed in bringing *Seumas-an-Tuim* into his hands dead or alive. The principal man of the three—a curious comment on the social condition of those times—was a brother of the Chief of the Clan Mackintosh. For a time they were unable to effect their purpose either by force or by stealth; such was the prowess, as well as the vigilance of Grant and his men. At length they managed to surprise him in a house at Achnakill in Strathaven, where he happened to be,

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along with a party of ten men. Not expecting danger, and unprepared for resistance, James and his men betook themselves to flight. Mackintosh pursued him, slew four of his followers, and wounded James himself with arrows, inflicting eleven wounds. He was captured along with six of his men. The men were hanged. And as soon as his own wounds were cured he was conducted under safe guard to the Castle of Edinburgh; being, says Spalding in his quaint style, "admired and looked upon as a man of great vassalage."

Here James remained a prisoner for a period of two years. It is related that an old neighbour of his, Grant of Tomavoulin, happened to pass one day under his prison window. James saw him, and asked, "What news from Speyside?" "None very particular," was the answer; "the best news I have is, that the country is rid of you." "Perhaps," said James, "we shall meet again." During his imprisonment he was permitted to see friends occasionally, who supplied him with something better than ordinary prison fare; and in a small cask, covered over with butter, his wife succeeded, on one of these occasions, in furnishing him with cord sufficient to enable him to effect his escape through his prison window. This was in October 1632. His son waited for him, and accompanied him in his flight; but for which he would have died by the way. In consequence of his confinement and other hardships he lay for nine days in a wood near Denny, and there made his way to his old haunts, where he lay concealed and inactive for a year. Meantime the Privy Council was greatly exasperated at his escape, and offered large rewards for his apprehension.

But the restless and daring man could not be idle; and now that his health was recovered, and the vigilance of his enemies allayed, he again betook himself to his old schemes of revenge and depredation—"partly travelling through the country, sometimes on Speyside, sometimes here, sometimes there, without fear or dread," but always having a sharp eye upon his old enemy Ballindalloch. Ballindalloch in self-defence, was obliged once more to attempt to set bounds to the attacks of James; and accordingly he hired a band of the outlawed MacGregors to do his job for him. These men were under the leadership of Patrick *Dubh Gearr*, a man little less famous for his exploits than *Seumas-an-Tuim* himself. James being at Carron one night with his son and an only servant, the MacGregors surrounded the house, while some of the party ascended the roof to uncover it and so get at their victim. Grant hearing the noise, and finding himself beset by his enemies, resolved to defend the door, aided by his son and servant; and meantime, made such good use of his arrows through the windows that the MacGregors were kept at bay. Patrick *Gearr*, bolder than his followers, and venturing forward to force the door, Grant took aim at him with his gun and shot him through both legs, and in the confusion which followed the fall of their leader, James escaped through the roof and was once more beyond the reach of his pursuers. *Gearr*, it appears, died of his wounds, and Grant was lauded as a public benefactor. "Patrick *Gearr* was a notable thief, robber, and briganer, oppressing the people wherever he came," and therefore they rejoiced at his death.

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Seumas-an-Tuim now resolved to fight Ballindalloch single handed with his own weapons. Accordingly, while the latter was sitting quietly and unsuspiciously in his own house, on a dark December night, a messenger came to the door and told his servant that a well-known friend was waiting outside to speak to him. Ballindalloch at once responded and sallied forth to meet his friend(?). But no sooner was he outside than he was suddenly smothered in plaids by a party of unknown men—*Seumas-an-Tuim* and his followers—and hurried away in this helpless condition, over moss and moor, he knew not whither. They carried him in this miserable plight, all the way to the neighbourhood of Elgin, where they confined him in an old kiln, for three weeks, almost in a state of starvation. Eventually, and with great difficulty, Ballindalloch made his escape by the aid of one of his guards, whom he bribed to effect his release. Meantime, the MacGregors desolated the country with fire and sword in revenge for the death of their redoubtable leader Patrick *Gearr*. It was at this time that the famous outlaw Gilderoy, the well-known hero of tradition and song, came to the front. He succeeded to the leadership which became vacant by the death of Patrick.

The man who taunted *Seumas-an-Tuim* when imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, was one Thomas Grant, a Speyside man. Nothing daunted by previous failures to capture James, he volunteered at the request of Ballindalloch to bring him dead or alive into his hands. This came to the ear of James. He went to Grant's house at once, and not finding him he gratified his revenge by killing sixteen of his cattle. Finding him shortly thereafter at the house of a friend, and in bed, he dragged him naked out of the house and despatched him with many wounds, and so fulfilled his own prison vaticinations—"Perhaps we shall meet again."

Notwithstanding the wild and lawless career of this man, living as he did in open defiance of law and order, and in the commission of all kind of atrocities, he managed somehow to elude every effort made to bring him to justice. He even succeeded in obtaining a public remission of his crimes, and survived to take an active part in the troubles in which the country was involved during the Commonwealth. James, we suppose more from policy than principle, attached himself to the winning side, and had his services rewarded by receiving immunity for all his misdeeds.

What a contrast those times are to the times in which we live! It seems hardly credible that such lawless and atrocious deeds could be performed in the face of day, within so comparatively recent a period and amid scenes where peace and prosperity now reign paramount. Yet so it is; and with blood upon his hands, enough to have hanged scores of other men, *Seumas-an-Tuim* lived to a green old age, and died peaceably and quietly in his bed—the theme of story and of song.

ALBANNACH.

We have received "The Songs of the Highlands," set to Music, with Gaelic and English letterpress, from the Gaelic Society of London.

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JOHN MACKAY.

—o—

DONALD MACKAY of Farr, a firm ally of, and related to, the Gordons, Earls of Sutherland, was through them brought under the notice of, and knighted by, James the Sixth in 1616. Afterwards, having raised by license of the King a regiment of 3000 men, who left Cromarty in 1624, to assist Count Mansfield in his campaign in Germany, he was created a baronet.

Next year he was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Reay, when, with a number of other gentlemen from Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness, he served under Gustavus Adolphus in his campaigns for Protestantism. Lord Reay afterwards showed his attachment to royalty by taking up arms in defence of Charles I., for whose cause he brought from Denmark arms, ships, and a large sum of money.

Taken prisoner at Newcastle, he was confined in Edinburgh until after the battle of Kilsyth, when he was released, and shortly after he embarked from Thurso for Denmark, where he died.

He was succeeded by his second son, John, who was married to a daughter of Scourie, said to have been a woman of great beauty, and of singularly fascinating manners. Brought up in the principles and opinions of his Royalist father, it was little to be wondered at that Lord Reay joined Glencairn in his rising for the King in 1654. When the Earl of Middleton took the command at Dornoch of the Royalist troops, by virtue of a commission from Charles II., thus superseding Glencairn, Lord Reay continued to serve under the new General till he was taken prisoner at Balveny, and conveyed to Edinburgh Tolbooth, where he remained during a lengthened period of the troubles of the Commonwealth, but at length effected his escape in the following manner.

One autumn afternoon might be seen emerging from the gloomy doors of the Heart of Mid-Lothian—as the Tolbooth of Edinburgh was designated—two very remarkable forms. A lady, young and of wondrous beauty, her hair of that shade of which the poets of our land have so loved to sing—"a gowden yellow"—as seen by a few stray ringlets from beneath the plaid drawn over her head; her eyes, brilliantly blue, flashed in their glances of anxiety; her figure, straight and lithe as the lily stalk, as she walked seemed to exhibit the very poetry of motion. Her attendant, a man of gigantic size, and stout in proportion, of fierce aspect, save when his glance fell upon his mistress, bore the Lochaber-axe, dirk, and sgian dubh—his arms, which he had just received back from the sentries or guards as he stepped into the street, and which he had left outside in order that he might be admitted to the prison. The contrast between the two was most marked, as was also the conversation. The lady was the wife of the Lord John Reay, a prisoner in the jail from which they had just stepped forth. The man was their trusty henchman, John Mackay, the favourite of his noble master and mistress, as much for his courage

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as for his fidelity and gentleness, and their pride as a clansman for his enormous size and strength.

If Lady Reay was anxious, John was equally so—his eyes seemed to follow every glance of hers, like an attached hound seeking to anticipate the owner's wish.

Looking round to John, who followed a few steps behind while she seemed to hesitate in her progress, she said, as if half communing with herself, "I will go, and God be with me." "Surely, my lady, but where to?" "I will see Cromwell—will entreat him—he may listen to me." "Surely, my lady, and what, for no?"

And away went Lady Reay to endeavour to obtain an interview with Oliver Cromwell, then in Edinburgh at the head of the Parliamentary troops.

Access to Cromwell was a difficult matter, but Lady Reay was fortunate in obtaining an introduction through an intimate friend. As she was presented, Cromwell, in his usual abrupt manner, was in the act of turning away, when her ladyship fell on her knees at his feet, and, catching the skirts of his coat, poured forth in heart-breaking, agonised supplications her entreaties for her husband's release. Struck by her deportment, her beauty, and her language, he listened, and finally, overcome by her supplication, said he would willingly do all in his power to serve her, and restore her husband to her; but as Lord Reay was a State prisoner, the Committee of Estates could alone discharge him from custody.

On hearing his decision, she became so affected that Cromwell at last declared to her that if she could by any means get her husband out of ward, he would grant him a protection to prevent his further molestation. This protection he wrote and handed to her ladyship, who retired with heightened hopes, springing she knew not well from what.

When she left the lodgings of Cromwell, she glanced hastily round for her henchman, who in an instant was by her side. "Aweel, my lady," said John, "what will the bodach do?" "He will do nothing, John; but he has given me this pass, which would be all that would be required if we only could get his lordship outside the prison walls, and that, I fear, is impossible."

"Pruit, my lady, ilka thing is possible."

"But how will it be done, John?"

"Ach, its easy durkin' the turnkey body inside, and the twa sentries at the door."

"Ah, John, John, we must have no blood, and still less murder, whatever happen; besides, you yourself would suffer death."

"Aweel, that's little for Mackay's sake."

"Promise me, John, that not a hair of these men's heads shall be hurt, whatever we attempt; remember they are only doing their duty. Promise me." And John promised.

Lady Reay and her servant had free access to his lordship at all times.

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Outside of the prison door was a wicket, guarded within by a turnkey, who generally lolled against it, or rested himself upon a form beside.

Outside of the main door were two sentries placed as guards, who either crossed each other in their steady walk, or stood at ease, one on each side of the doorway. As Lady Reay was a favourite with the turnkey, on account of the politeness which she daily showed him, he did not think it necessary to lock his lordship's cell during the time of her ladyship's visit, and at last got into the habit of allowing his lordship to accompany Lady Reay till she passed through the wicket, on her leaving for the night.

On the day following her visit to Cromwell, Lord Reay, as usual, accompanied her ladyship, and while she was stepping beyond the wicket, suddenly laid hold of the turnkey, and, laying him down in the passage, placed the form above him, seized his keys, and passing through the wicket locked him in. The lady having affected her part so far, of which John was perfectly aware by sound, though he could not turn round to see, he at once seized the sentries, one in each hand, and laying one down placed the other above him, kicking their arms to a distance, while Lord Reay sprang over them and rushed down the street. Addressing the soldiers, who had ceased to struggle in the grip of their powerful opponent, he said—"Now, lads, you will just be good and be quiet, or if you be no be quiet, I will just have to shake your pickle brains out of their pans, and so you'll see what you shall see; but if you are good, I'll give myself quietly up to be put into the jail instead of his lordship."

John accordingly surrendered himself, and, loaded with irons, was lodged in the Tolbooth.

In due time he was brought to trial for aiding the escape of a State prisoner, and Cromwell was present as President. Said he—"There is no doubt that the servant has duly forfeited his life, but his conduct and fidelity, which went to release his master, and perhaps has saved his life, were of so high a character, and so heroic, that if this man were put to death for qualities so valuable and so commendable, and particularly seeing that nothing hurtful resulted to the State from his doings, it would discourage every faithful servant from doing his duty. I therefore propose that, for the sake of justice, John Mackay, the prisoner of the Bar, shall be condemned to death; but that, under the circumstances of the case, the punishment shall be remitted, and Mackay shall leave the Bar a free man."

During the time that John Mackay was digesting the speech of Cromwell, the latter was taking a steady look of the former, when he exclaimed to those around him, while he remarked Mackay's fierce aspect and athletic form—"May I ever be kept from the devil's and that man's grasp." On the other hand, John's remark on Cromwell, whom he had as carefully noticed, was—"The deil's no sae doure as he's ca'ed."

TORQUIL.

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LITERATURE.

—o—

THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS; By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, *Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.* Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

(FIRST NOTICE.)

THIS work, the production of which, by one who had so many opportunities of judging the Highlands and their literature correctly, and which may be noted as a new point of departure in the "History of the Scottish Celt," is, the writer informs us, an attempt to break down the wall of partition which he found fencing off the most cultivated minds in England, and in the Lowlands of Scotland, from the intellectual life and moral aspirations of the Scottish Highlanders. From a residence of some years in the Highlands, and from a habit of feeling the pulse of various persons and classes in reference to Celtic matters, he became deeply convinced that an effort should be made to remedy "a state of things so disgraceful to our character as an educated people."

The work is divided into five parts, under the following headings:—Language—Pre-Christian and Mediæval—From the Reformation to Macpherson—Macpherson and the Ossianic Question—and finally, Gaelic Literature in its most recent phases, Poetry and Prose. In the space at our disposal it is impossible to do justice to this magnificent work—a work which has placed the Highlander, in this and all future generations, under a deep debt of gratitude to their redoubted champion. We know even Highlanders whose opinion of the Professor is not of the most favourable description. They call him crotchety and foolish in trying to resuscitate a dying language and call forth sympathy for a people whose peculiarities and once prominent virtues, they assert, have become almost things of the past. We have heard it even stated that our good friend "had a bee in his bonnet." These charges are probably made in good faith by the boorish average of society, who are incapable of seeing beyond their noses. The history of the literature of our country is full of instances of the same kind of mistaken judgment. We find generally if a man is possessed of a special genius, and in reality stands head and shoulders above his fellows, that he is supposed to want a few pence of the shilling, that he is slightly cracked, and, that if his so-called eccentricities are tolerated by the great stars of common-place society, it is done out of pity, and sometimes with a kind of patronising air, because, apart from these crazy outbursts of his, they consider him, on the whole, not a bad sort of fellow.

We are not aware that Shakspeare himself was considered the highest embodiment of genius the world has ever yet produced in his own time No doubt he was, like our author, considered a capital stage or platform exhibition by the great mass, but nothing more. Milton made over to his publishers the right of bringing out three successive editions of the great epic, "Paradise Lost," for £15 in hand, and a further payment of £5 on the sale of thirteen hundred copies of each edition. This master-

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piece was so little appreciated in his day that he only received, during his life, the sum of £10 under this agreement; and, after his death, his wife sold her entire right over the work for the sum of eight pounds sterling. The first edition of the poems of Robert Burns realised a profit of only twenty pounds, while one copy of the same edition sold recently, in a London saleroom, for forty-nine guineas. Harvey, the discoverer of tha circulation of the blood, was considered in his time a "dangerous person," and his discovery was rejected by the whole scientific world with "a singular unanimity." The discovery and application of chloroform was howled against from many a pulpit throughout the country as a direct interference with the decrees of the all-wise Creator of the Universe. Thomas Carlyle could not get a publisher to bring out his "Sartor Resartus;" Disraeli could not get a hearing when he first essayed to address the House of Commons; Burke, Bright, and Cobden were considered the wildest demagogues. We all know the treatment Galileo received from the great lights of his day. But the cycles of time have done their work, and the popular opinion regarding these great men has been mellowed down into a proper appreciation of their superiority over their contemporary detractors. We have no hesitation in placing the author of the work before us among those whose names will be more illustrious in the future than in the present, and predicting that he will secure the place in the niche of future fame which his splendid abilities and original genius deserve; the depreciatory remarks which we hear occasionally made concerning him, as crotchety, eccentric, and crack-brained, only strengthen our opinion that the Professor is at least a generation in advance of the time in which we live, and head and shoulders, in Celtic matters at least, and in broad human sympathy, above his fellows, and consequently they can neither understand him nor appreciate his great gifts.

The author informs us that that very clever John Bull, notwithstanding his cleverness and practicability, has committed some great blunders, which have not even a flash of brilliancy to redeem their stupidity—among which stand out prominently, "Ireland, the Education of the People, and the Scottish Highlands." He describes how mistaken ideas of political economy led, first, to the existence of a rank population which no one cared to weed, and afterwards to the other extreme of driving the people out of the country, "to stock it largely with sheep or deer, to reap large rentals . . . . . with an absolute immunity from poor-rates and poachers." This was often done to humour a heartless factor, and "partly from the servility of the local press, writing too often in the interest of lairds and lawyers—partly from the pernicious influence of the selfish maxim that a man may do what he likes with his own." Public opinion did nothing to preserve the Highlanders, but rather encouraged the idea that the sooner the country was disembowelled of all human habitation, and left in the undisturbed possession of sea-gulls, stags, and salmon, so much the better. While these views were allowed full play, "the real blood of the people was being drained away; halls once resonant with rich social merriment, and reverberant with the traditions of a chivalrous and high-souled manhood, were dumb as death, or replaced by more pretentious edifices, which were Celtic in nothing but the ground on which they stood; the language and the music which even till now

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had stirred the stoutest hearts, and raised the most effective war-cry in our great British battlefields, was treated everywhere with contempt, and deemed worthy of culture by only the more discerning few of those who naturally spoke it; everything was looked upon as destined to a hasty extinction, most worthily treated when either kicked violently out of the world, or painted over with such a thick coat of Saxon whitewash that its distinctive features could no longer be recognised."

We are then told how the exertions of such men as Skene, Clerk, Cameron, Robertson, and others in Scotland, and Stokes, Reeves, O'Curry, and O'Sullivan, in Ireland, led the Saxon into a broader historical sympathy with the Celt, and affected, in some appreciable degree, the southron's views of the long-neglected languages and literatures of the Celtic people in these islands; how the Professor himself was led to the study of the despised language; how easily any one of ordinary ability and perseverance can acquire it—"The road was plain. It will be found generally that it is weakness of will, and not lack of capacity, that is the great bar to intellectual progress among those who have any wish to know."—

"The objections which are generally urged to the study of the Gaelic language are of that description which it is always easy for ignorance to invent, but which are so utterly false and flimsy that they seem scarce worthy of answer to a person who knows anything. A large number, indeed, of current fallacies sported on all public questions might be conveniently ticketed under the category—apologies for doing nothing. It is so comfortable to sit on your easy chair after dinner, with a bottle of orthodox old port before you, and your pipe in your mouth, and to think that every man is "a d—d fool" who wishes you to do anything beyond the customary routine of your shop, or your church, or your paternal estate. It may be useful, however, occasionally to press logic into the service against this tremendous power of inertness, if not with the hope to move it, at least with the satisfaction of making certain very clever people look stupid for a moment. Well, in the first place we are asked, Why maintain an uncouth language, which keeps people in barbarism, and builds up an impenetrable wall of partition between the Celt and the rest of the civilised world? To which I have several answers: *first*, the language is not barbarous, but a very fine and polished dialect, rather too polished, somewhat like French, and specially adapted for music, as we shall prove by and by; *secondly*, it is not so much the possession of their own native language, their own traditions, and their own sentiments, that separates the Gael from the rest of the world, but the remoteness of his geographical position, and the remissness of the British Government in not having long ago organised an efficient school system in those remote regions, of which the teaching of English should have formed an integral part. And as for the mother tongue, in the parallel case of Lowland boys we know that it is not the knowledge of English at school that prevents a boy from learning Latin, but it is either the bad method of his master, who does not know how to teach him, or it is the indifference of the boy, who does not care to learn. But this latter element, however active in a classical school, certainly does not show itself in the Highlands. Rather the contrary. Every poor Highlander is, above all things, eager to learn English; and if he does not see his aspirations always crowned with success, it is the fault of his superiors, who do not send schoolmasters into the glens, properly equipped with the two-edged sword of the "Beurla" and the native Gaelic, as every Highland teacher ought unquestionably to be. The idea that a knowledge of the mother tongue, under such circumstances, acts as a hinderance to the

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acquisition of English is entirely unfounded. The mother tongue is there, and instead of building up a wall against the Saxon, which the young Gael cannot overleap, it is just the natural stepping-stone which you must use to bring the sturdy mountaineer into the domain of your more smooth civilisation. The policy of stamping out the characteristics of a noble race by carrying on a war against the language, is essentially barbarous; it can be excused only, if excusable at all, by the existence of such a political misalliance as that between Russia and Poland; and, in fact, I fear there is to be found, in this quarter of the world, a certain not altogether inconsiderable section or party who hold, if not in theory, yet practically, by this Russian principle. The sooner—I have heard them say as much—the Saxon—who is God's peculiar elect vessel, can swallow up the Celt, so that there shall be no more Irishmen in Ireland, and no more Highlandmen in the Highlands, so much the better. This is a doctrine altogether in harmony with the teaching of a distinguished master of physical science, which, transferred to the moral world, simply means that the stronger are always right when they leap upon the back of the weaker, and use them for their own purposes; but it is a doctrine directly in the teeth of all gospel, and which allows a man to play the wolf or the fox whenever he can against his brethren, and baptise himself, with all cheapness, a hero for the achievement. Are the men who advocate such inhuman measures not sometimes touched with shame when they find themselves identified with the old Roman robbers, who civilised the world with the sword of rude invasion, and of the march of whose legions it was justly said by their own wise historian—*Ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem adpellant?* St Paul, of course, inculcates the exact contrary doctrine; for he tells us to 'condescend to men of low estate,' and to 'weep with them that weep,' and to 'rejoice with them that do rejoice." How any Highland proprietor can reconcile his belief in these texts with the principle of forcibly stamping out the Gaelic language, I cannot comprehend. But I will put down here what the noble son of a good Gaelic laird has printed with regard to the position of landed proprietors in this matter. 'I find,' says John Campbell of Islay, 'that lectures are delivered to Sunday-school children to prove that Gaelic is part of the Divine curse, and Highland proprietors tell me that it is 'a bar to the advancement of the people.' But if there is any truth in this assertion, it is equally true, on the other hand, that English is a bar to the advancement of proprietors if they cannot speak to those who pay their rents; and it is the want of English, not the possession of Gaelic, which retards the advancement of those who seek employment where English is spoken. So Highland proprietors should learn Gaelic and teach English.' This is sense and justice. The Gaelic people, while they do not forget their Gaelic, should study English; and the Highland proprietors, retaining their English, should study Gaelic."

So much for the wall of partition. But it will be asked by the ignorant, what is the use of studying a language which has no literature? Our author answers, first, "that the language has a literature, and a very valuable one; and, secondly, that we are not arguing with foreigners who may have to go out of their way to learn a language, but those who, having a native language at their fireside, go out of the way to neglect, to disown, and to forget it." And as to the literature he proves, further on in his work, most conclusively what he here asserts as to its extent and its value. "Let Zeuss, and Apel, and Ebrard, and Windisch, and all other learned Germans who study Gaelic, be called fools, if you like; but why should we, living in the midst of a Gaelic-speaking people, not pick up the beautiful wild flowers of popular utterance that gems the

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glens with beauty as they pass. And then what do we mean by literature? Is the mere printed book the valuable thing? or is it not rather the living heart and soul and impassioned utterance of a people wherein the true value of a literature dwells?"

In answer to those who ask why any support should be given to a language which is gradually dying out, he asks—

"Why should we act violently and contrary to nature by endeavouring to stamp out a language which, as a social fact, is obstinately alive, not only here, but in America, and not rather, so long as it is alive, treat it kindly and use it wisely? It is by no means an easy thing to root out a language twined, as every mother-tongue is, round the deepest fibres of the popular heart; but let it be that the Gaelic language is destined to die out in a hundred years at the most, is that any reason why, being there, it should not meet with a kindly recognition from wise and good Christian men? Philologers will tell you that the spoken language of the people to hearing ears often reveals more secrets of the beautiful framework of human speech than all the dead treasures of the library; and supposing the language dead, like other departed things will it not acquire a peculiar new interest by this very fact that it is no more? and shall we not then begin to blame ourselves, as foolish mortals so often must, that we made so little use of it when alive? Our wisdom certainly here, as in all other matters, is to avoid extremes. While we do not put into operation any artificial machinery for exciting a galvanic life in a language that is flickering to its natural close, we abstain, on the other hand, from refusing to nourish the mountain child with his natural food, and to check the spontaneous outflow of Celtic sentiment and Celtic song by an artificial cram of Saxon grammars and dictionaries. To teach English to all the children of the British empire is an imperial duty; to smother Gaelic where it naturally exists is a local tyranny."

Our author proceeds to shew the fallacy of the idea that the Gaelic language is so difficult, so peculiar, and so remote from all the capacities of persons who use civilised speech, that it cannot be learned without an expenditure of time far beyond the value of any attainable result. "It is not the difficulty to the learner, but the ignorance, indifference, laziness, and prejudice of the teacher, that makes the reading of Gaelic so shamefully neglected in many Gaelic schools. It is an act of intellectual suicide of which an intelligent people should be ashamed."

The remaining portion of the first division of the work is taken up with an able and learned philological disquisition, and a comparison of Gaelic roots with those of the other branches of the Aryan. "As a means of producing æsthetical effect, there is much more to be said for the Gaelic; and the vulgar notions on this subject vented by ignorant Englishmen and Lowlanders will be found in most cases to be the reverse of truth. It is commonly said, for instance, that Gaelic is a harsh and barbarous and unpronounceable language. It is, on the contrary, a soft, vocalic, and mellifluous language."

Space will not permit us at present to say much more regarding this splendid tribute to the Scottish Highlander and his language, by the generous Teuton who has risen so grandly above the prejudices of his race, and who has done such ample justice to his hitherto despised Celtic fellow-countrymen. But we shall return to it again, and to the best of our ability cull some more of the honey out of its remaining four divisions.

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Meanwhile we note the author's concluding remarks in part first, on the Language, and make slight reference to the remaining divisions of the book :—

"One only point with regard to the physiognomy of the language remains; but that may be despatched in a single word. It is well known that the Celts, both in the Scottish Highlands and in the fields of beautiful France, delight in a peculiar use of the nasal organ, unknown to the Teut, whether in Saxony or in the British low countries. If this be a fault, I have no wish to conceal it; if it be a beauty, it is my business to laud it. And to my ear it is a beauty; not that nasalism, as fully developed in some quarters of America, is not one of the most hideous distortions of human articulated speech; but a mere touch of a vice is sometimes a virtue, or rather certain vices are only virtues run to seed. Arsenic, as we all know from the criminal reports, in sufficient quantity is a deadly poison; but the same mineral salt, moderately administered, purifies the blood and adds a gloss to the skin. So let it be with the delicate nasal twang of the educated Highland lady. I should as soon think of removing it as of robbing the Highland birches of their peculiar fragrance or the Highland whisky of its flavour."

The second division of the work treats of the Bardic or Minstrel literature of the mediæval period, commencing at some indefinite period between heathenism and Christianity, and stretching out to the era of the Reformation. Under this heading the Book of the Dean of Lismore, edited and translated by the learned Celtic scholar, the Rev. Dr Thomas Maclachlan, receives its due meed of praise, as well as that notable collection by J. F. Campbell of Islay, "Leabhar na Feinne."

The third division treats of the succession, and supplies short biographies, of the Celtic Bards, more or less notable for originality, who flourished between the end of the sixteenth and the end of the eighteenth centuries, and here we are supplied with excellent translations of "Luinneag Mhic-Leoid," by Mairi, Nighean Alastair Ruaidh; "The Day of Inverlochy," by Ian Lom, the Soldier Gaelic Bard; of the famous "Birlinn," or Bark of Clan Ranald, by *Alastair MacMhaighstir Alastair* of Ardnamurchan; and of "He an Clo Dubh," by the same author, composed on the occasion of the proscription of the Highland Dress after the Battle of Culloden; of "Smeorach Chlann Domhnuill"—the Mavis of Clan Macdonald, by Ian MacCodrum, so well known in connection with Macpherson and the Ossianic controversy, and who was the last specimen, of the family bard, in the Highlands. We have also a magnificent translation of the "Skull," by Dugald Buchanan, which throws all previous attempts in the shade; of his "Verses to Edinburgh," when there serving as one of the Body Guard of that city, and last, but not least, of Duncan Ban Macintyre's inimitable "Ben Dorain," and "Song of the Foxes."

Part fourth deals entirely with Macpherson's Ossian, and a great deal of the important evidence given in the Highland Society's Report is very wisely and opportunely reproduced; but we must defer further reference to this subject, and our author's opinion on the whole subject, for a future notice.

The fifth and final chapter deals with the condition of the Celtic Literature in the Highlands, from the subsidence of the great Ossianic

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excitement produced by Macpherson down to the present time. The first specimen of the Celtic muse here given is that beautiful translation of "Mairi Laghach" which appeared originally in the first number of the *Celtic Magazine*, and with which the reader is already so well acquainted. We then have a fine rendering of that sweet and well-known song, "Gur gille mo Leannan nan Eal' air an t' Snamh,"—My Rose she is fairer than the Swan when she Swims, by Ewan Maclachlan; of "Fear a' Bhata"—the Boatman; "Mo Chailinn Dilis Don"—"Ho, my Bonnie Boatie;" "Callum a Ghlinne"—Malcolm of the Glen; "Mac-an-Toisich," by William Ross; "An t' Eilean Muileach"—the Island of Mull, by Dugald Macphail; "Song to Ballachulish," by John Cameron; and of the "Gael to his Country and Countrymen," by John Campbell of Ledaig. We have also "Macrimmon's Lament," to the well-known air "Farewell to my Country," translated from "Leabhar nan Cnoc;" a "Lament for Donald of Barbreck;" and last, though not least, we have Sheriff Nicolson's fine translation of Mary Mackellar's "Welcome to the Marquis of Lorne and his Royal young Bride," composed on the occasion of his marriage wth the Princess Louise. Have we not said enough to rouse everyone, in whom exists a spark of Celtic spirit, to procure the work before us, and out of it inhale the fresh and invigorating Celtic flame which is destined to strengthen our manhood, and lead us to perform deeds, in the only field now within our reach, worthy of those performed by our sires in the great and noble efforts of the past.

ELEMENTS OF GAELIC GRAMMAR; By the Rev. ALEXANDER STEWART: *Third Edition, Revised, with Preface by the* Rev. Dr Maclauchlan. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THIS well-known Grammar has been for several years out of print, much to the regret of Celtic scholars and students of the mountain tongue. It has long been admitted the best Gaelic Grammar extant, and to the student who has made any progress in the study of the Gaelic language, and who desires to master it thoroughly, the work is indispensably necessary. Dr Stewart's Grammar bears on every page the marks of real and profound scholarship. For simplicity, conciseness, and philosophical accuracy, it stands alone among grammars of the Gaelic language. Modern philological research has placed valuable materials at the disposal of modern grammarians which were unknown to the author of this work. It is, therefore, to be regretted that the original intention of the publishers, to remedy the acknowledged want of full disquisitions on syntax, and of grammatical exercises, has not been adhered to, and so make the work complete and suitable for the student at every stage of his progress, and in every department. We have had occasion recently, in noticing other grammars, to say a good deal on the subject generally, and it is therefore unnecessary to say more in noticing the work before us—the best Gaelic Grammar, even yet, ever issued—than to acknowledge our indebtedness to the publishers, to whom Celtic literature owes so much, and to the Royal Celtic Society of Edinburgh, that, we are told, afforded very substantial aid towards publishing the work. It is well and neatly printed.

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Correspondence.

—o—

LOGAN'S SCOTTISH GAEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I have been reading your notice of the reprint of the late Mr James Logan's *Scottish Gael*, also the memoir of him by the Reverend Mr Stewart, in which you express regret at the limited account therein given of the author, suggesting that had an application been made to me the memoir might have been made more elaborate. Methinks I read an account not unlike the memoir, in the *Inverness Advertiser*, at the time of Logan's death. No one knew that unfortunate son of genius better than I did, and there is not much of great interest to be said about him after all. His companionship was not interesting; he had a failing which he could not overcome, and the accident he met with in early life, which injured his head, affected the jaw-bone also, and this caused defective articulation. He was therefore, very reticent in conversation. Unlike Mr Stewart's London correspondent I should pronounce Mr Logan a dull man.

On these points I would not trouble you, but I should like to draw attention to one that is of more consequence, as the gentleman is still alive, and the injustice may come under his notice (being probably a subscriber to the second edition, as I know he was to the first). The memoir would represent that it was through the intercession of Captain M'Neill that Logan became an inmate of the Charter House. It was not so; true, he wrote to Sir James Graham, and would have been successful (if there had been a vacancy) in getting Logan on the literary staff of the British Museum. Shortly after this Captain M'Neill met with a premature death (1844). In this dilemna I thought of another patriot in the person of Sir Charles Forbes of Edinglassie (and of King William Street), who kindly undertook to present to Prince Albert the Gaelic Society's petition in favour of getting Logan elected as a brother pensioner of the Charter House. The Prince being a trustee, the application had almost immediate attention, and Brother Logan was admitted in 1850, *six years after Captain M'Neil's death*.—I am, &c.

J. C. M'P.

London, 1876.

TEACHING GAELIC IN THE SCHOOLS.—On Saturday, the 18th of November, the Inverness Branch of the Educational Institute unanimously passed the following resolution, proposed by Hugh C. Gillies, teacher, Culloden :— "That we recommend Gaelic to be placed as a Special Subject on Schedule IV. of the Scotch Code, *on the same basis as 'English Literature.'*" This is even in advance of the Ross-shire Branch. What is Gairloch and Lochcarron doing?

THE REV. P. HATELY WADDELL, LL.D., author of "Ossian and the Clyde," will, on an early date, deliver a lecture on the "Ossianic Controversy," under the auspices of the Gaelic Society. We expect a literary treat.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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THE ELEGIES OF ROB DONN, THE REAY BARD.

—o—

I.

A very interesting paper in a recent number of this Magazine, entitled *An t-Each Urṡann*, awakened in our mind a desire to glance again at the poems of the famous bard of the Reay country. The quotation in that paper from one of his elegies, in honour of a true hero, suggested the idea of looking at the characters and virtues which the elegiac poetry of Rob Donn delighted to honour. His elegies, generally speaking, are certainly not the least valuable portion of his poetry, much of which is trash, and some of it worse still. Some people object that the elegy is too limited and special a field for good poetry to manifest itself in to advantage. Read the elegy of the sweet-singer of Israel to the memory of his friend, and then judge of the value of the objection.

The elegy was, in the time of Rob Donn, and indeed still is, a favourite form of poetry among the grave and sedate inhabitants of Sutherlandshire and the Reay country. Rob Donn gave form and expression to this taste in his countrymen—a taste more fully perhaps developed among them than in other portions of the Highlands. Immense numbers of this kind of song was composed in the country from time to time. Some of them tasteful, tender, and pervaded with a sweet grace and refined melancholy. But of course there were degrees of merit in these as in other matters. Once upon a time one of the best in this kind of composition in Sutherlandshire met the Reay bard. They exchanged notes in poetry. After this mutual inspection of their gifts, Rob Donn gave judgment of their respective value by saying, "You are the better man, but I am the better poet"—a deserved tribute to an excellent character, and a modest assertion of his own superior talents. It was the custom in the North Highlands to sing these elegies in their houses of mourning; is so still where the requisite accomplishments are found, now, alas, not an easy matter, as the old music has fled for ever, and the culture of the people has not yet attained to the new strains of modern times. Some of the most impressive recollections of boyhood cluster around these old "wakes" as they are called. To those who were familiar with them they are linked in memory with very different feelings from those which they suggest to strangers. There was no revelry, no unseemly rioting connected with those long tender watchings by the bed where lay all that was mortal of some dear one. The evening was spent in religious exercises, va-

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ried and relieved by singing grave melodies, sometimes as hymns, sometimes as strains in honour of departed worth. The horrors of death were relieved as much as possible by draping the death-chamber in linen of spotless purity. The whole neighbourhood shewed their sympathy with the mourners by abstaining, until the opened grave was closed, from all servile work. Not a sheaf was cut, not a seed was sown, before the last sod was adjusted over the long home of the dead. What an insight is thus given to the feeling of unity and friendship which existed among a people where such a beautiful custom obtained—not to speak of even deeper feelings. That was a fertile field for the elegy to grow in, and Rob Donn took advantage of the natural opportunities thus granted to his genius. These productions are interesting not only from their poetic value, but from the glimpses which they give to us of the kind of men which were there honoured. Our poet was not without his failings, but it is well known that flattery to the living or the dead, to rich or poor, was an oblation he seldom offered, in spite of bribe or threat. We have thus a guarantee that in these elegies we are not studying fictitious embellished imaginations, but real descriptions of once living men and women. They will not suggest the wicked question once put by a wit when reading the pious epitaphs of a churchyard, "Where are all the bad buried?" Assuredly Rob Donn could and did write epitaphs in which the bad had no reason to complain of injustice, of not getting their due.

The subjects of these poems range from the humble cottager, up through every grade in society, till the noble and titled are reached. The genius and heart of the poet found worth every where, and brought it forth clear and beautiful for men to admire. He paid his tribute of regard to the good nobleman, the good clergyman, the good tacksman, and the good artizan.

The elegy to the memory of Donald, Lord Reay, the poet's friend as well as chief, first claims attention. This poem breathes throughout an unaffected spirit of admiration of this nobleman's character, and of genuine sorrow for his loss by death. The Christmas festivities of the land, according to the poem, had an air of gloom hanging about them—festivities then celebrated with more joyful energy than in our altered and more prosy times. The kindly relation then existing between lordly hall and retainers' home is indicated in the poem, by a reference to the fine manner in which the deceased mingled with his dependants at the festive board. Nor did this familiarity on the part of such a man breed contempt; for he could be great without pride, and friendly without exposing his respect to danger. His interest in the children of song is of course not forgotten by the bard, who, although he sometimes took fatal liberties with his deer, yet more frequently laid him under kindly obligations by his wit and by his poetry,—obligations which were duly honoured. But the virtue which especially warms the admiration of Rob Donn for his chief was his liberal and large-hearted generosity. It was not prodigality —a vice which has swept away many a flourishing, proud, ancient Highland family, and that of the Mackays among the number,—but a well-balanced use of the resources at his command. The poet takes care to mention that he left wealth for others to enjoy, but his *humanity*, or rather the glory of his manhood, he reserved for his own use, for his own

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duty, not to be transferred or bequeathed. This is a beautiful condemnation of those who are generous *after* their death, but mean before it, when their wealth is still in their power. Contemplating this quality in the subject of his lament, the poet exclaims, that during the century such an amount of *mercy* had not been laid under the sod as was when the grave received Lord Reay. This trait is reiterated again and again, in varied images and illustrations. It were good for the Highlands could it be said of all the chiefs what was said, and said in truth, of this chief, that his heart warmed more to the image of God on the face of a virtuous poor man, than to the image of his Sovereign upon a bright gold piece. Times were not without their hardships in those days, for the pen of Lord Reay is described as cheerfully cancelling rents which could not be easily paid. It would have been nobler to start works which would enable the poor to help themselves, but the spirit of improvement was not the spirit of the time. But the chief was not a greedy wolf among his people, and the bard is delighted to give the fact poetic honour. Rob Donn has a contempt worthy of Horace for the whole avaricious tribe whom he pursues with ridicule, with sarcasm, with barbed wit, and even with grave predictions of what shall happen to them elsewhere. Such people to be with Abraham of the princely heart! Such niggardly insects presuming to call themselves his sons! As gods and men nauseate bad poets, so, according to our poet, no splendid sinners nor saints can have any fellowship with avarice which makes wealth poverty, which, like the dropsy, feeds and grows on the indulgence of the miserable thirst which it creates. I venture to translate a stanza as an illustration, and sincerely hope the shade of the poet will not be very angry :—

Study the Sacred story,
And mark, in every part,
A vice which monsters in guilt
Gave no place in their heart.
It tells that much that is vile
Stain'd great Christians good,
But the base niggard's mean sin
In their souls never stood.

We are furnished also with a brilliant attack on those who can glibly talk of the Sum of all the Commandments—love to God and our neighbour,—and of its being engrained in their nature, but who when it comes to practice, are found silent enough. Evidently old Donald, Lord Reay, was more eloquent in deed than in speech. The poem concludes by a comparison between this worthy man and his ancestors. Many of these were famous for honour, for intellect, for wisdom; they were princely in their bearing and actions, but the poor man never found in them such a friend as he was. Looking from the past to the future, the poet will not say that as good a man may not take his place, but it is easier to *desire* than to *expect* such a blessing. He admits that the enthusiasm of poets may, in pressing too closely upon truth, pass its boundary and prove itself false, but in this case he wishes that the next chief may prove his anticipations groundless, and himself a false prophet. As we read these mournful forebodings in the glare of light cast upon them by the subsequent history of the famous family who once ruled supreme in the Reay country, and who made its power and influence on the side of liberty and human rights gene-

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rally felt, far beyond its splendid mountains and fair dales, we may reasonably conclude that the keen eye of the family bard detected signs of deterioration in those who were stepping into the honours and fortunes of the mighty dead, and that his heart sank within him as he read the signs of the times. But we thank him most cordially for the precious piece of carved work which he has preserved for us of a splendid palace, then beautiful, but now in ruins, its glory gone, or at any rate, transferred to another clime and another language.

KINBRACE.

THE FENTONS OF THE AIRD.—1253-1422.

It is pleasant and profitable occasionally to leave the well-trodden highways of history, and wander, at our own sweet will, into some unexplored maze. We may not, and indeed seldom do, find what we are in search of; but, generally speaking, we make unexpected discoveries, get glimpses of the ways and habits of our ancestors, and acquire information which we should otherwise search for in vain. In such wanderings we have more than once met with the name which forms the subject of this article, and, induced by curiosity, have endeavoured to find out who the Fentons of the Aird were, whence they came, and what had become of them. Notwithstanding all our attempts, they remain still a kind of historical puzzle. We interrogate Shaw, the historian of the Province of Moray, and all the light he is able to throw on the subject is, that half-a-mile below the church of the parish of Kiltarlity is Downie, or Beaufort, the seat of the late Lord Lovat; and he adds, "this was a part of the estate of Sir John Bisset of Lovat, whose second daughter married Sir William Fenton, and brought him this barony of Beaufort or Downie; and their grand-daughter, heiress of Beaufort, married Hugh Fraser."

Anderson, in his History of the Fraser Family, says the Fentons were Barons of Eskadale, and among the number of those vulgarly called "Bisset's Barons." He, however, refers us to the Chartulary of Moray, and in it we find almost all the information that is reliable, though that all is by no means satisfactory.

When the Fentons first appear on the scene in these Northern parts, the whole country was bristling with English and Norman names. Our neighbourhood did not escape the invasion, and we accordingly frequently meet with Bissets, Grahams, Roses or Rosses, Fentons, Boschoes, Monte-Altoes (now Mowatts), and others, but seldom or never with such Highland names as Macraes, Macleans, Mackintoshs, or even Macdonalds.

How the Fentons came into the Aird, and how they left it, we know not. Their career in that district was a brief one. They made a noise for a short time, then suddenly disappeared, no man knowing whither. If the lost Chartulary of the Priory of Beauly could be found, we probably

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might learn something further regarding this family. The Grampian Book Club have announced, now for some time, that they are to publish this long lost compilation, but don't mention where or how it has been found. They have been promising, without performing, for so long a time, that we are near hand come to the conclusion they are, in the poet's sense of the term, *making* it.*

In, therefore, the admitted dearth of more authentic information, we gather together what is tangible and undoubted as to these same Fentons, and submit to our readers the results of our inquiries, a perusal of which, we trust, they may find both pleasing and profitable, in as far as they afford glimpses of the ways and manners of by-gone times.

In the days of King Alexander the Third, it appears that Sir John de Bisset was Lord of Lovat and Beaufort. He was also Lord of Altyre in Moray, and of Redcastle and Ardmanoch in the Black Isle of Ross-shire. This Sir John left three daughters, joint-heiresses, as his successors, one of whom, Cecilia, the second, married a Fenton. This is the marriage above referred to by Shaw.

Betwixt 1253 and 1280, Sir David de Graham, Lord of Lovat, renounces, in favour of the Bishop of Moray, the fishing of the Forn (the River Beauly), and the Bishop, in return, grants to the said Sir David, in feu-farm, for a hundred shillings sterling annually, the Church lands of Kiltarlity, with the fishing thereto belonging. The document narrating these facts is entituled, "Agreement betwixt Bishop Archibald and Sir David de Graham," and, freely translated, runs thus:—"Be it remembered, that since of late there has been a controversy between Archibald, by the grace of God, Bishop of Moray, on the one part, and Sir David de Graham, Lord of Lovat, on the other, as to the fishing of the Ess of the River Forn—Sir David, at length, for the sake of peace, and because of his affection toward the Bishop and Church of Moray, gives and grants to them, in pure and perpetual charity for ever, all right which he, or his heirs, have or may have in said fishing; on condition, however, that the Bishop for himself, his successors, and the Church of Moray, shall give him, his heirs or assignees, in feu-farm for ever, all the Church lands of Kiltarlity, with the pertinents and the whole fishing attached, as well what the said Sir David has gifted to him as what the Bishop has evicted from Sir William de Fenton, for payment annually of one hundred shillings sterling, at two terms in the year, viz.—Fifty shillings at the Feast of the Assumption of the Holy Virgin Mary, and other fifty shillings at the Feast of her Purification. And though the said lands, with the pertinents and fishing, may not be worth so much, yet neither he, his heirs or assignees, shall escape payment of the said sum by renouncing the feu. And if it happen that the Bishop, his successors, or the Church of Moray, render this agreement of none effect by weakening it, or departing from it, then the said Sir David wills that his gift of fishing shall also be null, and shall revert to him, his heirs or assignees—the rights of parties being reserved," &c.

The foregoing is the earliest recorded notice we have of the name of

* Since writing the above, we observe that this important Chartulary is again promised.

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Fenton in the North. He is in disgrace with the Church, and as we proceed the breach becomes wider.

Following up the terms agreed upon in the preceding document, Bishop Archibald grants a charter to Sir William de Fenton and Sir Patrick de Graham of the Church lands of Kiltarlity and the fishing of the Esse, for payment of six marks annually.

This document is also interesting. We therefore give a full translation:—"To all who shall see or hear of this Writ, Archibald, by the grace of God, Bishop of Moray, greeting in the Lord—Know, that since with respect to the lands of Kiltarlity and the fishing of the River Forn, belonging to us and our Church of Moray, a controversy and dangerous contention had arisen betwixt Sir William de Fenton and Sir David de Graham, and Patrick, heir of the said Sir David, which lands and fishing we have given in feu-farm to the said Sir David and his heirs for payment to us and our successors of one hundred shillings annually, we, with consent and assent of our Dean and Chapter, and by desire of the said Patrick, who renounces in our hands said feu, and at the most pressing entreaties of the said Sir William and Sir Patrick, and in order, for the sake of peace, to avoid serious complications, and as the said feu seemed burdensome, have given, granted, and by this present writ confirmed to Sir W. de Fenton and Sir Patrick de Graham, and their heirs or assignees, for ever, our whole lands of the Church of Kiltarlity, with the pertinents, and whole fishing of the Ess of the Water of Forn pertaining, or that may pertain to the said lands, for payment to us and our successors annually for ever, at two terms in the year, of six marks sterling, viz., twenty shillings by the said Sir William and his heirs or assignees, and twenty shillings by the said Sir Patrick and his heirs or assignees, at the Feast of the Assumption of the Holy Virgin Mary, and other twenty shillings by the said Sir William and his heirs or assignees, as also other twenty shillings by the said Sir Patrick and his heirs or assignees, at the Feast of the Purification, in such manner, however, that for payment of the said six marks annually to us and our successors, they or their heirs or assignees shall be bound, or the said lands with the pertinents and fishing shall be bound, to such an extent as they are worth: And that they shall in no wise renounce the present contract: And the said Sir William and Sir Patrick for themselves, their heirs and assignees, have, according to previous stipulation, done homage to us and our Church, and have promised fealty, for the foresaid lands and fishing, having given their oath: And if there exist any writs, save these presents, or ones similar to and agreeing with them, regarding the said lands and fishing, they shall be of none effect, and counted as null: Moreover, we and our successors shall, according to law, warrant and for ever defend the said lands, with the pertinents and fishing, to them, their heirs or assignees, against all mortals."

The next document we light upon is of date 1280, and is entitled—"The Letter of Bishop Alexander denouncing W. de Fenton," or, "The command of the Bishop for the excommunication of William de Fenton, who resisted the decree with regard to the land of the Church of Kiltarlity." The Church of Rome was at this period all-powerful, not only in Italy, but all over the then civilised world, and we have here a curious,

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complete, and exhaustive specimen of the manner in which she proceeded against her refractory children. As the letters of denunciation are very minute us to the forms of procedure, and highly interesting as a record of bye-gone times, we give as full and free a translation as the barbarous low Latin of the period will permit of:—"Alexander, by the Grace of God, Bishop of Moray, greeting in the Author of Salvation, to all Bishops, Abbots, Priors, Deacons, Archdeacons, and others, prelates of the Churches: Know that we, in full council assembled, on the Monday following the Feast of St Bartholomew, in the Church of the Preaching Friars at Perth, obtained from the delegated judges, with respect to the lawsuit lately moved betwixt us and Sir William de Fenton, the underwritten decreet:—R., by the Grace of God, Bishop, the Dean of the Church of Ross, and the Prior of Beauly *(Bello loco)*, of the said diocese, procurators appointed by the religious man, by the Grace of God, the Abbot of Der (Deer) sole judge dedicated by the Apostolic See, in the cause which was at issue regarding the territory of the Church of Keltalargyn (Kiltarlity), betwixt the venerable Father Alexander, by the Grace of God, Bishop of Moray, pursuer, on the one part, and Sir William de Fenthon, Lord of Benford in the Hard (Beaufort in the Aird), and Cecilia, his spouse, defenders, on the other: to their beloved in Christ, the Dean of the Christianity of Inverness, the Rector of the Church of Lundechtyn (Dunlichty), and the Vicar of Wardlaw (Kirkhill); Greeting in the Author of Salvation: Since we on Wednesday before the Feast of St Michael, in the year of grace 1279, came to the Church of Kiltarlity, and inducted the foresaid Bishop of Moray, there personally compearing, in name of his Church, into true and corporal possession of the half davoch of land justly belonging to the authority and property of the said Church of Kiltarlity, and elsewhere finally adjudged by the foresaid pledge by his second decreet thereanent to the foresaid Bishop, in name of his Church, with buildings, waters, fishings, common rights, and all other pertinents belonging to said lands, as is more fully contained in the deeds made thereanent, according to the command of the said judge, or rather of the Apostolic See, and there publicly, by threatening with Apostolic authority, we warned the foresaid William not to presume personally, or by means of others, to obstruct in any way whatever the foresaid Bishop from that time forward, in disposing of and regulating the foresaid lands and pertinents, all and sundry, according as it shall seem good to him, and as he may be able freely to arrange;—but having despised our warning, and having unjustly collected and retained the rent of the foresaid lands at the term of Martinmas of the year aforesaid, the said William has hitherto rashly presumed to hinder the foresaid Bishop from using and peacefully enjoying the possession adjudged to him: We therefore command you, jointly and severally, by virtue of the obedience which ye owe to the Apostolic See, under pain of greater excommunication against your persons, if ye be any longer negligent or remiss, in this our, yea, rather, Apostolic command, strictly enjoining, that immediately after seeing these letters, ye join to you some chaplains and other worthy persons, and go personally to the Castle of Beaufort, and give three admonitions, to wit, once, twice, and thrice, by our, yea, rather Apostolic authority, that the foresaid William and Cecilia, after fully making restitution of said rent

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to the said Bishop, shall not further presume, by themselves or others, to hinder the said Bishop, or his procurator, to that end specially constituted, from freely disposing of the foresaid lands, as is above said. But if, after having scorned your admonition, they shall persist in their contumacy to the Easter following, from that time henceforth we suspend them by these letters from entering church throughout the whole deanery of Inverness; and ye shall denounce them elsewhere, wheresoever it shall seem expedient, by suspensions of a similar kind. And if, after being again warned in the premises lawfully as aforesaid, they shall not take heed to desist from their rebellion before the Sunday after the coming Feast of the Ascension of our Lord, then, because of their increasing contumacy, we, by these writings, excommunicate them as deserving of more severe punishment; and ye shall, publicly and solemnly, throughout the aforesaid places, on Sundays and Feasts, declare them excommunicated, by striking of bells and burning of candles; and, if still, after being lawfully admonished in the premises a third time as aforesaid, with hardened mind, slighting the keys (power) of the Church, they shall not take care to return to the bosom of their Mother, before the Feast of St Peter *ad vincula* next following, as with increasing obstinacy the punishment ought also to increase, so we pronounce sentence of interdict by these writs against both as well the lands in which they then shall be, as against all places where they shall obtain delay as long as they remain therein; which sentence ye shall efficiently publish, on the days, in the places, and with the like solemnity as above set forth, and that ye in no way refrain from the execution of our, yea rather, Apostolic command, but faithfully perform all things as above enjoined you, under the punishment before referred to, until they come in the premises to full submission, and deserve thereby to obtain relaxation of the aforesaid sentences; or ye, by your letters patent, shall have certified that ye ought to desist from the execution demanded of you in this matter. Given at Kinloss on the morrow after the Feast of the Annunciation of St Mary, in the year of the Lord 1280:—Wherefore we earnestly entreat your love, that from your zeal toward God and justice, and your desire for a reformation, ye declare the foresaid Lord William to underlie the sentences of suspension, excommunication, and interdict above-expressed in every church of your diocese, and that he must be shunned by the faithful in Christ most strictly, until by giving complete satisfaction for his faults, he shall deserve to obtain the benefit of absolution. Given at Spynie, the Sunday after the Feast of the Assumption of St Mary, in the year of the Lord 1280."

In a note to a reprint of "Nash's Lenten Stuff," or "Praise of the Red-herring," the mode of cursing with bell, book, and candle is fully explained, and, to throw light on the above translation, we cannot do better than quote the note *in toto*. It runs as follows:—"In the solemn form of excommunication used in the Romish Church, the bell was tolled, the book of offices for the purpose used, and three candles extinguished, with certain ceremonies, hence this expression—

> ***Bell, book, and candle* shall not drive me back,**
> **When gold and silver beck me to come on.**

Four times a-year the following curse was read in the church, *in terrorem*,

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against all who in any way defrauded the Church of her dues. The prelate stood in the pulpit in his albe, the cross was lifted up, and the candles lighted, when he proceeded thus—'Thorow authoritie of Lord God Almighty, and our Lady St Mary, and all the Saints of Heaven, of angels and archangels, patriarchs and prophets, evangelists, apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins, also by the power of all holy Church, that our Lord Jesu Christ gave to S. Peter, we denounce all those accursed that we have thus reckoned to you, and all those that maintain them in their sins, or given them hereto either helpe or councell, so that they be departed from God, and all holy Church, and that they have noe part of the passion of our Lord Jesu Christ, ne of noe sacraments that been in Holy Church, ne noe part of the prayers among christen folke, but that they be accursed of God and of holy church, from the sool of their foot unto the crown of their head, sleaping and waking, sitting and standing, in all their words and in all their workes, and but if [unless] they have grace of God for to amend them here in this life, for to dwell in the pain of hell, for ever withouten end *(fiat, fiat)*—Doe to the *book*, quench the *candle*, ring the *bell*. Amen, amen.'"

It is said that the above form "was extracted from the Canterbury Book by Sir Thomas Ridley, or his annotator, J. Gregory," and that the days for cursing "were Advent Sunday, the first Sunday in Lent, the Sunday in the Feast of Trinity, and the Sunday within the *utas* [or octave] of the Virgin Mary." *En passant* we may observe that bells were rung to frighten evil spirits, and in confirmation of this notion, Herrick says—"Ring the saints' bell to affright, far from hence the evil sprite." Bells are also rung to celebrate joyous events and to mark our grief for the departed. At one time it was a common practice to summon people to attend a funeral by the ringing of the hand-bell, so well known in the annals of Scottish burghs. The use of the bell in connection with the Church of Rome is of very ancient date, and that even in our own country. Of the Pictish King Aed, who was slain in or near the town of Nrurim, in or about 878 A.D., it was said—"He dies without bell, without communion, in the evening, in a dangerous pass."

We now resume our remarks regarding the Fentons, of whom little remains to be said, and that little is of a very fragmentary and unsatisfactory nature.

Under date 1296, mention is made in the "Ragman Roll" of a William de Fenton as one of the barons in Scotland who swore fealty to King Edward I.; and betwixt 1325 and 1331 we learn from Robertson's Index of Charters, &c., that Lord William de Fenton made a complaint; but as the document is lost, we are unable to say who the party was, or what was the nature of his complaint. In the year 1359, on Tuesday, the 13th day of the month of August, in the Chapter-house of the Cathedral Church of Moray, the nobleman, William de Fenton (doubtless son of William and Cecilia Bysett before referred to) designed lord of Bewfourd, portioner of the Aird, did homage to Lord John de Pilmore, Bishop of Moray, for his part of the half davoch of the land of Ess and Kiltarlity, which he holds of the Church of Moray, there being present the Reverend Father Lord Thomas de Tyngask, Bishop of Caithness,

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and Masters Alexander Bur and Ingeram de Caithness, archdeacons of Moray and Dunkeld, Masters Andrew de Bosco and Sir William de Lonfordy, canons of the Church of Moray, and many others, cleric and laic.

During the reign of David II., William Fenton grants a charter of the lands of Lunross to the Chapel of Baky; and in the thirty-third year of the same reign he appears to have granted a confirmation of the said charter. There is also mention made of a charter of confirmation of the donation which William de Fenton made to the chaplain in his chapel of Baky, of the land of Kinross. This latter deed is dated at Edinburgh on the 26th of Feuruary in the thirty-third year of the said reign. All the three documents probably refer to the same event.

In 1368 we find a Lord Fenton in the barony of the Aird who is comportioner with Alexander Chisholm, of the family of Chisholm. He is thus referred to:—In the year 1368, on the Feast of the Holy Trinity, in the house of Lord Alexander, by the grace of God Bishop of Moray, at Spynie, there being present there the whole multitude of the canons and chaplains, and of others invited to luncheon, Alexander de Chisholm, comportioner of the said William de Fenton, did homage, with joined hands, and head uncovered, to the said Lord Alexander, by the grace of God Bishop of Moray, for said lands of Ess and Kiltarlity—1369.

'Twixt 1370 and 1390—that is, during the reign of Robert II.—William de Fenton obtains a pension of £40 sterling.

At Inverness, on the 30th of November 1384, Hugh Fraser, Lord Lovat, by agreement with Alexander, Bishop of Moray, *inter alia*, "obliged himself that he will give all due diligence to recover that portion of the annual rent of Kiltarlity and of *le Ess* which pertains to the part of the foresaid lands of Kiltarlity belonging to the nobleman, William de Fenton."

In 1403, during the Regency of Robert, Duke of Albany, occurs a "Charter of confirmation of an indenture betwixt William de Fenton (probably grandson of the first William) of Baky, on the one part, and Margaret de le Ard of Ercles and Thomas de Chisholm, her son and heir, on the other part, dividing between them the lands of which they were heirs portioners." Among the lands are those of the Aird, in Invernessshire. The indenture is dated at Kinrossy, 25th April 1403.

Lastly, we observe that at Elgin, on the 9th of August, in the year 1422, Thomas Dunbar, Earl of Moray and Hugh Fraser Lord Lovat, enter into a contract, whereby it is agreed, *inter alia*, that Lovat's son shall marry the Earl's daughter. The latter, thereupon, bestows on the former and his heirs "the baronies of Abertarch (Abertarff ?) in blench-farm, and the ward and relief of the late William de Fenton, Lord of the Baiky, and of Alexander Chisholm, Lord of Kinrossy, within the Aird, and Strathglass, in the Sheriffdom of Inverness, and within the Earldom of Moray."

The name Fenton occurs frequently in Aberdeenshire records, but at present we follow them no further, their connection with the Aird and Inverness-shire having at last named date ceased.

ALEX. FRASER.

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THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, *COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE.*

By the Editor.

—o—

[Continued.]

As we are dealing with the 'wonderful,' it may not be out of place, in such a connection, to give the somewhat extraordinary experiences of the famous Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, already referred to, from the "Recollections of a Nonogenarian." He was one of the most distinguished and most talented members of the Scottish Bar; was Lord Advocate for Scotland in the reign of Charles the Second, and was, indeed, a contemporary of the Brahan Seer. His "Institutes" are still considered a standing authority by the legal profession:—On one occasion, while at Rosehaugh, a poor widow from a neighbouring estate called to consult him regarding her being repeatedly warned to remove from a small croft which she held under a lease of several years; but as some time had yet to run before its expiry, and she being threatened with summary ejection from the croft, she went to solicit his advice. Having examined the tenor of the lease, Sir George informed her that it contained a flaw, which, in case of opposition, would render her success exceedingly doubtful; and although it was certainly an oppressive act to be deprived of her croft, he thought her best plan was to submit. However, seeing the distressed state of mind in which the poor woman was, on hearing his opinion, he desired her to call upon him the following day, when he would consider her case more carefully. His clerk, who always slept in the same room with his lordship, was not a little surprised, about midnight, to discover him rise from his bed fast asleep, light a candle which stood on his table, then draw in his chair, and commence writing very busily, as if he had been all the time wide awake. The clerk saw how he was employed, "but never a word he spake," and, when he had finished, saw him place what he had written in his private desk, then lock it, extinguish the candle, and retire to bed. Next morning at breakfast, Sir George remarked that he had had a very strange dream about the poor widow's affair, which, he could now remember, and he had no doubt of making out a clear case in her favour. His clerk rose from the table, requested the key of his desk, and brought therefrom a good many pages of manuscript, and as he handed them to Sir George, enquired "Is that like your dream?" On looking over it for a few seconds, Sir George said, "Dear me, this is singular; this is my very dream!" He was no less surprised when his clerk informed him of the manner in which he had acted; and sending for the widow, he told her what steps to adopt to frustrate the efforts of her oppressors. Acting on the counsel thus given, the poor widow was successful, and, with her young family, was allowed to remain in possession of her "wee bit croftie" without molestation.

Sir George principally resided in Edinburgh, and, previous to dining, invariably walked for half-an-hour. The place he selected for this

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was Leith Walk, then almost a solitary place. One day, in taking his accustomed exercise, he was met by a venerable-looking, grey-headed gentleman, who accosted him and, without either introduction or apology, said—"There is a very important case to come on in London fourteen days hence, at which your presence will be required: It is a case of heirship to a very extensive estate in the neighbourhood of London, and a pretended claimant is doing his utmost to disinherit the real heir, on the ground of his inability to produce proper titles thereto. It is necessary that you be there on the day mentioned; and in one of the attics of the mansion-house on the estate, there is an old oak chest with two bottoms; between these you will find the necessary titles, written on parchment." Upon this he disappeared, leaving Sir George quite bewildered: but the latter, resuming his walk, soon recovered his former equanimity, and thought nothing further of the matter.

While taking his walk the second day, he was again met in the same place by the old gentleman, who earnestly urged him not to delay another day in repairing to London, and assured him that he would be handsomely compensated for his trouble; but to this Sir George paid no great attention. The third day he was again met by the same hoary-headed individual, who energetically pleaded with him not to lose a day in setting out, otherwise the case would be lost. The singular deportment of the gentleman, and his anxiety that Sir George should be present at the discussion of the case, in which the old man seemed so deeply interested, induced him to consent to his importunities, and accordingly he started the following morning on horseback, and arrived in London on the morning preceding that on which the case was to come on. A few hours saw him in front of the mansion-house described by the old man at Leith Walk, where he met two gentlemen engaged in earnest conversation—one of the claimants to the property, and a celebrated London barrister—to whom he immediately introduced himself as the principal law-officer of the crown for Scotland. The barrister, no doubt supposing that Sir George was come to take the bread out of his mouth, spoke to him somewhat surly and disrespectfully of his country; to which the latter replied, "that lame and ignorant as his learned friend took the Scotch to be, yet in law, as well as in other respects, they would effect what would defy him, and all his London clique." This disagreeable dialogue was put an end to by the other gentleman taking Sir George into the house. After sitting and conversing for some minutes, Sir George expressed a wish to be shown over the house. The drawing-room was hung all around with beautiful pictures and drawings, which Sir George greatly admired; but there was one, however, which attracted his attention; and after examining it very minutely, he, with a surprised countenance, inquired of his conductor whose picture that was? and was told, "It is my great-great-grandfather's." "My goodness!" exclaimed Sir George, "the very man who spoke to me three times in Leith Walk, and at whose urgent request I came here!" Sir George, at his own request, was then conducted to the attics, in one of which there was a large mass of old papers, which they turned up without discovering anything to assist them in prosecuting the claim for the heirship. However, as they were about giving up their search in that attic, Sir George noticed an old

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trunk lying in a corner, but was told that for many years it lay there as lumber, and contained nothing. The Leith Walk gentleman's information recurring to Sir George's memory, he went and gave the old moth-eaten trunk as hearty a kick as he could wish to have been felt by his "learned friend" the barrister. The kick sent the bottom out of the trunk, with a quantity of chaff, among which the original titles to the property were discovered. Next day Sir George entered the court just as the case was about to come on, and addressed the pretended claimant's counsel with, "Well, sir, what will I offer you to abandon this action?" "No sum, or any consideration whatever, would induce me to give it up," was the answer. "Well, sir," said Sir George, at the same time drawing out his snuff-horn and taking a pinch, "I will not even hazard a pinch on it." The case having been called, Sir George, in reply to the pretended claimant's counsel, in an eloquent speech, addressed the bench, exposing most clearly the means adopted to deprive his client of his birthright, and concluded by producing the titles mentioned, which all at once decided the case in favour of his client. The decision being announced, Sir George took the young heir's arm, and, bowing to his "learned friend" the barrister, remarked, "You see now what a Scotchman has done, and I must tell you that I wish a countryman anything but a London barrister." Sir George immediately returned to Edinburgh, well paid for his trouble; but never again, in his favourite walk, encountered the old grey-headed gentleman.

The following two stanzas refer to the Mackenzies of Kilcoy and their property:—

Nuair a ghlaodhas paisdean tigh Chulchallaidh
'Tha slige ar mortairean dol thairis!'
Thig bho Cròidh madadh ruadh
Bhi's 'measg an t-sluaigh mar mhadadh-alluidh.
Re' da-fhichead bliadhna a's corr,
'S gum bi na chòta iomadh mallachd;
'N sin tilgear e gu falamh brònach
Mar shean sguab air cùl an doruis;
A's bithidh an tuath mhor mar eunlaith sporsail,
'S an tighearnan cho bochd ris na sporais.
Tha beannachd 'san onair bhoidhich,
A's mallachd an dortadh na fola.

Nuair bhitheas caisteal ciar Chulchallaidh
Na sheasaidh fuar, agus falamh,
'S na cathagan 's na rocuis
Gu seolta sgiathail tharis,
Gabhaidh duine graineal comhnuidh,
Ri thaobh, mi-bheusal a's salach,
Nach gleidh guidhe stal-phosaidh,
'S nach eisd ri cleireach no caraid,
Ach bho chreag-a-chodh gu Sgire na Toiseachd
Gum bi muisean air toir gach caileag;
A's ochan! ochan! s' ma leon,
Sluigidh am balgaire suas moran talamh!

Literally translated:—

When the girls of Kilcoy house cry out
'The shell (cup) of our murderers is flowing over,'

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A fox from Croy will come
Who will be like a wolf among the people
During forty years and more,
And in his coat shall be many curses;
He shall then be thrown empty and sorrowful,
Like an old besom behind the door;
The large farmers will be like sportful birds,
And the lairds as poor as the sparrows.
There's a blessing in handsome honesty,
And curses in the shedding of blood.

When the stern Castle of Kilcoy
Shall stand cold and empty,
And the jackdaws and the rooks
Are artfully flying past it,
A loathsome man shall then dwell
Beside it, indecent and filthy,
Who will not keep the vow of the marriage coif,
Listen neither to cleric nor friend;
But from Creag-a-chow to Ferrintosh
The dirty fellow will be after every girl.
Ochan! Ochan!! woe's me,
The cunning dog will swallow up much land.

The history of the Kilcoy family has been an unfortunate one in late years, and the second and last lines of the first stanza clearly refer to a well-known tragic incident in the recent history of this once highly-favoured and popular Highland family. Who the fox from Croy is, we are at present unable to suggest; but taking the two stanzas as they stand, it would be difficult to describe the position of the family and the state of the castle, with our present knowledge of their history, and in their present position, more faithfully than *Coinneach Odhar* has done more than two centuries ago. What a true picture of the respective positions of the great farmers and the lairds of the present day! And what a contrast between their relative positions now and at the time when the Seer predicted the change!

In the appendix to the Life of the late Dr Norman Macleod, recently written by his brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., and published by Daldy, Isbister, & Co., London, are given a series of autobiographical reminiscences, which the famous Rev. Norman Macleod, the Doctor's father, dictated in his old age to one of his daughters. On one occasion (in the summer of 1799) he visited Dunvegan Castle, the stronghold of the Macleods, in the Isle of Skye. Those of the prophecies already given in verse are, we have no doubt, fragments of the long rhythmical productions of *Coinneach Odhar Fiosaiche's* prophecies regarding almost all our Highland families, and of which the prophecy referred to by "old" Norman in these reminiscences is as follows:—

"One circumstance took place at the Castle (Dunvegan) on this occasion which I think worth recording, especially as I am the only person now living who can attest the truth of it. There had been a traditionary prophecy, couched in Gaelic verse, regarding the family of Macleod, which, on this occasion, received a most extraordinary fulfilment. This prophecy I have heard repeated by several persons, and most deeply do I regret

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that I did not take a copy of it when I could have got it. The worthy Mr Campbell of Knock, in Mull, had a very beautiful version of it, as also had my father, and so, I think, had likewise Dr Campbell of Killinver. Such prophecies were current regarding almost all old families in the Highlands; the Argyll family were of the number; and there is a prophecy regarding the Breadalbane family as yet unfulfilled which I hope may remain so. The present Marquis of Breadalbane is fully aware of it, as are many of the connections of the family. Of the Macleod family, it was prophesied *at least a hundred years prior to the circumstance which I am about to relate.*

"In the prophecy to which I allude, it was foretold that when Norman, the Third Norman ('Tormad nan 'tri Tormaid'), the son of the hard-boned English lady ('Mac na mnatha caoile cruaidh Shassunaich') would perish by an accidental death; that when the 'Maidens' of Macleod (certain well-known rocks on the coast of Macleod's country) became the property of a Campbell; when a fox had young ones in one of the turrets of the Castle, and particularly when the Fairy enchanted banner should be for the last time exhibited, then the glory of the Macleod family should depart—a great part of the estate should be sold to others; so that a small 'curragh,' a boat, would carry all gentlemen of the name of Macleod across Loch Dunvegan; but that in times far distant another John Breac should arise, who should redeem those estates, and raise the powers and honour of the house to a higher pitch than ever. Such in general terms was the prophecy. And now as to the curious coincidence of its fulfilment.

"There was, at that time, at Dunvegan, an English smith, with whom I became a favourite, and who told me, in solemn secrecy, that the iron chest which contained the 'fairy flag' was to be forced open next morning; that he had arranged with Mr Hector Macdonald Buchanan to be there with his tools for that purpose.

"I was most anxious to be present, and I asked permission to that effect of Mr Buchanan (Macleod's man of business), who granted me leave on condition that I should not inform anyone of the name of Macleod that such was intended, and should keep it a profound secret from the chief. This I promised and most faithfully acted on. Next morning we proceeded to the chamber in the East Turret, where was the iron chest that contained the famous flag, about which there is an interesting tradition.

"With great violence the smith tore open the lid of this iron chest; but in doing so, a key was found under part of the covering, which would have opened the chest, had it been found in time. There was an inner case, in which was found the flag, enclosed in a wooden box of strongly-scented wood. The flag consisted of a square piece of very rich silk, with crosses wrought with gold thread, and several elf-spots stitched with great care on different parts of it.

"On this occasion, the melancholy news of the death of the young and promising heir of Macleod reached the Castle. 'Norman, the third Norman,' was a lieutenant of H.M.S., the 'Queen Charlotte,' which was blown up at sea, and he and the rest perished. At the same time, the

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rocks called 'Macleod's Maidens' were sold, in the course of that very week, to Angus Campbell of Ensay, and they are still in possession of his grandson. A fox in possession of a Lieutenant Maclean, residing in the West Turret of the Castle, had young ones, which I handled, and thus all that was said in the prophecy alluded to was so far fulfilled, although I am glad the family of my chief still enjoy their ancestral possessions, and the worst part of the prophecy accordingly remains unverified. I merely state the facts of the case as they occurred, without expressing any opinion whatever as to the nature of these traditionary legends with which they were connected."

The Estates are still, nominally at least, in possession of the ancient family of Macleod, and the present chief is rapidly improving the prospects of his house. The probabilities are therefore at present against our prophet. The hold of the Macleods on their estates is getting stronger instead of weaker, and the John Breac who is to be the future deliverer has not only not yet appeared, but the undesirable position of affairs requiring his services is yet, we hope, in the distant future.

The Seer said that "when the big-thumbed Sheriff-officer and the blind (man) of the twenty-four fingers shall be together in Barra, Macneil of Barra may be making ready for the flitting." *(Nuair a bhitheas maor nan ordagan mora agus dall nan ceithir-meoraibh-fichead comhla ann am Barraidh, faodaidh MacNeill Bharraidh 'bhi deanamh deiseil na h-imirich).* This prediction, which was known in Barra for generations, has been most literally fulfilled. On one occasion "the blind of the twenty-four fingers," so called from having six fingers on each hand, and six toes on each foot, left Benbecula on a tour, to collect alms in South Uist. Being pretty successful there, he decided upon visiting Barra before returning home. On arriving at the Ferry—the isthmus which separates South Uist from Barra,—he met *Maor nan Ordagan mora*, and they crossed the kyle in the same boat. It was afterwards found that the "officer" was actually on his way to serve a summons of ejectment on the laird of Barra; and poor Macneil not only had to make ready for, but had indeed to *make the flitting.* The man who had acted as guide to the blind on the occasion is, we are informed, still living and in excellent health, although considerably over eighty years of age.

Coinneach also prophesied remarkable things regarding the Mackenzies of Fairburn and Fairburn Tower. He predicted that the day would come when they would lose their entire possessions, and when that branch of the clan would almost disappear to a man from the face of the earth; after which a cow would give birth to a calf in the top of Fairburn Tower. The first part of this prophecy has only too literally come to pass; and within the memory of hundreds now living, and who knew *Coinneach's* prophecy years before it was fulfilled; the latter part—that referring to the cow calving in the uppermost chamber—has also been effectually realized. We are personally acquainted with people whose veracity is beyond question, who knew the prophecy, and who actually took the trouble at the time to go all the way from Inverness to see the cow-mother and her offspring in the Tower, before they were removed thence. Mr Maclennan supplies the following version:—*Coinneach* said, addressing a

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large concourse of people—"Strange as it may appear to all those who hear me this day, yet what I am about to tell you is true and will come to pass at the appointed time. The day will come when a cow will give birth to a calf in the highest chamber *(seomar uachdarach)* of Fairburn Castle. The child now unborn will see it." At the time the Seer saw this vision, the Castle of Fairburn was in the possession of, and occupied by, a very rich and powerful chieftain, to whom homage was paid by many of the neighbouring lairds. Its halls rung loud with the sounds of music and of mirth, and happiness reigned within its portals. On its winding stone stairs trod and passed carelessly to and fro pages and liveried servants with their silvery wigs and golden trimmings. Nothing in the world was more unlikely to happen, to all appearance, than what the Seer predicted. *Coinneach* was universally ridiculed for having given utterance to what was apparently so nonsensical, but this abuse and effrontery the Seer bore with the patient self-satisfied air of one who was fully convinced of the truth of what he uttered.

Years paseed by, but no signs of the fulfilment of the wonderful prophecy. The Seer, the Laird of Fairburn, and the whole of that generation, were gathered to their fathers, and still no signs of the *faidh-eadaireachd* being fulfilled. The Laird of Fairburn's immediate successors also followed their predecessors, and the Seer, to all appearance, was about to lose his reputation as a prophet; for the tower was latterly left uninhabited, and it soon fell into a dilapidated state of repair—its doors decayed and fell away, one by one, from their hinges, until at last there was no door on the main stair from the floor to the roof. Some years after, and not so very long ago, the Fairburn tenant-farmer stored away some straw in the uppermost chamber of the tower; in the process some of the straw dropped, and was left strewn on the staircase. One of his cows on a certain day chanced to find her way to the main door of the tower, and finding it open, began to pick up the straw scattered along the stair. The animal proceeded thus, till she had actually arrived at the uppermost chamber, whence, being heavy in calf, she was unable to descend. She was consequently left in the tower until she gave birth to a fine healthy calf, after which she and her progeny were brought down; and *Coinneach Odhar's* prophecy was thus fulfilled, to the very letter.

(To be Continued.)

GAELIC SONGS, WITH MUSIC.—We are glad to inform our readers that we have made arrangements with a gentleman well qualified for the task, and who is already well known in the Celtic literary world, which will enable us to give a Gaelic song, with music in the Tonic sol-fa system, in future numbers of the *Celtic Magazine*, and commencing with this issue. Our own opinion is that we could not well have started better than with that beautiful, popular, and well-known song, *Mairi Laghach*, set to the air to which it was originally, and continues to be, sung in the district—Lochbroom—where the song and the music were composed.

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THE CLEARING OF THE GLENS.

By Principal Shairp, St Andrews University.

—o—

CANTO THIRD.

—o—

"ON THE TRACK OF THE PRINCE."

I.

Down to Loch Nevish went the day,
And all that night young Angus lay
'Tween dream and waking,—heart on fire
With inextinguishable desire
To trace each step the Prince had gone
From Morar to Glengarry,—on,
O'er rifted peak, and cove profound,
Exploring every inch of ground,
Until he reached the famed ravine
Through which he passed the guards between;
For every spot the Prince had trode
To him with sacred radiance glowed.

II.

When the first streaks of morning broke
Above Glengarry mountains, woke
Young Angus from his heather bed,
Stole through the bothy door, and said
No word to any of the way
Him listed take that summer day.
Up by the Ault-a-bhealaich burn
Lightly he went, and at the turn
Of waters, plunged down Corrie-na-Gaul,—
That dark cavernous cauldron-bowl,
O'er canopied, morn and eve, with mist,—
Therein he sought the cave he wist
His father pointed out yestreen
Where he evewhile with the Prince had been.
Thence down the corrie-burn he bore,
And up on precipiced Scour-a-vhor
Sought where they refuged. Then in haste
He hurried o'er the low wide waste
The Lōn, o'er which the wanderers ran
That night, when their last march began
To pass the sentries; then he hied
Up Druimahoshi's rugged side;
But on his spirit solemn awe
Fell when, the summit won, he saw
To westward Knoydart peaks up-crowd,
Scarred, jagg'd, black-corried—some in cloud,

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Some by slant sunbursts glory-kissed,—
Beyond—through fleeces broad of mist
Like splintered spears weird peaks of Skye,
And many an isle he could not name,
That looming into vision came
From ocean's outer mystery.

III.

Long Angus stood and gazed, and when,
Downward, he searched the farther glen,
The westering sun toward ocean bending
From the hill edge slant rays was sending
Backward o'er gnarled Scour-a-chlive,
And greener flanks of Leach-na-fern.
Well Angus knew the Prince had passed
The guards up there, and keenly cast
His eyes all over them to discern
Some crevice in their mountain wall
Up which the wanderer's feet could crawl.

IV.

Three burns there are, as I have seen,
Poured from that hill-side—one between
Scour-a-chlive and Leach-na-fern,
Called of the people the March burn,
Because its channel doth divide
Rough Knoydart from Glengarry side:
And one, Ault-Scouapich, that doth leap,—
The Besom burn—down the middle steep;
Westmost of all a stream that drains
The severed peaks of Scour-a-chlive,
Called from old time the Burn of brains,
Through the rough hill-flank down doth drive
A deep indented furrow, till,
The level reached, within a still
Small meadowy spot, that greenly gleams
Amid the waste, made glad with streams,
That hill-burn, loop on loop, entwined
Goes wandering gently down, to find
The great Glen-river. Of these three
Which might the very channel be
By which the Prince passed upward, no
Foot-print or sign remains to show.
So to himself young Angus said,
As o'er and o'er with eager ken
From left to right his eyes surveyed
The northern steep that walls the glen.

V.

Wearied and baffled with the quest
All day pursued in vain,

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His eyes went wandering east and west
To corrie and scaur, in blank unrest,
  Again and yet again.
O'er earth our mightest movements pass,
  And leave no deeper impress than
Cloud-shadows on the mountain grass,
  So fleeting and so frail is man.
The Princely feet that mountain wall
Passed over, but have left no scrawl;
This desert saw what here befell
But hath no voice or sign to tell,
And the rocks keep their secret well.
As thoughts like these athwart him swept
Fain had he sat him down and wept.

VI.

But day was westering, and the cloud
Down on the glooming summits bowed
Brought o'er his heart a sudden fear
Of night in that lone place austere.
Then he arose in haste, and clomb
  The steep in panting hope to win
On the other side some human home,
  Or even some cave to shelter in.
Soon as he crossed the highest cope,
He saw, cleaving the northern slope,
A birchen corrie with its burn
Now bare, now hidden. "Thou my turn
Wilt serve," he cried; "with thee for guide,
I'll go where'er thy waters glide."
Soon as his eager footstep trode
Beside it, on the grassy sod,
The pleasant murmur in his ear
Was like a voice of human cheer,
And seemed to lift away the load
That all day long had overawed
And weighed his spirit down with stress
Of too prevailing loneliness:
Lightly he trode down Corriebeigh,
The burn companion of his way,
Now by the greensward winding, gliding,
Now in the birchen coppice hiding,
Then plunging forward and chafing far
Underneath some crumbling scaur,
Anon in daylight re-appearing
To greet him with a sound of cheering,
Till it reached far down in a glimmering pass
A little lochan, marged with grass:
He watched the small burn steal therein
And rest for its wandering water win,

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And the thought arose within his breast,
"Haply I too may here find rest."

VII.

Then turning round, small space aloof,
Under a bield of the birchen wood,
He saw a bothy of wicker woof
With bracken and heather for its roof,
Like lair of wild beast, rough and rude.
A moment's space, he paused before
The opening dark that seemed a door,
And gazed around,—indistinct and dim
The black crags vague in vapour swim:
Naught clear in all the glimmering pass
But the lochan gleam with its marge of grass,
And the flash of the great white waterfall
Down thundering from the northern wall,
And filling with o'eraweing roar
The solemn pass forevermore.
No time to look or listen long,
Ere forth there stept from the bothy door
An old man, tall, erect, and strong—
Threescore years he had seen or more,—
Survivor of the Forty-five,
One of the old Glengarry clan,
Who wont not from his lair to drive
Any wandering man;
He kindly welcomed Angus in,
Unquestioning of his home or kin.

VIII.

But when the lad, with bashful face,
Told how he came to that lone place,
That he had wandered since break of day
From the shealings of Glen Desseray,
One of Lochiel's own people—son
Of veteran Ewan Cameron—
At hearing of that well-known name
Murdoch Macdonnell's cheek like flame
Brightened, and in his hand he took
The lad's, and to the ingle-nook
Of the bothy led him, saying aloud,
"Son of my battle friend, how proud
Am I to bid thee welcome here;
For him thy Sire, true man sincere.
Years have gone by, since we two met,
Like me, he must be touched with eld,
But till the Gael their Prince forget
In honour will his name be held,"

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IX.

Upon the settle seated, o'er
That ancient tale they went once more,
And Murdoch told the very place—
The burn that grooves the southern face
Of Leach-na-fern—where Angus led
The Prince across the watershed,
Thence through the sentinels crept their way,
Down the clefts of this same Corriebeigh.
Anon his board the old man piled
With the best increase of the wild—
Red-spotted trout, fresh from the stream,
Hill-berries, stored in autumn hours,
And goat-milk cheese, and yellow cream
Rich with the juice of mountain flowers:
And oatmeal cake and barley scone,—
Sweet viands for a hungry guest
To break his day-long fast upon,
Before he sought his couch of rest.
That couch old Murdoch's hands had spread
With the fresh crop of heather green
Turned upward—never prince, I ween,
On easier pillow laid his head.
Though soft the bed, and the rough way
Had wearied him, yet Angus lay
Far into night, through the still gloom
Listening the sleepless cataract boom,
In busy thought back-wandering through
The lonely places, strange and new,
That day had to his sight revealed,
Ere slumber soft his eyelids sealed.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE HOME BY LOCHOURN.

I.

Early young Angus rose to meet
The morning. Glimmering at his feet;
There lay the lochan, clear as glass,
The margin green with reeds and grass,
Within the lap of the awesome pass,
That from Glengarry's westmost bourne
Breaks headlong down on lone Lochourn.
Over the shoulder of the world
The sun looked, and the pale mists curled
On black crag-faces, smit to gold,
And rose and lingered, crept and rolled

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Up the ravines and splintered heights,
All beautiful with the dawning lights.
A pleasant morn it was of June,
  The time of year that most awakes
The mountain melodists to tune
  Their sweetest songs from heaths and brakes;
The mavis' voice rang from the copse,
  Upon his knoll the blackcock crowed,
And upward toward the bare hill-tops
  The cuckoo shouted loud.
Across the deep gorge, under all
Kept sounding on that torrent fall.
That thundering down with sleepless wave
We Gael call Essan-corrie-Graive.

II.

Soon as the early meal was o'er,
Murdoch looked from the bothy door,
And said, "I go to Lochourn's lone side,
  Where my bairns in our winter home delay;
Wilt thither go with me, and bide
  Beneath my roof one other day?
To-morrow, my Ronald, shall be thy guide
  Over the hills to Glen Desseray."
Westward they went with morning joy,
That old man and light-hearted boy:
Ah! beautiful the mountain road
As ever foot of mortal trode,
Winding west through the cloven defile
Of crags fantastic, pile on pile,
Towering rock, huge boulder stone,
Heather-crowned and lichen-grown,
And crumpled mountain walls, ravined
With birchen-corries, sunlight-sheened,
Where the torrent plunged and flashed in spray
Down to the little lochans that lay
Gleaming in the lap of the Pass
Fringed with reeds, and marged with grass.
As they the early day beguile
Sauntering through the long defile,
Upon young Angus' wondering sense
With new-born beauty, power intense,
Of craig and scaur of copse and dell
And far-off peaks the vision fell;
All seemed endued, he knew not how,
With glory never seen till now.

III.

At length old Murdoch silence broke,
And Angus from his dream awoke,—

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"Ye see that slack on the water shed
That was the way your Father led
Our noble Prince the sentinels through;
Then down by this same Corrie-hoo
They came, and crossed our path just here,
And round the end of yon small mere,
Up through that hazel wood they went,
Over yon rocky sheer ascent,
And reached, as the last star grew pale,
The Cave of Corrie-scorridale;
And there—I've heard your Father tell—
He bade the Prince a long farewell."

IV.

Then round a rock a sudden turn
Showed far below deep-walled Lochourn—
Blue inlet from the distant seas
Piercing far up mountain world;
In the calm noon no breath or breeze
Along the azure waters curled.
At sight thereof their sense was smote
With fresh sea-savour; though remote
From the main ocean many a mile
Inflooded past cape, creek, and kyle,
The sea-loch flanked by precipice walls,
With ever-lessening murmur crawls,
Till 'neath the Pass he lies subdued
By the o'er-aweing solitude;
Some vigour still he doth retain,
Some freshness of the parent main.

V.

So have I seen it: many a day
Is gone since last I passed that way,
Yet still in memory lives impressed
The image of its aweful rest.
The winds there wont to work their will
That day were quiet—all was still,
Save that one headlong cataract hoar
From steep Glenelg's opposing shore
Sent o'er the loch a lulling sound,
That made the hush but more profound.
There in clear mirror imaged lay,
The lichened cliffs tall, silver-grey,
Their ledges interlaced with green;
The cataract of white-sheeted spray
Down flashing through the dark ravine,
The birches clambering up midway
The sea-marge and hill-tops between;

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Each herb, each floweret, tiny-leaved,
Into that lucid depth received,
Therein repeated, hue and line,
With more than their own beauty shine,
Embedded in a nether sky,
More fairy-fleeced than that on high:
A scene it seemed of beauty and peace,
So deep it could not change or cease.

VI.

Through such a scene, on such a day,
They wandered down that lovely noon,
Now 'neath high headlands making way
Among huge blocks at random strewn;
Now round some gentle bay they wind,
Green nook, with golden shingle lined,
Whether the weary fisher oars
His boat for mooring; then by doors
They went, of kindly crofter-folk,
Whence many a gladsome greeting broke;
And Murdoch told them, now was time
To the high shealings they should climb;
Himself there with his goats had been
And seen the pastures growing green.
To-morrow he and his would drive
Their ponies and sheep, and bonny kine,
Up to the back of Scour-a-chlaive,
Where the springs ran clear and the grass was fine:
And there the clansmen would forgather
All in the pleasant bright June weather;
So he warned the Lochside, toun by toun,
To make them for the shealings boune.

VII.

The day had westered far, and on
The yellow pines the sunset shone,
Streamed back from Lurvein, kindling them
To redder lustre, branch and stem,
Ere they reached the pine-tree on the crown
Sole-standing of the promontory,
Whence they beheld far-gazing down
The loch inlaid with sunset glory.
Long time beside that sole pine-tree
They stood and gazed in ecstasy,
For the face of heaven was all a-glow
With molten splendour backward streamed
From the sunken sun, and the loch below,
Flushed with an answering glory, gleamed.
Each purple cloud aloft that burned
In the depth below was back returned.

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There headlands, each o'er-lapping each,
Projecting down the long loch's reach,
With point of rock and plume of pine,
All glorious in the sunset shine:
And far down on the verge of sight
  Rock-islets interlacing lie,
That lapt in floor of molten light
  Seemed natives less of earth than sky.
From height of heaven to ocean bed
One living splendour penetrated,
And made that moment seem to be
Bridal of earth and sky and sea.

VIII.

As died away the wondrous glow,
They wandered down to a home below;
A little home, where the mountain burn,
  Thrown from the pine-crags, touched the shore:
There waiting for their Sire's return
  His family meet him at the door;
His own wife, Marion, hail and leal,
Just risen from her humming wheel,
Their eldest—Donald,—nearing now
  The verge of manhood, hunter keen;
And Ronald, with the open brow
  And bright eye-glance of blithe sixteen.
And his one daughter, loved so well,
The dark-haired, blue-eyed Muriel.
These all were waiting, fain to know
How soon they might to the shealing go;
And while much-wondering whence the boy,
To whom their Sire had been convoy,
They made him welcome with their best
Beneath their roof that night to rest.
There in that beautiful retreat
Companions young and converse sweet
Woke Angus to another mood
Than he had nursed in solitude.
No more by cave and mountain-slack
He dreamed o'er the lorn Prince's track;
Those weary wanderings all forgot
Were changed for fields of happier thought,
And fairer visions, fresh with dew
Of a dream-land not old but new.

(To be Continued.)

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THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

By Alastair Og.

—o—

[Continued.]

The following is a literal translation of the Gaelic account in the last instalment of the *Ceilidh* of

HOW THE MACKENZIES OBTAINED POSSESSION OF GAIRLOCH.

There was a laird of the Mackenzies, once upon a time, who married a daughter of the Earl of Ross, and she had only one eye, and whatever came between Laird Mackenzie and the Earl of Ross and his daughter, he (Mackenzie) sent her home to himself (Earl of Ross), and he put her on the back of a one-eyed horse, and he sent a one-eyed lad (gille) with her, and a one-eyed dog along with them. The Earl of Ross took so much offence that he determined to come and destroy the Clan Mackenzie.

The affairs of the family were at this time a turn dis-arranged. It was Kenneth, son of the wife who was sent home, who was the rightful heir in the opinion of some, but there was not in him but a man who was not altogether wise. He was not long when he commenced to war with the king, and the king got hold of him and put him to death. He left no children, and his brother, a very young lad got the estate. Hector Roy (Red), his uncle, was an uncommonly brave man, and when the Earl of Ross came to take out revenge for sending home his daughter in such a disgraceful manner, it was in Hector Roy that the whole of the Clan Mackenzie placed their confidence as their chief.

The Earl of Ross brought with him seven hundred men to fight with Hector Roy, and to destroy all he had. When Hector Roy heard this, he gathered his own men, but he could only raise seven score—a score against every hundred the Earl had.

They met each other, they went in order, and the fight commenced; and there was a man there, by name big Rory Maclennan, who was called "Suarachan," as a nickname, and he went to see the battle. The matter was getting hot for Hector Roy; he came where "Suarachan" was, and said to him "Is this how it is Rory, and I in hard distress, and you not helping me." "What shall I get?" said Rory. "You will get one man's share," said Hector Roy. Rory arose, and with his own great sword he killed a man and sat on his corpse.

Hector Roy came his way the second time, and he said to him, "Is this how it is again Rory, and I in sore distress?" "What shall I get?" said "Suarachan" again. "You will get two men's share," said Hector Roy. Rory arose, and with his own great sword he killed another man, and he sat on his body.

Hector Roy came the third time, and he said to him, "Is this how it is again Rory, and I in real sore distress?" "You only promised me two men's share," said "Suarachan," "and I killed two." "I would not be reckoning with you," said Hector Roy. "Suarachan" arose with his

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great sword unsheathed, crying at the height of his voice, "The man that would not reckon with me, I would not be reckoning with him."* He commenced on the enemy, and in a short time put them to flight, and in their hurry they came to the side of the river, and met a woman, of whom they asked "where was the ford on the river, on which they might cross?" "Oh! beloved one," said the woman, "the river is all one ford together—though it is black, it is not deep." The flight came so close upon them, that they were going out on the river wherever it met them. They were carried away by the stream in their hundreds, and there were many bushes alongside of it, on which they were laying hold. "Suarachan" was seeing this, and every one whom he saw laying hold of a bush, he was running to him, cutting the bush, and saying, "as I was allowing you so much all day, I will let you have that also." The Earl of Ross lost the day, and it was won by Hector Roy.

When the peace came, Hector Roy and his men sat down to take food, but they only had one bannock for each man, and they had none for "Suarachan"; but every man gave him a mouthful, and in that way he got the largest share—seven score mouthfuls.

Now, when the Earl of Ross saw that he could not revenge himself upon Hector Roy, he went to the King and got head-money put on Hector Roy for his capture. Hector was obliged to take flight; but twelve men followed him, and where he would be to-day, he would not be to-morrow. It was the law at that time, if one on whom head money was, kept himself safe for seven years, that he would be free from (further) pursuit.

At this time there was no superior on Caithness but the King himself, and it was MacCailean of Argyle, a relative of Hector Roy's, on his mother's side, that the King was sending to lift the rents; and Hector Roy found out that the Caithness men agreed among themselves to kill the Clan MacCailean (the Campbells) the next time they came to lift the rents. When Hector Roy found out that this was the intention of the Caithness men, he took Caithness on him with his twelve men.

He was in the hills of Caithness, and MacCailean came with his guards; they raised their tents to themselves, and they put past the night there. They got up in the morning, MacCailean looked on, and the Caithness men were gathering above him. He came in among his men, and said unto them, "If you will not cut through the Caithness men, they will put us out on the sea; but I am seeing a big man above them, and twelve men with him, and he is putting more fear on me than the Caithness men altogether."

* We think "Suarachan" and Hector Roy are Sir Walter Scott's originals for the Smith and the Chief in the "Fair Maid of Perth." When in the West Highlands, Scott most likely would have heard the story. He informs us in a note that his "Lament for the Last of the Seaforths" is an imitation of a boat song he heard in Kintail. The following looks very much like another imitation:—"After killing his man, his powerful recruit (Smith) removed at a distance from the ranks, and showed little disposition to join them. 'What ails thee man?' said the Chief, 'can so strong a body have a mean and cowardly spirit? Come and make part in the combat.' 'You as good as called me hireling just now,' replied Harry; 'If I am such' (pointing to the headless corpse) 'I have done enough for my day's wage.' 'He that serves me without counting his hours,' replied the Chief, 'I reward him without reckoning wages.' 'Then,' said the Smith, 'I fight as a volunteer, and in the post which best likes me.'"

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MacCailean and his men went under their arms, and they went away to cut through them. When the combat commenced, down comes Hector Roy and his twelve men; they commenced on the Caithness men; it was only a few of them that escaped; peace came, and Hector Roy and MacCailean went to speak to each other. Hector told MacCailean the state he was in. "What,' said MacCailean, "can I, and what do you wish me to, do for you?" "Its yourself that knows best," said Hector Roy. "You will go to Edinburgh on such a day; I will meet you there, and I will see what I can do for you," said MacCailean.

On the appointed day Hector Roy went away to Edinburgh; MacCailean met him there, and he settled with him that the King and he would be in such and such a place on such and such a day; he (Hector Roy) to pass by, and when he would see MacCailean and the King together, to come where they were, to go on his knee before the King, and MacCailean said to him that "the King would lay hold of him by the hand to raise him up, and," says he, "remember that his hand shall know that he laid hold of you."

Before this (happened) MacCailean and the King were talking together about Hector Roy, and the King said that he was "a wild, brave man, who it was impossible for them to lay hold of."

"If you will grant my request, King," said MacCailean, "I will give him to you by the hand." The King promised that to him.

When the day set apart arrived, Hector Roy went away past the place where the King and MacCailean were taking a blow of the morning wind. He made straight for them, and went on his knee before the King. The King laid hold of his hand to raise him up. Hector tightened the King's hand; he got up and went away, and when he went, the King showed his hand to MacCailean, and the blood rushing out at the points of his fingers.

"Why did you not keep him?" said MacCailean.

"There was not a man in the kingdom who would keep yon man," said the King.

"Well then, yon's Hector Roy for you, and I must now get my request," said MacCailean.

"You'll get that, you earned it; what is it?" said the King.

"That Hector Roy get his peace," said MacCailean, and Hector Roy got his peace.

The King took such a liking to Hector Roy's strength and bravery, that he was very anxious to have him as one of his own body-guard. Hector, however, excused himself, now that he had secured his peace, that he had many matters to put in order at home, but he promised to come now and then out to Edinburgh to visit the King.

Hector, as he promised, was going to see the King. A sister of Hector Roy's—daughter of the laird of Brahan—was married to Black John, son of Rory, the Macleod, who was in Gairloch, residing in the old castle in the Dùn, at the south end of the Big Sand.* Some alteration

* The foundation of this ancient fortress can be clearly traced to this day.

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had (at this time) to be made on the title deeds of the estate. One of the times when Hector Roy was going out to Edinburgh to see the King, *Iain Dubh* gave him the titles to get them altered, and Hector Roy incurred some expenses with the (alteration of) titles.

A daughter of The Chisholm was Hector Roy's lawful wife, and he had a son by her called John. He was brought up in Strathglass, in The Chisholm's house, and for that reason he was called "Iain Glasach" (Strathglass John). He died in Eilean Donnan Castle, in Kintail, and the people of Kintail sent his corpse to the people of Strathglass, and they buried him in the large Church of Beauly.* He left one son, whose name was John, who was called in the locality John Roy, son of John Glasach. This young man was brought up with a Macdonald, who was forester in the Glas-letter of Kintail, and who was called *Iain Liath* (grey-haired John). And it is said that John Roy's mother (Iain Glasach's widow) married the Laird of Mackay.

John Roy grew up a big, brave youth, and when he came to the age of manhood he went to Mackay's country to see his mother. On arriving at Mackay's house he did not make known who he was, nor did his mother. It was a custom in those days not to ask any stranger, who chose to stay in a gentleman's house, who he was or where he came from, till he was a year and a day in the house. Mackay had two rare dogs, one of which was called "Cu-dubh" (Black dog), and the other "Faolag" (Gull), and John Roy was in the habit of going to the hills with them to hunt. He would be giving the food he was taking to the hills for himself to the dogs. Thus the dogs became so fond of him that they would follow no one but himself. It was in the nether-end—the servants' end —of the house that he slept and took his food.

The year was drawing to its close, and on a day of the days Mackay said to his wife that he suspected that he (John Roy) was a gentleman's son, and on his saying this to her, her eyes dropped (tears) as a shower. Mackay noticed her: "Is this how it is," said he, gently reproving her, "he would not be with my servants if I had known as you had, that he was Iain Glasach's only son." He then ordered him to his own table, and he was with themselves all the time he remained in the house; but at last Mackay said, "What do you desire me to do for you?" "Oh nothing," said John Roy, "but that you should give me the twelve which I shall choose myself out from among your men, and 'Cu-dubh' and 'Faolag.'"

He got those, and certainly they were not craven or faint-hearted, and for *Iain Liath*, in the Glas-letter, he started. They took with them an anker of whisky, and they (soon) arrived at the Glas-letter. *Iain Liath* was at the Shealing, and John Roy would not allow those who were with him to go in sight of *Iain Liath's* hut. He went by himself, and seeing a creel out at the door of the hut he sat upon it. *Iain Liath's* old wife was after rising, and she was spinning on the distaff. She looked, and looked, on the man that was outside. At last she called out to *Iain Liath*, who was lying down, "My man, there is a man out yonder at the door of the hut, sitting on a creel, and I never saw two knees in my life

* Has this any connection with the fact that the Priory of Beauly is the family burying-place of the lairds of Gairloch to this day?—[ED. *C.M.*]

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more like John Roy's two knees than his knees." When *Iain Liath* heard her, he got up, in his shirt, and made for the door. "Is it you that's there, John?" said he. "Oh! it is." "Have you anything but yourself?" "Oh yes; I have twelve men." "Be off and fetch them." Before he returned, *Iain Liath* had the second bull killed waiting them. When they took their food, *Iain Liath* said to him, "Mackenzie is coming to-day with his hunters to your father's hunting knoll, unless you keep him off yourself."

John Roy and his twelve men, and *Iain Liath* along with them, went away, and they took the whisky with them. Mackenzie arrived with his men, and he saw those men on the hunting-knoll, and he sent a fair-haired youth to enquire "What men they were?" "Sit ye down and we will tell you that," said John Roy. He sat down as requested, and no mistake, the face of the drink was upon him, and every time he would make for going away, another was offered him. Mackenzie was thinking long that the youth was not coming back, and he sent another youth on. It happened to him as it happened to the other. When Mackenzie saw what was going on, he said, "I am discerning that John Roy returned, if he did, I may be going home;" and he took Brahan on him.

John Roy and his band then returned to *Iain Liath's* hut. "What will you do now, John?" said *Iain Liath.* "What do you propose yourself I should do?" "I will tell you that," answered *Iain Liath.* "I have the title deeds of Gairloch in your grandfather's (Hector Roy) chest, and you and your men will go and claim the estate, and I shall accompany you."—and they went. *Iain Liath* lifted his cattle, his wife, his maid-servant, and his herdsman, and they proceeded until they came in at *Bealach a Chomhla*, at the side of *Baos-Bheinn.*

After coming down some distance from the mountain, they met in with a good well; they laid down their chattels at the well, which is to this day called *Iain Liath's* well. They left the cattle and the old woman yonder; they came on, and met with people from whom they received the news of the country. These people informed them that it was a habit with *Iain Dubh MacRuairidh* (Macleod, laird of Gairloch) every day, to walk west the Big Sand, and to lie on the top of the Crasg, to view the country, and try what he could see.

They came there where he was, and *Iain Liath* said to him, "If you do not depart and take thy feet along with you from the Castle of the Dùn before this very night you will lose the head." *Iain Dubh MacRuairidh* became alarmed for his life, and everything that was in the castle that was worth the labour, was put in the *Birlinn*, except one chest, which was left behind by mistake, and in which was (some of) the title deeds of Macleod to the estate. Thus came John Roy and the Mackenzies to Gairloch.

Often did the Macleods return, attempting to take the estate back, and to take out revenge, but the oftener they came, the worse they went.

(To be Continued.)

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SOME PECULIARITIES OF GAELIC POETRY.

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In the following paper we propose to submit to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* some peculiarities in Gaelic Poetry that have suggested themselves to us. Before, however, going into these peculiarities, we beg to make a few observations on Modern Gaelic Poetry. These observations are called forth by the oft-repeated assertion that there are no Gaelic poets at the present day, and therefore no modern Gaelic poetry. True, we have no Macintyre or Ross. The voice that sweetly sung the praises of *Mairi Bhan Og*, and graphically described *Beinn Dorain* and *Coirecheathaich* is silent in death; and so is the melodious warbler to whose strains as he sang *Cuachag nan Craobh*, or *Feasgar Luain*, the corries and glens of Gairloch reverberated. But then, what remains of the poetic spirit with our Saxon brethren? Where is there a Shakspeare or a Burns now? Nowhere. There are many, indeed, who write verse; but what a contrast the lucubrations of the great bulk of modern versifiers form to the high poetic strains of Shakspeare or Burns! So it is with Gaelic poetry. We have those exquisite "Poems of Ossian"—be they Macphersonic or Ossianic does not matter much. They are Gaelic, and as Gaelic we claim for them respect. Then we have innumerable other works, such as *Iain Lom's* (unfortunately not yet in a separate volume), Macintyre's, Ross's, *Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh's*, Mackay's, &c., &c. We have nearly as many modern ones. Perhaps, however, the name of poet is too dignifying for many of them—versifiers or poetasters may be more suitable. There is a great deal of matter in the shape of poetry—in many cases *poetastery*—to coin a suitable word—throughout the country as the composition of our modern Gaelic versifiers. Some of them have, indeed, composed respectable pieces—others not of great credit to any concerned. *Mairi Nic-Ealair*, a daughter of Lochaber, has composed poems in Gaelic and English of which any generation of any race might be proud. The Bard of Lochfine, better known as the "Mountain Minstrel," has written many pieces of great merit. The following, composed on the death of a friend, will illustrate his style:—

She died—like a cloudlet that rivals the rose
In its blush, as it looks the young dawning upon;
Phœbus envious starts from his couch of repose,
And that cloudlet of beauty is vanished—is gone!

She died—like a sunbeam that bursts through the cloud—
It was lovely—but shadows soon chased it away!
Or the Bow of which Heaven but lately seem'd proud—
But the shower has descended—where now is it, say?

She died—like the snow that, when ocean recedes,
In its loveliness rests on some wave-beaten shore:
'Tis a moment—for lo! the rude tide onward speeds,
And we look but to mourn its existence is o'er.

She died—like the fall of some tear-causing lay,
When we wish the sweet sorrow for ever to last,
Or a soul-melting tale one would listen for aye—
A tale scarce begun when a thing of the past.

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She died—like the moonbeam that transient doth break
On the mariner's path the dark ocean upon;
She died—like a dream of delight—we awake,
We awake but to weep, the delusion is gone.

She died—oh! she died in life's morn—we are left
But the sorrow, the anguish that cannot decay!
She died—as if yonder bright sun were bereft
Of his glory, eclipsed in some morning of May!

The bard with even greater sweetness poured forth his sorrow in his native tongue: and to speak of modern Gaelic poetry generally, it is to be deplored that Gaelic versifiers do not seek to be more original than they are. We invariably find Gaelic songs sung to some popular air—an air that is accompanied by a popular song. And what is the result? Very often the ideas of the original are reiterated, sometimes the exact words. A Gaelic bard—we mean an uneducated Gaelic bard—never thinks of composing *a poem*. He cannot conceive such a thing in Gaelic as verse unaccompanied by music. There are the elegies—*cumha* or *marbh-rann*—most of which more properly deserve the name of poem than of song, but they are invariably accompanied by some mournful air. And such airs! To us there is really nothing more impressive than those strains, as they so musically flow from the sad, and mayhap broken, heart of the singer.

A great fault with modern Gaelic songs is their length. Length, indeed, is a fault common to all Gaelic songs, whether modern or ancient. There is nothing more painful than to see a man inflict on any audience a song containing say twenty-four or thirty verses—each verse sung twice, and the chorus after every verse. We have once seen a Highlander (or, at all events, a man who spoke Gaelic) put a southern audience through an ordeal like this. He appeared on the stage, and began to sing. A pianist was beside him, who endeavoured with difficulty to accompany him—now in one octave, and again in another—and the song growing in length as the patience of the audience was being exhausted! Human flesh could not bear it long, and the singer was hissed off the stage. As he was getting out of the door, some applauded him. Our hero re-entered, mounted the stage, and put his audience through a more painful ordeal than the first one! It is this sort of thing that makes Gaelic poetry and music so disagreeable and distasteful to persons who are ignorant of the real beauties of Gaelic music and song.

Having said this much on Modern Gaelic Poetry, let us now come to the subject proper of this paper. One peculiarity of Gaelic poetry is the profusion of adjectives. Talk of the richness of the English language—of the abundance of epithets to express any feeling or idea—but try if you can get adjectives enough to express in English the adjectival ideas of such a song as Donnchadh Ban's "Beinn-Dorain," or of the following verse:—

A' mhios nuaranda, gharbh-fhrasach, dhorch,
Shneachdach, cholgarra, stoirmshionach bith;
Dhisleach, dhall-churach, chathach, fhliuch, chruai,
Bhioraich, bhuagharra, 's tuath-ghaothach oith;
Dheibheach, lia-rotach, ghlib shleamhain, gharbh,
Chuireas sgiobairean fairge 'nan ruith;
Fhliuchach, fhuntuinneach, ghuinneach, gun tlas—
Cuiridh d'anail gach caileachd air chrith.

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Indeed it would appear as if a profusion of adjectives was cultivated more than ideas in Gaelic poetry. We find addresses to gentlemen—praising or disparaging, as the case may be—almost altogether composed of epithets.

A characteristic of Gaelic poetry is hyperbole. For instance, a Gaelic bard, if he praised a lady, would not say she was "beautiful"—with him she was "most beautiful." This hyperbolical character of Gaelic poetry is perhaps one of the chief causes why it is impossible to convey Gaelic ideas in English. By expressing in Gaelic verse any quality with the simple adjective as in English, our work would be tame and pithless. Nobody would read it or listen to it. On the other hand, if we endeavour to give in English our Gaelic epithets, they will be found to be all, or nearly all, hyperbolical. In this respect the two languages are utterly irreconcilable. The following verse, from Ewen Maclachlan's well-known song, gives a fair example of this hyperbolic character :—

Gur gile mo leannan
Na 'n eal' air an t-snamh,
Na cobhar na tuinne
'S e 'tilleadh bho 'n traigh,
Na'm blath-bhainne buaile
'S a' chuaich leis fo bharr,
Na sneachd nan gleann dosrach
Ga fhroiseadh mu'n bhlar.

The above piece of hyperbole is in the one extreme, whilst the following is a fair specimen of the other—

Daibhidh greosgach, crom, ciar,
'S gile 'n rocus na 'bhian,
Bha mi eolach air riabh,
Fear bu ghreolaiche fiabh, &c.

But to us it seems that hyperbole is a characteristic of the Highlander, let him write Gaelic or English verse. Ewen Maclachlan gives an English translation of his song, which indeed merits more the appellation of an original piece than of a literal translation. It is exquisite of its kind, and deservedly popular. Speaking of his fair one, he says—

As the planet of Venus that gleams o'er the grove,
Her blue rolling eyes are the symbols of love ;
Her pearl-circled bosom diffuses bright rays,
Like the moon when the stars are bedimmed with her blaze !
The mavis and lark, when they welcome the dawn,
Make a chorus of joy to resound through the lawn;
But the mavis is tuneless, the lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful charmer begins her sweet strain.

One other specimen will suffice. It is by Evan Maccoll—

Ye've seen from brightest blue
The star of gloamin' gleam—
The rosebud "wat wi' dew,"
The rowan by the stream ;—
But naething ha'e ye seen,
And ne'er may see, I trow,
Sae bright as Bella's een,
Sae red as Bella's mou' !

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Ye've seen the snow-wreath high,
The wild wave's rushing leap,
The lake when zephyrs die,
And sunbeams on it sleep;—
Yet naething ha'e ye seen,
And ne'er may see, I trow,
Sae white as Bella's skin,
Sae calm as Bella's brow.

Burns, speaking even of his Jean, was not so strong as this. He sees her in the dewy flowers, "sae lovely, sweet, and fair," and hears her in "ilk tunefu' bird wi' music charms the air." He, however, does not say she is more beautiful than the "dewy flowers," or more musical than the "tunefu' birds," as a Highland bard would say, but concludes his verse:

There's no a bonnie flow'r that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

So much for the hyperbolic character of the Highland muse.

A few words now on Gaelic rhyme. An Englishman cannot conceive such a thing as rhyme in Gaelic. Nevertheless, there is rhyme—and of its kind perfect rhyme it is; and so fond is the Highlander of rhyme that he (we mean, of course, the illiterate Highlander) cannot conceive such a thing as *poetry without rhyme*. To him blank verse is nothing more than plain prose. In Gaelic rhyme little attention is paid to the consonantal terminations, but the vowels *must* "clink." Then we have syllables in the middle of the lines that must rhyme as well as the terminal ones. For example take the following:—

'Se Coire-cheathaich nan aigheon *siubh*lach
An coire *run*ach a's *ur*ar fonn,
Gu lurach, miadfheurach, min-gheal, *sughar*,
Gach lusan *fluar* bu *chubh*raidh leam
Gu *mol*ach, *dug*horm, *torr*ach, *luis*reagach,
*Corr*ach, *plui*reanach, *dlu*-ghlan, grinn.
Caoin. *ball*ach, *dith*eanach, *can*ach, *mis*leanach,
Gleann a' *mhill*tich 'san *lion*mhor mang.

The syllables in italics will give the English reader an idea of what Gaelic rhyme is. Burns' measures are in many respects considered difficult, but we think measures like the above more difficult, and are perhaps impossible in English.

SPORRAN DONN.

DR WADDELL'S LECTURE ON OSSIAN.—We have much pleasure in calling attention to a notice in another column by which it will be seen that the Rev. P. Hately Waddell, LL.D., Glasgow, has arranged to deliver his lecture on Ossian, under the auspices of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, in the Music Hall, on the 24th of January next—Alex. Simpson, Esq., Provost of Inverness, presiding. The lecture will be, as far as circumstances permit, in the same style as Dr Waddell's well-known lectures on Burns, Scott, and Shakspeare. Part I. is to treat of what Macpherson was, what he did, what he claimed, and what he is entitled to. II. His alleged resources; the folly, falsehood, and absurdity of the Irish mediæval ballads analysed and exposed, with several examples, and the impossibility of Macpherson's Ossian being concocted from these. III. Ossian's intellectual and moral characteristics; his history, situation, penetration, descriptive powers; his topographical descriptions realized and identified; the various views as to the authenticity of Ossian's poems examined and criticised, his spirit-world and sublime morality.

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Correspondence.

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NOTES ON THE OSSIANIC CONTROVERSY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The correspondence which appeared in the *Celtic Magazine* between Dr Waddell and Mr Hector Maclean of Islay is perhaps one of the most interesting contributions that have been added to the perplexing question of the antiquity of those poems that go under the name of Ossian. The two combatants have at length retired from the contest, each with no doubt the pleasing thought that he has brought forward a sufficient array of well-polished arguments, and that if his opponent is not overthrown and convinced it must be on account of his imperviousness to all reason and logic. We have often, in our school-boy days, seen two little fellows tearing each other's eyes and battering each other's noses with desperate vigour, and when their strength was spent, withdrawing from the struggle only to look at their scars, and to feed on the glorious satisfaction that their fists had not been used in vain. Now that the controversy is presumably ended we may well ask, What has been gained? What has been proved by either on which future disputants or philologists may rest? Is there any point of difference that has been ceded by the one and agreed to implicitly by the other? Is the philological part of the controversy settled on a surer footing? Are we nearer than we were in 1807 to a conclusive proof of the existence of the originals of Ossian as given to the world by Macpherson? All this, we fear, we must answer in the negative, and should the contest be waged over again with refurbished arms, we should not be a whit the wiser for an argumentative array of assertions, counter-assertions, vague statements, and contradictions. We think we may well pardon Dr Waddell the remark, that Celtic philologists are "provokingly unreliable." Whatever Mr Hector Maclean may say to the contrary he does contradict—himself (no less) as we shall show from his own words. On the question of the internal evidence he is in direct antagonism to those who have paid the largest amount of what may be called *productive attention* to this special phase of the question; notably one learned gentleman, who, if he does not possess as profound a knowledge of the Celtic tongue, has at anyrate a good knowledge of it, and has the extra merit—which Mr Maclean, in common with many other Celtic philologists, wants—of looking at the point at issue from a linguistic-scientific platform. Pope made the "mind" the "standard of the man," but in this practical age a man is valued at what he *does* and not at what he *says;* and it is notorious that those who are most ready to brand Macpherson as an impudent impostor are the closest imitators of his undignified refusal to "move on" or show his credentials.

Whoever engages in this or in similar controversies should as a primary requisite be consistent. Dr Waddell has his theory wrought out, unaided, by himself; it is fixed and settled so far as he is concerned; he

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knows each cranny and nook in it; he knows its strong and weak points; he has evidently balanced anticipated objections, sifted, contrasted, objected, and refuted, until he has built a theory which he is prepared to defend (all must admit) skilfully and against all gainsayers. We generally find more consistency in an argument extracted from such laborious exertions than in one adduced for the moment and relinquished when found unfit for service in a particular manner.

The points on which Dr Waddell and Mr Maclean disagree, and which form the staple of their argument, may be shortly classified as follows:—

I. The identification of localities in Scotland (Orkney), Ireland, and Iceland, with places mentioned in Macpherson's Ossian.

II. The different constructions put on the topography of the districts supposed to be traversed by Fingal and his men, with a sprinkling of philology.

III. Internal evidence of the Gaelic of 1807 having been "evolved from the English," as Mr Maclean puts it, and which has been touched upon by himself only.

With regard to the first, Dr Waddell's ground is simply thus:—That he has identified them "from geographical correspondence with the letter of the text," which he elaborately propounds in his "Ossian and the Clyde."

In reply Mr Maclean meets him with the following:—

(1) "Allusions to localities in the north of Ireland, the Orkneys and Iceland, of which Macpherson knew nothing, is not at all surprising, as his materials for the groundwork of his romances consisted of stories and ballads which abounded in the obsolete names of places in various parts of Scotland, the Orkneys and Iceland." Here, it will be observed, Mr Maclean does not deny Dr Waddell's identification of those localities, but accounts for them on a theory consistent with his (M'P.'s) supposed forgery.

(2) "The Ballads which Macpherson used as material for his romances *are well known* (the italics are our own) from independent sources, and the manner in which he has worked them up in his stories may be fully ascertained by comparison."

(3) "Collections of poems and tales relating to the exploits of a race of giants called the Fianna or Feinn have been made at various periods in the Scottish Highlands from the year 1512 to the present day." How did the ballads, "abounding in obsolete names of places in Iceland, Orkney, &c.," which Macpherson (according to Mr Maclean) used, escape the collectors? or if they are identical with the above-mentioned "poems and tales," let us see the manner of Macpherson's "working them up" *fully* ascertained by comparison?

(4) "'Yarns' spun by seafaring smugglers are sufficient to account 'for any resemblance' in Macpherson's Ossian to 'anything Norse, Manks, or Gallowegian.'" Mr Maclean insists on these points in his first letters as the foundation of Macpherson's Ossian; but evidently in extremity, and wishing to gain his point at all hazards, he goes further and says:—

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(a) "I am convinced that no one has or can identify them (Macpherson's localities), for like all men of genius, Macpherson created but did not copy."

(b) "His characters never had any real individual existence, and all his places belonged to his own ideal world," and

(c) "He modified and invented names to suit his purpose."

Then, still feeling "ill at ease" on the subject, he beats about the lumber-rooms of his imagination to find another theory: here it is:—

(1) "The melancholy that overshadowed the Highlands after the downfall of the Stuart dynasty tutored his (Macpherson's) genius"—*ergo* Ossian's Poems.

(2) "These poems could not have been produced at any other period in the Highlands, than at the time when they appeared."

(3) "For the construction of his works he had *living* heroes and heroines to serve as architypes for his characters." So much for the first part.

II. Here Dr Waddell does not profess to advance a step without good guidance, and when he doubts his own judgment he has secured the co-operation of Celtic philologists as able as Mr Maclean. Dr Waddell maintains that such places as Finlarig, Glenfin, Dumfin, and Tomfin, are so called from Fingal or Finn; that "kyle" is derived from "Cumhal" or king "Coil"; that Lochfyne is so called from "Fingal"; and that "tom" means a mound.

Mr Maclean, on the other hand, supposes that the "fin" in these words is "fionn," white; but that the "fyne" in Lochfyne is "fion," wine; that "tom" is a "bush in a place abounding with bushes"; that "kyle" is from "coille," a wood: as far as Knoc-Oishen or Knoc-Usshon is concerned, whether it means "the hill of the corner" or "the hill of Ossian," there is as much reason on the one side as on the other.

If Lochfyne is "the wine Loch," what, asks Dr Waddell, is "Fynloch," where wine was never imported? Mr Maclean does not attempt to answer this question. We put all confidence in the Highland Society's Dictionary's meaning for the word "tom." We can testify to its extensive use in the Hebrides to signify "mound," "hillock," or sometimes applied to a "considerably-large and round-shaped hill." Regarding "Lochfyne," we remember hearing its Gaelic name pronounced by an old sailor on board the s.s. "Clydesdale," who had many opportunities of hearing it pronounced by the natives, not as Loch fiòna, but as Loch fëënă. The matter, however, is of minor importance, yet we must confess it seems unusual and most unlikely that "Torfin" and "Torbàn" should be names in the same district meaning the same thing. There is no word more familiar to a West Highlander than "kyle"—the English form of "caol" and "caolas," meaning a "sound"—though it appears in different forms in the English, as *Coilantrave* and *Kyleakin*. Mr Maclean thinks he has scored a capital point against Dr Waddell by the alleged discovery of "Find" instead of "Fingal" in the extract he gives from Bishop Carswell's Translation of John Knox's Liturgy. We are surprised that Mr Maclean should have fallen into this error. The Bishop's Gaelic is spelt phonetically;

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and it is a well-known fact that the Irish insert a "d" at the end of words ending in vowels, which entirely disappears in modern Scotch Gaelic. Mr Maclean will find no less than other three words in the same short paragraph which have a final "d" unknown to our Scotch Gaelic. The custom of sticking a "d" on to words ending in vowels or soft consonants is quite prevalent still in the districts that have had most communication with Ireland. Whether it prevails in Islay, we cannot on our own testimony say, but it certainly is very common at this day in Mull.

III. We now come to perhaps the most important part of the discussion, viz.—The internal evidence (as Mr Maclean puts it) of the Gaelic of 1807 "having been evolved from the English." Here are his words:—"A careful examination of Macpherson's Gaelic Ossian shews clearly that it has been evolved from his English work. It consists, in fact, of free translation and paraphrase, with here and there something added or left out. It is disfigured with English idiom, impropriety, and grammatical error. The versification is extremely rugged and irregular, while contrary to the rules of Gaelic verse, ancient and modern sentences frequently end in the middle of lines." Alongside of this let us place the following from Professor Blackie's "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands":—"So far as philology is able to contribute to the illustration of the question two things seem certain; first, that Macpherson's English bears all the marks of a translation from a Gaelic original, such as occasional Celticisms, mistranslations, skipping of difficult phrases, lowering of poetry into prose, departure from the simplicity of the original, an affection of an improvement, and other signs of translated work familiar to scholars."

Professor Blackie says again:—

"One thing seems certain, that the Gaelic was never composed by Macpherson, who never professed to be more than a mere translator, and who according no less to the express testimony of competent persons than to the *ex facie* probabilities of the case could not have written a poem like one of Ossians, than he could have composed the prophecies of Isaiah or created the Isle of Skye."

Let us also give the Professor's concluding paragraph to his two excellent papers in the *Celtic Magazine* for July and August:

"We may lay it down as a corollary to this whole paper, taken along with the well-known external evidence to the same effect, that though Macpherson did write the English, he *did not write and could not possibly have written the Gaelic* (the italics are ours); the two versions are formed on fundamentally different principles of taste. The man who practised the one could never have contrived the other."

The learned Ossianic champions must each look to his laurels. Professor Blackie, however, has this much in his favour, that he does not make this assertion without the support of evidence deduced from a careful comparison of the English and Gaelic, which he lays before his readers. Were it not better for Mr Hector Maclean to refute Professor Blackie's paper by similar evidence, and not merely by pompous counter-assertions supported by no proof, but his own *ipse dixit*?

ÆNEAS PAULUS.

EDINBURGH.

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MAIRI LAGHACH.

KEY E FLAT. *Lively.*

R	., m	: r . d	: d . l_1	D	., d	: d . m	: s
Hò	mo	Mhài - ri	lagh - ach,	'S tu	mo	Mhài - ri	bhinn,
L	., r	: r . m	: r . d	R	., r	: m . s	: l
Hò	mo	Mhài - ri	lagh - ach,	'S tu	mo	Mhài - ri	ghrinn,
L_1	., t_1	: d . d	: d . l_1	D	., d	: d . m	: s
Hò	mo	Mhai - ri	lagh - ach,	'S tu	mo	Mhài - ri	bhinn,
L	., t	: d^1 . t	: l . s	M	, l . –	: s ., m	: r
'Mhài - ri		bhoidh - each	lur - ach,	Rug - adh		anns na	glinn.

B'òg bha mis' a's Màiri
'M fasaichean Ghlinn-Smeòil,
'Nuair chuir Macan-Bhenuis,
Saighead gheur 'n am fheoil;
Tharruing sinn ri chéile,
Ann an eud cho beò,
'S nach robh air an t-saoghal;
A thug gaol cho mor.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Ged bu leamsa Alba'
A h-airgead a's a maoin,
Cia mar bhithinn sona
Gun do chomunn gaoil?
B' annsa bhi ga d' phògadh,
Le deadh choir dhomh fhein,
Na ged fhaighinn stòras,
Na Roinn Eorp' gu léir.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Tha do bhroilleach soluis
Lan de shonas graidh;
Uchd is gile 'sheallas,
Na 'n eal' sir an t-snamh:
Tha do mhin-shlios, fallain,
Mar chanach a chair;
Muineal mar an fhaoilinn
Fo 'n aodainn a's aillt'.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha t-fhalt bachlach, dualach,
Ma do ghluais a' fas,
Thug nadur gach buaidh dha,
Thar gach gruaig a bha:
Cha 'n 'eil dragh, no tuairgne,
'Na chuir suas gach la;
Chas gach ciabh mu'n cuairt dheth,
'S e 'na dhuail gu bharr.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha do chailc-dheud shnaighte
Mar shneachda nan ard;
D' anail mar an caineal;
Beul bho'm banail failt:
Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris;
Min raisg chinnealt, thla;
Mala chaol gun ghruaimean,
Gnuis gheal, 's cuach-fhalt ban.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Thug ar n-uabhar barr
Air ailleas righrean mor;
B' iad ar leabaidh stata
Duilleach 's bar an fheoir:
Fluraichean an fhasaich
'Toirt dhuinn cail a's treoir,
A's sruthain ghlan nan ard
A chuireadh slaint 's gach por.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Cha robh inneal ciuil,
A fhuaradh riamh fo 'n ghréin,
A dh' aithriseadh air choir,
Gach ceol bhiodh againn fhein:
Uiseag air gach lonan,
Smeorach air gach géig;
Cuthag 's gug-gùg aic',
'Madainn chubhraidh Chéit'.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

NOTE.—The authorship of "Mairi Laghach," as given above, is attributed by John Mackenzie, in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," to John Macdonald, Scorraig, Lochbroom. The people of Lochbroom, on the other hand, attribute its authorship to Mr Kenneth Mackenzie, Monkcastle, *alias Coinneach Og*. The question of authorship, however, I leave to others to settle. The words are to be found in almost every popular collection of Gaelic songs, but the music, as here given, so far as I know, has not yet been published. The air, without the aid of letters, found its way to every part of the country where Highlanders reside. In these circumstances it is not surprising that different versions of it should be found in different parts of the country. I venture to assert that the above is the original set. My reason for which is, that it is the set invariably sung in Lochbroom, the district in which it was composed. The composer was Murdo Mackenzie, *Murchadh Ruadh nan bò*, a Lochbroom drover.—W. M'K.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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DESTITUTION IN THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A.

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I.

In the following papers will be considered the remote and immediate causes which led to the recent destitution,* the remedies necessary for the same, both as to the immediate relief of the distressed and the ultimate means to be pursued to prevent (under Providence) the occurrence of similar destitution, by rendering the circumstances of the people more secure and independent, and by raising them in the scale of useful and salutary improvement:—

A thorough knowledge of Highland manners and character is essentially necessary to form a proper estimate as to the circumstances and condition of the inhabitants of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. It is not enough to have a knowledge of their present state, but the different changes which have taken place from time to time in their condition as a people, must be traced back to remote periods. Various causes have combined to render the Highlanders of the present day as if a race entirely different from that of their forefathers. Some centuries ago, when feudal law reigned with absolute sway in every Highland district, agriculture, even of the rudest description, was but little attended to or looked after. The young and hardy men, from the days of boyhood upwards, were destined for employments entirely different, and such as were more suited to their warlike temperament of mind—to the principles in which they were daily instructed, and to the usages of the periods in which they lived.

* The history of the manuscript of these papers is so peculiar that it may interest the reader to know something of it. The late Sir Andrew Halliday, M.D., Physician to His late Majesty, William IV., felt a deep interest in the calamitous destitution which overtook the Highlands in 1836-7, and he got into correspondence with the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., who was at the time a clergyman in the Parish of Kilmuir, in Skye, and who was an eye witness to the very distressing state of things which at that time prevailed in the place, as well as over the whole Highlands and Islands of Scotland. At the request of Sir Andrew, Mr Macgregor prepared a report, which he forwarded to him in London. Nothing more was heard of the MSS., until in 1849, the author was at a dinner party in Edinburgh, when the conversation turned on the subject of Highland destitution. The Hebridean clergyman naturally became interested, and joined in the conversation, when a gentleman at the other end of the table, exclaimed that he must be the writer of a manuscript on the subject he had in his possession, that he had it at his office, and that if Mr M. called for it, he would give it to him. This was done, when the author discovered it to be the identical MS. sent to Sir Andrew Halliday several years before. On Sir Andrew's death, some of his books and papers, among which was this

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It was then that the Highland chieftains, like petty kings over their respective domains, had each a stated number of followers or retainers, according to their power, as well as to the extent of their possessions. These possessions were not valued, as now, according to the amount of rents raised from them, but according to the number of men upon them able to carry arms, and willing to fight for their feudal lord in his combats with some neighbouring chief. Depending more on the chase, and on spoils from their enemies for subsistence, than on agriculture, the "cràinn-tàraidh," or "gathering-beam," commanded more attention than the plough. That such should be the case will not appear so surprising when it is considered that all who slighted the call of this mute messenger of death were either irretrievably disgraced or put mercilessly to the sword.

In those rebellious times, however, the Highlands were not so densely peopled as at the present day. The population were more dispersed over the face of the country, and in reality less numerous. Even should a time have been when the Highland families would equal in number those of latter times, it is rational to suppose that the dangers, hardships, and conflicts to which the Highland youth were then exposed, would have a direct tendency to decrease the population, or at least would prove an effectual check to its increase. The feuds and conflicts among the clans were not confined to any particular county or district, neither did they take place at the same period of time. On the contrary, every Highland territory suffered in its turn, for a revolution of centuries, from the ravages of intestine broils and deadly skirmishes. So severe were the contests between the Clan Chattan and the Mackays in the north of Scotland, in the reign of Robert III., that that monarch deemed it proper to send the Earls of Crawford and Murray to effect a reconciliation between them. For this purpose the said noblemen, after due deliberation, deemed it advisable to have recourse to policy; and by appointing an equal number of men on each side, to fight as champions for their respective clans, the victorious party were to be honoured with royal favour, while the vanquished party were to receive free pardon for all their former offences. Reconciliation was thus effected between these bold and barbarous clans, on the North Inch of Perth, in the year 1396. In the same manner bloody feuds were carried on, with varied success, between the Clan-Donuill and the Macleans, the Clan-Donuill and the Macleods, Lord Kintail and Glengarry, Raasay and Gairloch, Sutherland and Caithness, the Siol-Torquil, or the Macleods of Lewis, and various enemies on the mainland of Scotland.

Under such a state of affairs there was neither leisure nor desire to

report, were exposed for sale in London. It fell into the hands of some party there who, no doubt, felt little interest in it. He gave it to another, through whom it found its way to the Edinburgh friend, who so generously presented it to the author. Mr Macgregor afterwards gave it to Mr Blake, an English gentleman, who had shootings in the Highlands, and who took a great interest in collecting Highland MSS. and other curiosities. Mr Blake died a few years ago, leaving instructions that all his Highland papers should be given to the Rev. Mr Macgregor, and, curious enough, last spring this MS., accompanied by his original MS. of the New Statistical Account of the Parish of Kilmuir, was delivered by post at the rev. gentleman's house in Inverness, and we have now much pleasure in laying its contents before the reader. It is the most beautifully written MS. we have ever seen, and, apart from its valuable contents and peculiar history, it is well worthy of preservation as a specimen of Hebridean calligraphy.—[ED. *C. M.*]

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effect any such changes as would ameliorate the condition of the people in their domestic comforts. Lands were little valued by their owners, in a pecuniary point of view; and the proprietors frequently awarded large shares of their possessions, during life, to their "Seanachies"—bards, pipers, and to such of their retainers as distinguished themselves by acts of bravery or military prowess.

Such was the state of affairs, in a more or less degree, until the close of the rebellion in 1745–46. While the last ray of hope in favour of the House of Stuart had vanished, and while the House of Hanover had come to wield with undisputed right the British sceptre, things assumed a more gentle aspect. Feudalism vanished by degrees, under the influence of Protestant laws judicially enforced, and the wild spirit of the Highlanders was softened down to that pitch of tranquillity which enabled them to live on peaceable and easy terms with their neighbours and with each other. Their minds were no longer distracted with wars and deadly feuds with their surrounding clansmen. These were happily forgotten, except when rehearsed in their tales, and chanted in their ancient Gaelic songs.

The Highlanders (though not now exposed to the dangers of civil commotions around them, and though no longer called out by their liege-lord to plunder the effects, and to destroy the retainers, of some contiguous enemy) were still possessed of much valour in military affairs, and displayed courage which was surpassed by no race of men whatever. It therefore fell to the lot of many to enlist in the Highland regiments, and of this brave people these regiments were at one time exclusively made up. Better soldiers never faced an enemy; and, as Dr Macleod so justly said, in his eloquent address at the Mansion House, "These are the men who in every field, and in every clime, had covered themselves with glory." The numbers who were thus engaged in fighting their country's battles bore but a small proportion to the numbers of those at home, who had now to depend on industry and labour for their maintenance. But still the aggregate of the population was very small, when compared with that of the present day. This may be illustrated by the parish of Kilmuir, in Skye. In this parish stand the magnificent ruins of Duntulm Castle, a strong Danish fort, which the noble Clan-Donuill made choice of as their residence, and enlarged for that purpose. And the fact that the Clan-Donuill were powerful chieftains, who always maintained their dignity and reputation as renowned warriors, is a sufficient proof that their retainers would, if possible, be as numerous, to say the least of it, as those of any other feudal lord. But the population of Kilmuir was, in the year 1736, only 1230 souls. Nineteen years afterwards it amounted to 1572 souls. In 1791 it amounted to 2068. In 1831 it was 3415 souls, and now* [1840] it amounts to about 4000, though, at various periods within the last sixty years, considerable numbers emigrated to America.

* In 1851 it was 3177; in 1851, 2846; and in 1871, 2590. For the last thirty years the real population of this parish is materially affected by the season of the year when the census is taken. The dead of winter is the only time when the natives are at home. At other periods of the year, when the census is taken, hundreds are absent from home at all kinds of public works. In that case no correct estimate of the population of an individual parish such as Kilmuir can be ascertained.

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The increase in this parish for the last century is, therefore, nearly four-fold; and a tolerably correct idea of the increase of the population in the Highlands in general may be formed from the facts now stated in reference to Kilmuir.

There is reason to suppose that, during the time which intervened between the period when the Highlanders mainly depended for subsistence on the bounty of their liege-lords, and the period when they had, for that purpose, to engage in public works of industry, their circumstances and modes of living must have been of the most ordinary description. They had not been trained in general to those public sources of employment which afterwards turned out so lucrative, and which justly engaged their sole attention—such as the rearing and management of black cattle for the southern markets, the manufacturing of kelp, the fishing and curing of herring, &c.

Such ordinary modes of living were not at this time peculiar to the Highlanders, but were prevalent also among the great bulk of the population in the south-west counties of Scotland, even as late as the middle of last century. "To those," says a late historian of Scotland, "who are not old enough to remember having seen the last remains of it in operation, no description can give anything like an adequate idea of the wretched economy that was at this time prevalent." Even the plough made use of in those times in the said localities was of the ancient Scottish make, having four horses yoked in it, which were led by a man walking backwards. The horses, which were small and shaggy, were accoutred in the most antique manner, having collars made of bull-rushes, to which was attached a rude harness, made of hair clipped from horses' manes and cows' tails. When the implements of husbandry were so primitive in kind, it is natural to think that all the other comforts of the people corresponded with them. Their dwellings were miserable huts, through every part of which the rain had free access, washing away the soot which had feathered on the beams and rafters, and causing it to drop like showers of printing ink upon the culinary utensils underneath, as well as upon everything else which lay in the way. Yet, under this rude system the people are said to have lived contentedly, little desirous of a change, as they knew nothing of its comforts. In the eastern counties of the Lowlands of Scotland agriculture had, even at this time, been brought to some degree of perfection. The spirit of improvement soon found its way into the West, and remarkable changes were speedily effected in the habits of the people and in their modes of operation. Spinning mills were erected in various quarters by wealthy companies, whereby cotton was manufactured into the various fabrics in which it is seen at the present day. Weaving, sewing, tambouring, dyeing, and printing, were each lucrative and extensive sources of employment, which gave an impetus to a variety of arts necessarily connected with them. Work was thus procured for men, women, and children, and a spirit of emulation, together with a taste for improvement, found their way into every hamlet. The lowly farm-steading gave place to the stately mansion, surrounded with its group of offices, alike for comfort and convenience. And while commerce thus flourished, agriculture kept regular pace with it. "Hedging, ditching, planting, and improving," says Struthers, the author already alluded to,

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"called forth energies of which no one knew he was in possession, till, in the person of his neighbour, he beheld them in full operation. The beautiful hedge-rows, the thriving clumps, and the convenient enclosures of one proprietor, excited the taste and awakened the emulation of another, till hands could with difficulty be found to execute, or a sufficiency of materials to complete the improvements that were in progress; while each, astonished at the beauty and fertility that so suddenly began to grow around him, was anxious to engage in new, and still more extensive, experiments."

While the Lowland districts alluded to thus emerged from a comparative state of sluggishness and inactivity, the poor Highlanders had various insuperable obstacles to contend with in their progress to improvement, granting even that they had been inspired with a taste for such processes of civilization and domestic economy as they stood so much in need of. They were a distinct and separate people, who associated but little with their more highly favoured countrymen around them, and who could have but little or no traffic, by way of commerce, with distant parts of the world. Their language differed from that of the rest of the nation. They had neither roads, nor canals, nor commercial cities to facilitate, or even in the remotest degree to encourage, the march of civilization among them. Though no people could be more brave and heroic, none more loyal to their king and country, none more honest, upright, and hospitable, yet their inherent and native virtues, though pleasing and praiseworthy in themselves, were insufficient to raise them in the scale of useful knowledge and practical improvement. To effect this some external impulse behoved to be made to bear upon them, and many barriers would require to be wholly removed.

After the lapse of some time, when the clamour of arms had ceased, and the din of war subsided—when the Highlanders were permitted to enjoy a share of that domestic repose which had been for centuries denied them—they were naturally impelled to have recourse to such resources as was within their reach, for the purpose of bettering their condition, as well as for permanent means of livelihood. The inhabitants of the Hebrides, and of certain parts of the western coasts of the Scottish Highlands, engaged themselves in the manufacturing of kelp, as well as in the catching and curing of herring, and other fish; while the natives of the Highlands and Islands in general were more or less in the habit of rearing black cattle for the English markets. The fall in the price of kelp, or rather the ceasing of kelp manufacture, in consequence of the reduced duties on salt and barilla, proved a most severe stroke to thousands and tens of thousands, who profited extensively by the manufacturing of that commodity, and this may be justly looked upon as one of the principal remote causes which led to the late destitution.

In most parts where kelp was made, every farm had the sea-ware of that portion of the shore opposite to itself, for the purpose of converting it to kelp. The tenants thus manufactured it, and when ready for the market, it was purchased by the proprietor at a rate which considerably exceeded the rent of the farm. Thus the landlords had the comfort of regularly paid rents, and the tenants had the same. About the year 1803

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both kelp and cattle fetched prices unprecedentedly high. Landlords naturally supposed that the state of their tenantry could bear an increase of rent, which, having in most cases been lade, they took the kelp into their own hands, and allowed their tenants a certain sum of money, per ton, for manufacturing it. There are places, however, where this did not take place, and though of little or no value, many farms have the kelp attached to them to this day. Such hamlets as were not contiguous to the sea-shore, and could derive no direct benefit from kelp, were let at rents proportionally low. An idea may be formed of the immense profits which arose from the making of this commodity, to both landlord and tenant, when it is considered that at one time every ton brought a price of £16 sterling, and upwards. It then fell by degrees to £12, £8, £6, and £4 per ton! In place of the high remuneration at one time derived by the tenants for their labour in kelp-making, they were ultimately paid with even as low as two guineas for making each ton!

While the decline in kelp manufacture thus proved an incalculable loss to both proprietor and tenant, the fall in the price of black cattle for a series of years back aided vastly the progress of the approaching calamity. Napoleon Bonaparte, whose ambitious and bloody career disturbed the peace of Europe for such a length of time, may justly be considered as another principal remote cause which led to the late destitution.

In course of the late expensive and protracted wars, black cattle of every description quickly rose in value. High prices were asked, and readily obtained—prices which considerably exceeded the intrinsic value of the commodity exposed for sale. It may be said of kelp that the benefits derived from it were naturally confined to the localities in which it was manufactured. Such was undoubtedly the case; but the same thing held true with regard to black cattle, with this advantage, that they were a general staple commodity, reared to a more or less extent in every quarter. Now that the prices have fallen, the disadvantage is equally general, and the causes of complaint equally loud, in every Highland county and parish. Cattle having thus speedily risen in value, by an impulse which could neither be durable nor certain, and all kinds of traffic being at the same time brisk, a higher value was set upon the lands, and as a consequence they were held by the tenant at a higher rate from the landlord than was formerly done. Through time, the different sources by means of which the tenant, through his industry, benefited himself, almost entirely failed. As a matter of course, he experienced much difficulty in maintaining himself and family on the scanty produce of some acres of ground, accustomed as he has been to accumulate profits from the sale of cattle, kelp, and fish. The evils which arise from the depression in value of such Highland commodities as have been alluded to, have found their way from the toiling tenant to his indulgent landlord. The connection which subsists between landlord and tenant is distinct and immediate. The prosperity of the one immediately affects the other, and they live in mutual dependence. In consequence of the failure in kelp alone, some proprietors have been deprived of one half of their wonted incomes, and some of even two-thirds—and thus they suffer alike with their tenants, from the causes already mentioned.

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Another principal remote cause which led to the late destitution, and which contributed largely to the poverty of the islanders in particular, is the failure of the herring fisheries.

While kelp and cattle sold at the advanced prices already stated, herring abounded in immense shoals in the numerous lochs, bays, and creeks which intersect, in every part, the western isles and coasts of Scotland. These were caught with little trouble, and at comparatively small expense, by the natives; and after furnishing themselves with large supplies for their own consumption, they disposed of the rest to numberless crafts and small vessels which resorted in large fleets, from the south, to every convenient bay and anchorage around the rocky coasts of the West Highlands. This resource, like the rest, has almost entirely failed, as the quantity of that excellent fish which is now caught is so exceedingly small, that it bears hardly any proportion to the thousands of barrels cured of it at a time when the circumstances of the people would enable them to dispense with it much easier than now. It would appear that the natural history of this prolific fish is very little known, for such as have been for years engaged in catching it, seem as ignorant of its motions and migrations as those who never attempted to ascertain them. Many fruitless investigations have been made on this subject, and the probability is that it will ever remain a problem to be satisfactorily solved. It has been observed that since the fisheries became so productive on the north-east coast of Scotland, the herring has almost entirely deserted the west. It is thought, however, that this desertion consists more in the manner of the visits than in the non-appearance of this capricious fish. That it does not frequent the lochs and indentations which it at one time made a resting-place, is quite certain; but it is equally certain that it annually passes by, both in the deep sea and in the open channels, where it might be caught in large quantities by the natives, were they possessed of skill and means for such an undertaking. Some people attempt to account for its deserting the localities which it formerly visited, by its being scared away by the numbers of steam-packets which now ply from port to port on the west coast, whose paddles cause unusual commotion in the streams and currents. This argument, however, for its non-appearance seems to have but little weight.

In consequence of the failure in the means of livelihood just enumerated, the poor Highlanders were more than ever under the necessity of having recourse to various shifts and expedients to enable them to earn a scanty subsistence, and to pay the rent of such portions of land as were occupied by them. As little or nothing could be done at home to get this desirable end accomplished, the able-bodied men resorted in great numbers to the south, and to such other places as could afford them labour, while the women went annually to the Lothians, and even to the northern counties of England, to procure employment at harvest-work. In so doing, they underwent almost incredible hardships in their wanderings, while at times they had, after coming home, but a few shillings for their trouble. And this is not all; they frequently carried back with them a variety of disorders, such as measeles, small-pox, fever, and other diseases, and thus conveyed the infection to their friends, and rendered such

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disorders very destructive in the country. It frequently happens that some of them die while in those remote localities, and the consequence is that an immediate demand is made upon their native parish to defray their funeral and other expenses, and from the poverty of those parishes it becomes at times a serious matter to meet such demands.

When that great national work, the Caledonian Canal, commenced in 1803, it afforded lucrative employment for many hundreds from Skye and the Long Island. Even from Skye alone, between three and four hundred labourers went annually to that great undertaking, at which they earned individually from £10 to £15 sterling in the half year. While this work lasted, considerable sums of money were brought annually into the island, which proved of vast advantage to the community. About this time also vast numbers found employment at the making of public roads in Glengarry, Kintail, Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and other Highland glens. In the year 1807 the making of roads commenced in Skye, which for years afforded convenient work for many.

To add to the many disadvantages of the poor islanders in particular, public labour is now hardly to be found anywhere, even at a reduced rate of pay, and although hundreds of both sexes migrate yearly to other countries, in quest of such work as they may fall in with, they return to their homes, at the end of the season, much broken down in spirit and constitution, with small pittances, which can go but little way to meet the several demands made upon those who so distressingly earned them.

THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, *COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE.*

By the Editor.

—o—

[Continued.]

Here is another version of Fairburn Tower Prophecies:—"There was a tradition in the district to the effect that the lands of Fairburn should pass out of the hands of the Mackenzies, and that 'the sow should litter in the lady's chamber.' The old tower became a ruin. In 1827 Professor Sedgwick and Sir Roderick Murchison, while travelling in the Highlands, turned aside to see the ruined tower. 'The Professor and I,' says Murchison, 'were groping our way up the broken stone staircase, when we were almost knocked over by a rush of two or three pigs that had been nestling upstairs in the very room in which my mother was born.'"—*Geikie's Memoir of Sir R. Murchison.*

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Mr Maclennan supplies us also with the following:—"In the parish of Avoch is a well of beautiful clear water, out of which the Brahan Seer, upon one occasion, took a refreshing draught. So pleased was he with the water, that he looked at the Blue Stone, and said—'Whoever he be that drinketh of thy water henceforth, if suffering from any disease, shall, by placing two pieces of straw or wood on thy surface, ascertain whether he will recover or not. If he is to recover, the straws will *whirl* round in opposite directions, and if he is to die soon, they will remain stationary.' The writer (continues Mr Maclennan) has known people who went to the well and made the experiment. He was himself once unwell, and supposed to be at the point of death; he got of the water of the well, and he still lives. Whether it did him good or not, it is impossible to say, but this he does know, that the water pleased him uncommonly well."

With reference to Lady Hill, in the same parish, the Seer said: "Thy name has gone far and wide; but though thy owners were brave on the field of battle, they never decked thy brow. The day will come, however, when a white collar shall be put upon thee. The child that is unborn will see it, but I shall not." This *faidheadaireachd* has been fulfilled a few years ago, by the construction of a fine drive right round the hill.

The Seer said, speaking of Beauly:—"The day will come, however distant, when *Cnoc na Rath* will be in the centre of the village." It certainly would appear incredible, and even absurd, to suggest such a thing in *Coinneach's* day, for the "village" then stood at a place south of the present railway station, called, in Gaelic, *Bealaidh-Achadh*, or the Broomfield, quite a mile from *Cnoc na Rath*. The prophecy has to some extent been fulfilled, for the last erection at Beauly—the new public school—is within a few yards of the *Cnoc;* and the increasing enterprise of the inhabitants is rapidly aiding, and, indeed, will soon secure, the absolute realization of the Seer's prediction. In connection with this prophecy we think that we have discovered a *Celtic* origin for the term Beauly. It is generally supposed to be derived from the French word *Beaulieu*—upon what reasonable ground we never knew. The village being originally at *Bealaidh-Achadh*, and so called when the present Beauly was nowhere, what is more natural than the supposition that the inhabitants have carried the original name of their original village along with them, and now present us with the Gaelic *Bealaidh*, anglified into *Beauly*. This is not such a *fine* theory as the French one, but it is more likely to be the true one, and is more satisfactory to the student of Gaelic topography.

Here is an unfulfilled prediction—"A severe battle will be fought at the (present) Ardelve market stance, in Lochalsh, when the slaughter will be so great that people can cross the ferry over dead men's bodies. The battle will be finally decided by a powerful man, and his five sons, who will come across from the Strath (the Achamore district)."

Another is—"When a holly bush (or tree) will grow out of the face of the rock at *Torr a Chuilinn* (Kintail) to a size sufficiently large to make a shaft for a *carn-slaoid* (sledge-cart), a battle will be fought in the locality."

We have several versions of the prophecy regarding the carrying away

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of the Stone Bridge across the River Ness, which stood near the place where the present Suspension Bridge stands. Mr Macintyre sends the following, and Mr Maclennan's version is very much the same:—"He foretold that the Ness bridge would be swept away by a great flood, while crowded with people, and while a man riding a white horse and a woman *enciente* were crossing it. Either the prophet's *second sight* failed him on the occasion, or tradition has not preserved the correct version of this prediction, for it is well known that no human being was carried away by the bridge when it was swept away by the extraordinary flood of 1849." As a matter of fact, there was no man riding a white horse on the bridge at the time, but a man—Matthew Campbell—going for a midwife, and a woman were crossing it, the arches tumbling one by one at their heels as they flew across; but they managed to reach the western shore in safety, just as the last arch was crumbling under their feet, Campbell, who was behind, coming up to the woman, caught her in his arms, and with a desperate bound cleared the crumbling structure.

Coinneach also foretold that before the latter prediction was fulfilled "people would be picking gooseberries from a bush growing on the stone ledge of one of the arches." Many now living remember this gooseberry bush, and have seen it in bloom and blossom, with the appearance of fruit upon it. It grew on the south side, on the third or fourth pier, and near the iron grating which supplied a dismal light to the dungeon which in those days was the Inverness prison. Maclean, a "Nonagenarian," writing forty years ago, says nothing of the bush, but, while writing of the predicted fall of the bridge, states, with regard to it, that "an old tradition or prophecy is, that many lives will be lost at its fall, and that this will take place when there are seven females on the bridge in a state poetically described as that, 'in which ladies wish to be who love their lords.'" This was written, as will be seen by comparing dates, several years before the bridge was carried away, showing unmistakeably that the prophecy was not concocted after the event.

"The natural arch, or 'Clach tholl,' near Storehead, in Assynt, will fall with a crash so loud as to cause the laird of Leadmore's cattle, twenty miles away, to break their tethers." This was fulfilled in 1841, Leadmore's cattle having one day strayed from home to within a few hundred yards of the arch, when it fell with such a crash at to send them home in a frantic fright, tearing everything before them.

Hugh Miller refers to this prediction, and to several others, in the work already alluded to—"Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," pp. 161, 162, 163.

About 16 years ago there lived in the village of *Baile Mhuilinn* in the West of Sutherlandshire an old woman of about 95 years of age, known as *Baraball n'ic Coinnich* (Annabella Mackenzie). From her position, history, and various personal peculiarities, it was universally believed in the district that she was no other than the *Baraball n'ic Coinnich* of whom the Brahan Seer predicted that she would die of the measles. She had, however, arrived at such an advanced age, without any appearance or likelihood of her ever having that disease, that the prophet was rapidly losing credit in the district. About this time the measles had just gone the

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round of the place, and had made considerable havoc among old and young; but when the district was, so to speak, convalescent, the measles paid *Baraball* a visit, and actually carried her away, when within a few years of five score, leaving no doubt whatever in the minds of the people that she had died as foretold centuries before by the famous *Coinneach Odhar*.

"That the day will come when fire and water will run in streams through all the streets and lanes of Inverness" was a prediction, the fulfilment of which was quite incomprehensible until the introduction of gas and water through pipes into every corner of the town.

"The day will come when long strings of carriages without horses will run between Dingwall and Inverness, and more wonderful still, between Dingwall and the Island of Skye." It is hardly necessary to point out that this refers to the railway carriages now running in those districts.

"That a bald black girl will be born at the back of the Church of Gairloch" *(Beirear nighean mhaol dubh air cul Eaglais Ghearrloch)*, has been fulfilled. During one of the usual large gatherings at the Sacramental Communion a well-known young woman was taken in labour, and before she could be removed she gave birth to the *nighean mhaol dubh*, whose descendants are well known and pointed out in the district to this day, as the fulfilment of *Coinneach's* prophecy.

"That a white cow will give birth to a calf in the garden behind Gairloch House," has taken place within the memory of people still living; "that a black hornless cow *(Bo mhaol dubh)* will give birth, in Flowerdale, to a calf with two heads," happened within our own recollection. These predictions were well known to people still living before they came to pass.

The following are evidently fragments regarding the Lovat Estates, he said:—

Thig fear tagair bho dheas,
Mar eun bho phreas,
Fasaidh e mar luibh,
'S sgaoilidh e mar shiol,
'S cuiridh e teine ri Ardrois.

(A Claimant will come from the South
Like a bird from a bush;
He will grow like an herb;
He will spread like seed,
And set fire to Ardross.)*.

"*Mac Shimidh ball-dubh, a dh'fhagus an oighreachd gun an t-oighre dligheach.*" (Mac Shimidh (Lovat), the black-spotted, who will leave the Estate without the rightful heir).

"*An Sisealach claon ruadh, a dh'fhagus an oighreachd gun an t-oighre dligheach.*" (Chisholm, the squint-eyed, who will leave the Estate without the rightful heir.) "*An tighearna storach a dh'fhagus oighreachd Ghearrloch gun an t-oighre dligheach.*" (The buck-toothed laird who will leave the Estate of Gairloch without the rightful heir), are also fragments.

We do not know whether there has been any Lovats or Chisholms

* A place of that name above Beauly.

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with these peculiar personal characteristics mentioned by the Seer, and we shall be glad to receive information on the point, as well as a fuller and more particular version of the prophecy. We are aware however that Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gairloch was buck-toothed, and that he was always (by the old people) called—"*An tighearna Storach.*" We have heard old people maintaining that *Coinneach* was correct even in this instance, and that his prediction has been actually fulfilled; but we abstain at present from going into that part of the family history which would throw light on the subject.

Before proceeding to give such of the prophecies regarding the family of Seaforth as have been so literally fulfilled in the later annals of that once great and powerful house, the history of the family being so intimately interwoven with, and being itself really the fulfilment of, the Seer's predictions, it may interest the reader to have a cursory glance at it from the earliest period in which the family appear in history.

The most popularly received theory regarding the Mackenzies is that they are descended from an Irishman of the name of Colinas Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Kildare or Desmond, who distinguished himself by his bravery at the battle of Largs, in 1263. It is said that his courage and valour were so singularly distinguished that King Alexander the Third took him under his special protection, and granted him a charter of the lands of Kintail, in Wester Ross, bearing date from Kincardine, January the 9th, 1263.

According to the fragmentary "Record of Icolmkill," upon which the claim of the Irish origin of the clan is founded, a personage described as "Peregrinus et Hibernus nobilis ex familia Geraldinorum"—that is "a noble stranger and Hibernian, of the family of the Geraldines"—being driven from Ireland with a considerable number of his followers was, about 1261, very graciously received by the King, and afterwards remained at his court. Having given powerful aid to the Scots at the Battle of Largs, two years afterwards, he was rewarded by a grant of the lands of Kintail, which were erected into a free barony by royal charter, dated as above mentioned. Mr Skene, however, says that no such document as this Icolmkill Fragment was ever known to exist, as nobody has ever seen it; and as for Alexander's charter, he declares (Highlanders, vol. ii., p. 235) that it "bears the most palpable marks of having been a forgery of a later date, and one by no means happy in the execution." Besides, the words "Colino Hiberno" contained in it do not prove this Colin to have been an Irishman, as Hiberni was at that period a common appellation for the Gael of Scotland. Burke, in his "Peerage," has adopted the Irish origin of the clan, and the chiefs themselves seem to have adopted this theory, without having made any particular inquiry as to whether it was well founded or not. Our chiefs were thus not exempt from the almost universal, but most unpatriotic, fondness exhibited by many other Highland chiefs for a foreign origin. In examining the traditions of our country, we are forcibly struck with this peculiarity of taste. Highlanders despising a Caledonian source trace their ancestors from Ireland, Norway, Sweden, or Normandy. The progenitors of the Mackenzies can be traced with greater certainty, and with

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no less claim to antiquity, from a native ancestor, Gillean (Cailean) Og, or Colin the Younger, a son of *Cailean na h'Airde*, ancestor of the Earls of Ross; and, from the MS. of 1450, their Gaelic descent may now be considered established beyond dispute.

Until the forfeiture of the Lords of the Isles, the Mackenzies always held their lands from the Earls of Ross, and followed their banner to the field of battle, but after the forfeiture of that great and powerful earldom, the Mackenzies rapidly rose on the ruins of the Macdonalds to the great power, extent of territorial possession, and almost regal magnificence for which they were afterwards distinguished among the other great clans of the north. They, in the reign of James the First, acquired a very powerful influence in the Highlands, and became independent of any superior but the Crown, for in the beginning of the fifteenth century Kenneth Mòr, High Chief of Kintail, when arrested in 1427, with his son-in-law, Angus of Moray, and MacMhathain (Matheson), by James the First, during his parliament at Inverness, was ranked as the leader of two thousand armed men. Mackenzie and his followers were, in fact, about the most potent chief and clan in the whole Highlands.

Colin of Kintail married a daughter of Walter, Lord High Steward of Scotland. Colin died in 1278, and was succeeded by a son, Kenneth, who in his turn was in 1304 succeeded by his son, also named Kenneth, hence the name, the latter being called *Coinneach MacChoinnich*—Kenneth MacKenneth, or Kenneth, son of Kenneth. The name Kenneth in course of time became softened down to Kenny or Kenzie. It is well known that, not so very long ago, *z* in this and all other names continued to be of the same value as the letter *y*, just as we still find it in Menzies, MacFadzean, and many other names. There seems to be no doubt whatever that this is the real origin of the Mackenzies, and of their name.

Murchadh, or Murdo, son of Kenneth, received a charter of the lands of Kintail from David II.

About 1463, Alexander Mackenzie of Kintail obtained the lands of Strathgarve, and other possessions, from John, Earl of Ross. They afterwards strenuously and successfully opposed every attempt made by the Macdonalds to obtain possession of the forfeited earldom. Alexander was succeeded by his son, Kenneth, who married Lady Margaret Macdonald, daughter of the forfeited Earl John, Lord of the Isles; but, through some cause or another, Mackenzie divorced the lady, and sent her home in a most ignominious and degrading manner. She, it is said, only possessed one eye, and Kintail sent her home riding a one-eyed steed, accompanied by a one-eyed servant, followed by a one-eyed dog. All these circumstances exasperated the lady's family to such an extent as to make them the mortal and sworn enemies of the Mackenzies.

Kenneth Og, his son by the divorced wife, became chief in 1493. Two years afterwards, he and Farquhar Mackintosh were imprisoned by James V. in Edinburgh Castle. In 1497, however, they both made their escape, but were, on their way to the Highlands, seized at Torwood by the laird of Buchanan, in a most treacherous manner. Kenneth Og made a stout resistence, but he was ultimately slain, and Buchanan sent his head as a present to the King.

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Leaving no issue, Kenneth was succeeded by his brother John, whose mother, Agnes Fraser, his father's second wife, was a daughter of Lovat. He had several other sons, from whom have sprang several branches of the Mackenzies. As John was very young, his uncle, Hector Roy (Eachainn Ruadh) Mackenzie, progenitor of the Gairloch branch, assumed command of the clan and the guardianship of the young chief. Mr Gregory informs us that "under his rule the Clan Kenzie became involved in feuds with the Munroes and other clans; and Hector Roy himself became obnoxious to the Government as a disturber of the public peace. His intentions towards the young chief of Kintail were considered very dubious, and the apprehensions of the latter and his friends having been roused, Hector was compelled by law to yield up the estate and the command of the tribe to the proper heir."* John, the lawful heir, on obtaining possession, at the call of James IV., marched at the head of his clan to the fatal field of Flodden, where he was made a prisoner by the English.

On King James the Fifth's expedition to the Western Isles in 1540, John joined him at Kintail, and accompanied him throughout his whole journey. He fought with his clan at the battle of Pinkie in 1547, and died in 1556, when he was succeeded by his son Kenneth, who had two sons by a daughter of the Earl of Athole—Colin and Roderick—the latter becoming ancestor of the Mackenzies of Redcastle, Kincraig, Rosend, and several other branches. This Colin, who was the eleventh chief, fought for Queen Mary at the battle of Langside. He was twice married. By his first wife, Barbara Grant of Grant, whose elopement with him has been described in a poem in the *Highland Ceilidh* (Vol. I., pp. 215–220, of the *Celtic Magazine*). He had three daughters and four sons, namely —Kenneth, who became his successor; Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Tarbat, ancestor of the Earls of Cromartie; Colin, ancestor of the Mackenzies of Kennock and Pitlundie; and Alexander, ancestor of the Mackenzies of Kilcoy, and other families of the name. By his second wife, Mary, eldest daughter of Roderick Mackenzie of Davochmaluak, he had another son, Alexander, from whom descended the Mackenzies of Applecross, Coul, Delvin, Assynt, and others of note in history.

Kenneth, the eldest son, soon after succeeding his father, was engaged in supporting Torquil Macleod of Lewis, surnamed the *Conanach*, the disinherited son of the Macleod of Lewis, and who was closely related to himself. Torquil conveyed the barony of Lewis to the Chief of the Mackenzies by formal deed, the latter causing the usurper to the estate, and his followers, to be beheaded in 1597. He afterwards, in the following year, joined Macleod of Harris, and Macdonald of Sleat, in opposing James the Sixth's project for the colonization of the Lewis by the well-known adventurers from the "Kingdom of Fife."

In 1602, the old and long-standing feud between the Mackenzies and the Macdonalds of Glengarry, concerning their lands in Wester Ross, was renewed with infuriated violence. Ultimately, after great bloodshed and carnage on both sides, an arrangement was arrived at by which Glengarry renounced for ever, in favour of Mackenzie, the Castle of Strome

* Highlands and Isles of Scotland, p. 111.

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and all the lands in Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and other places in the vicinity, so long the bone of contention between these powerful, and we may safely add, ferocious chieftains. In 1607, a Crown charter for these lands was granted to Kenneth, thus materially adding to his previous possessions, power, and influence. "All the Highlands and Isles, from Ardnamurchan to Strathnaver, were either the Mackenzies property or under their vassalage, some few excepted," and all around them were bound to them "by very strict bonds of friendship." In this same year Kenneth received, through some influence at Court, a gift, under the Great Seal, of the Island of Lewis, in virtue of, and thus confirming, the resignation of this valuable and extensive property previously made in his favour by Torquil Macleod. A complaint was, however, made to his Majesty by those of the colonists who survived, and Mackenzie was again forced to resign it. By patent, dated the 19th of November 1609, he was created a peer of the realm, as Lord Mackenzie of Kintail. Soon after, the colonists gave up all hopes of being able to colonize the Lewis, and the remaining adventurers—Sir George Hay and Sir James Spens—were easily prevailed upon to sell their rights to Lord Mackenzie, who at the same time succeeded in securing a grant from the King of that part of the island forfeited by Lord Balmerino, another of the adventurers. He (Lord Mackenzie) now secured a commission of fire and sword against the islanders, soon arrived with a strong force, and speedily reduced them to obedience, with the exception of Neil Macleod and a few of his followers. The struggle between these two continued for a time, but ultimately Mackenzie managed to obtain possession of the whole island, and it remained in the possession of the family until it was sold by "the last of the Seaforths."

This, the first, Lord of Kintail died in 1611. One of his sons, Simon Mackenzie of Lochslin, by his second wife, Isabella, daughter of Sir Alexander Ogilvie of Powrie, was the father of the celebrated Sir George Mackenzie, already referred to in these pages. His eldest son, Colin, who succeeded him as second Lord of Kintail, was created first Earl of Seaforth, by patent dated the 3d December 1623, to himself and to his heirs male. Kenneth, Colin's grandson, and third Earl of Seaforth, distinguished himself by his loyalty to Charles the Second during the Commonwealth. He supported the cause of the Royalists as long as there was an opportunity of fighting for it in the field, and when forced to submit to the ruling powers, he was committed to prison, where, with much firmness of mind and nobility of soul, he endured a tedious captivity during many years, until he was ultimately released, after the Restoration, by authority of the King. He married a lady descended from a branch of his own family, Isabella Mackenzie, daughter of Sir John Mackenzie, Tarbat, and sister of the first Earl of Cromartie. To her cruel and violent conduct may undoubtedly be traced the remarkable doom which awaited the family of Seaforth, which was predicted in a most extraordinary manner by *Coinneach Odhar*, fulfilled in its minutest details, and which we are now about to place before the reader.

(To be Continued.)

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THE ELEGIES OF ROB DONN, THE REAY BARD.

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II.

We have been taking a glance at the wreath which the muse of Rob Donn laid on the coffin of his own departed chief. But he could be generous in dispensing fame to deserved merit outside of his own clan. His sympathies were not altogether absorbed by those of his own kin. Thus he could sing the glories of Dunrobin as melodiously and heartily as those of Tongue. The last Earl of Sutherland in the male line died, amid the lamentations of his tenants, and amid the deep regrets of many others who were not connected with him so closely. No one deplored the calamity which had fallen upon the north country in the death of that amiable nobleman, the last of a long and brilliant and beneficent race, more sincerely than did the Mackay bard. His regrets soon found expression and ease for themselves in song. An elegy embalmed the virtues of the last Sutherland, and commended to the care of Providence the only daughter, who, by the blessing of God, might connect the glorious past with an equally glorious future. Time had now silvered the locks of the bard, and in his own consciousness had gradually coolled to a great extent the fire of his imagination and the ardour of his intellect. With some pathos, a quality in which Rob Donn is on the whole defective, he alludes in the opening stanzas of his elegy to the autumnal weakness which was fast robbing him of the liveliness and vigour of his summer life. Our bard regarded the stern nor'-easters of our island with very different feelings from that which stirred the heart of Kingsley when he ascribed to their rough discipline many of the virtues, physical and moral, for which the inhabitants of the kingdom are celebrated. But Rob Donn had often battled with them on the mountain side and so knew them more intimately than the gifted and brave Englishman, snugly ensconced in his warm parsonage, around which the storm might growl, but could not penetrate. To Rob Donn, as to Burns, November's blasts were merely surly blasts which stripped the forests, and made life harder to the poor—robbers and not benefactors.

To the fact that when he opened his eyes for the first time in this world there was nothing to be seen but drifting snow and blinding hail; he ascribes the premature decay of his powers. The icy rigour of his northern home had chilled his blood, which, in a climate with more zephyrs and sunshine, might still be glowing with its wonted fire. But although the ashes of a life which had been long burning had somewhat lessened the intense heat of former days, and had checked its energy, still the old fire was not dead, but living. It needed but to be stirred, to blaze forth again, if not with the same powers, with pleasing cheerfulness, with a soft mellow light, with delights peculiar to itself.

The poet, well aware of the indications which nature was giving him of the coming winter which should silence his song for ever, resolved to

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bid farewell beforehand to the pleasures of poetry. But neither weakened powers, nor incipient resolutions, could persuade him not to tune once again, now that the land of Cataobh was deprived of its head, his mournful harp, and so find relief for his own irrepressible grief, and do justice to the fragrant memory of the dead. Then was it not patent to all that throughout those broad domains which had their centre at Dunrobin, no poet was found to give voice to the sorrow which filled every heart! The poet must have been differently constituted from the rest of his order if he did not feel a secret satisfaction in that dearth of poetry in the land of the Sutherlands, which rendered it necessary to call in the aid of a poet from another clan, and from another district.

We gather from the poem that Rob Donn was no stranger in the magnificent and hospitable halls of Dunrobin—that he was on terms of intimacy with the chief under whom he once served as a soldier, and whose untimely death, as well as that of his beautiful and beneficent countess, stirred from its well-earned repose into activity his own poetic faculty. The poet was familiar with the family portraits hung on the walls of the great castle, and pays his tribute to the greatness, the virtue, the courage of those whom they represent. He recalls to mind the portraits last hung up there, one of them showing a manly form, clad in kilt and plaid; the other, side by side with the former, beaming with gentle beauty. Is it wonderful, he adds, that Sutherlandshire should be girt about by sadness, seeing that all that is now left to it of its Iarla Uilleam the Colonel, and his spouse of the seed of the Maxwells, of their gentleness, sweetness, and dignity, is contained in these two paintings? The poet goes back in thought to the day when these two were united in joy and love, and declares that few could be found in broad Scotland that could match them in any way. The bright promise of that day and its gladsome hopes were not belied, for until death came and cut short their career, this happy pair won golden opinions from all, and these opinions did not go beyond the worth from which they sprang. And if their public and social virtues were great, equally great and beautiful were their private and domestic ones. They were ever faithful, ever devoted to one another. Sweet and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not divided, for each of them was spared the grief of a long separation, as almost at the same time they entered the long home. Even death itself at the last moment became the unwilling instrument of the beautiful. In the finest stanza in the elegy the poet brings together for comparison the beautiful forms of these two transferred by the artist to his glowing canvas, and the same forms in the act of passing to the higher life to which they had been summoned by Heaven. To a penetrating eye, the latter is the more beautiful of the two. Here such an eye may see the soft wings of angels tending over their charge, and folding them in their bosom, and as they pass beyond the blue skies, are followed with the regretful gaze of weeping eyes. Our bard, like Homer, hated as Hades itself the man who had one thing in his heart, another, and a different thing on his lip, and so could not write a panegyric to order. Thus we may be sure that of old, piety, generosity, and all the virtues, in greater or lesser degree, necessary to guide, to rule, and to elevate men, added lustre to the material and outward splendours of Dun-

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robin, for the poet warmly testifies to the fact. It is beautiful and touching to see by the aid of the bard a great family striving to do its duty to those who sheltered under its shade, and to see its kindness, wisdom, and guidance answered by gratitude, esteem, and affection.

Passing from the immediate subject of his dirge, Rob Donn breaks out into a warm eulogy of the Sutherland family generally. His lines might almost form a text for a discourse to show what a nobleman should be and do. "Order was the law of that family; it was great, yet not haughty; it loved music and song; was festive and hospitable, without excess or riot; was always improving its possessions, so that its tenants had no good ground of complaint; its fame was such as few receive; it cultivated a stately dignity, and yet was good and affable to inferiors; it never enriched itself a penny piece by unjust exactions, yet it always increased, subject only to the limitations of man's mortality." Such was the description which a humble, unlettered man gave of a great historical line. May there be many families of the same rank to which the description may be applicable! Aristocracy would then be founded on a rock too firm for the waves of radicalism to overthrow.

Death, as we have seen, had swept away the last male representative of the Dunrobin line, but the succession was still continued in the person of a young child, the only daughtor of the subject of our elegy. To the poet, as to others, that girl was an object of the deepest interest, as the only surviving sucker of the great parent tree, the one link which clasped the splendid past directly with the present, and rendered its continuity possible in the future. The position of this tender maiden, the trembling hopes which fluttered around her, the hostile wishes, and indeed the hostile deeds, of those whose selfish interests would gladly see her removed, are well described by the poet. The past history of Dunrobin is aptly and poetically compared to the glowing fire of a great furnace which has done good service, but whose fire is now reduced to one small, but still living, coal. A strong hope is expressed that that coal, far from being extinguished, will gather strength, and become a fire radiant with gladness and light. That coal is Elizabeth, the one living memorial of the glorious dead. The good fortune which had already been hers presaged a bright and sunny future. Addressing this Elizabeth, Rob Donn encourages her by reminding her of the failure which followed those attempts which were made to rob her of her honours and of her lands. Through the goodness of God and the gallantry of her defenders, she still held her nobility and her possessions—her enemies being put to shame. We believe the efforts here alluded to, to apply the Salic law to the Dunrobin succession, were made by the head of an ancient and much respected family in Caithness, closely connected in former days with the Sutherland family—the Sutherlands of Forse.

The elegy concludes with another allusion to the inadequacy of the poet's power to do justice to the lofty theme of his song, and with an invocation in behalf of Elizabeth, which was strikingly answered and strikingly contradicted in her subsequent history. Long life is supplicated for her, and a happy marriage, which the poet wishes to see consummated ere he die, to a hero who shall walk in the footsteps, strictly follow the ways of *her* ancestors.

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This Elizabeth lived, married, and became a duchess; but neither she nor her "gaisgeach," to use the word which the bard employs to describe the husband he wished for her, paid much respect in many particulars to the customs of the race she sprang from. No bard, in native accents, crooned a dirge of sorrow over her grave. To thousands who would have followed her ancestors cheerfully to the jaws of death her memory was accursed. Her firebrands covered her ancestral domains, like the prophet's scroll, with lamentations and woes. All this was done, no doubt, with good intentions, at much cost, with due respect to Malthusian philosophy, and to a politial economy, so innocent of weak feeling that it would not only botanise over a mother's grave, but grow cabbages upon it. What would Rob Donn have said had he lived to see those events which are associated with the name of his young heroine? Would he not be so bewildered that he would think, with many a Sutherlandshire sufferer, that the genuine Elizabeth, the young tender flower, the delight and the hope of all, must have died young, the fact concealed, and a stranger substituted for her, with none of the old blood or the old virtue in her. That legend gave a kind of melancholy comfort to many a broken heart during the years 1807–17; and Rob Donn, had he been living, would be glad to believe it true. It would have crushed him to think that she, upon whom he had poured a poet's blessing, should have driven an unrelenting ploughshare through attachments whose strength was indicated by the fact that not a few of her clan, before going into forced exile, secretly placed some earth from the graves of their forefathers in their luggage boxes, to be sprinkled on their coffins in the, to them, desolate land of the stranger. We suspect he would have reverently said "Amen" to a passage in a sermon preached in Sutherlandshire on the occasion of Elizabeth's *real* death. "If oppressors are in heaven," thundered out the preacher, "her Grace is most certainly there. Anyhow, thank God that lead and oak now enclose her body, and effectually prevent it from giving any more trouble." Such sentiments were applauded to the echo under the very shadow of Dunrobin. "But what is past recal, or done, undo not God Omnipotent, nor fate."

We are sure that the episode in the history of the Sutherland family referred to would have made our bard speak with the angry power of lightning; we are equally sure that if he lived now his heart would swell with pride and gratitude, and his tongue drop, not flattery, but melodious and sincere praise, in presence of the noble deeds and lofty feelings of the present representatives of the line he loved so well. He would agree with those philosophers who teach that the mental and physical peculiarities of families disappear for a time before others of a different order, like rivers which become invisible in some underground channel, but which re-appear again some steps down the line in all their pristine power. He would have seen a nobleman more powerful by many a degree than his beloved Earl William, and infinitely more energetic than he in applying his power to the elevation in every respect of those who nestle under his branches. He would have seen a Duchess as deserving of affection, as worthy of his attachment and devotion as William's Countess. He would, in a word, have seen a pair who might have sat for the beautiful picture he has drawn, and truthfully drawn, of the noble qualities of the old family generally.

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To have done, long may the present descendant of those whose virtues Rob Donn set to music continue to enjoy the respect, the proud attachment, the grateful devotion, which his energy, his munificence, his deep interest in his people, have secured for him, not only in Sutherlandshire, but in every part of the world where the sons of Sutherlandshire are to be found. May he have his reward for causing the prattle of well-fed, rosy children to be heard where but yesterday the bleating of sheep fell upon the ear; for causing the praises of God to resound where only the shepherd's whistle and the whirr of moorcocks disturbed the monotonous desolation. And when the last debt must be paid, may there be another Rob Donn to sing of the good deeds done in worthy strains, and may there be found one to fill with equal honour the place of those who have gone before; patriotism, wisdom, humanity, succeeded by the like to many generations.

KINBRACE.

THE HOME OF MY YOUTH.

Sweet home of my youth, near the murmuring rills
That are nursed in the laps of the north Scottish hills.
Ere the grey streaks of morning the songster arouse
From his leaf-curtained cot to his matinal vows,
My thoughts cling to thee, and lovingly press,
Sweet home of my youth, on the banks of the Ness.

When the gay king of light doffs his gladdening crown,
And casts o'er the land his evening frown;
When Night's sombre mantle the Earth's overlaid,
And all Nature's in mourning for the day that is dead,
Then lov'd thoughts of thee I fondly caress,
Sweet home of my youth on the banks of the Ness.

Though thy little flower garden twice ten times has lost
Its bright summer garb since thy threshold I've cross'd;
Though Atlantic's wide waters our fortunes divide,
Still, not Time nor Space from my mem'ry can hide,
Nor dampen the love I'm proud to confess
For the home of my youth, on the banks of the Ness.

—*John Patterson in the American Scotsman.*

"THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH" and a Second Notice of Professor Blackie's "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands" are unavoidably crushed out.

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THE CLEARING OF THE GLENS.

By Principal Shairp, St Andrews University.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE WAR SUMMONS.

I.

Soon as the kindling dawn had tipt
With gold Scour-vorrar's lonely head,
Before a single ray had dipt
Down to the loch's deep-shadowed bed,
Betimes old Marion was astir,
Thinking of that young wanderer,
And eident fitly to prepare
For all the household morning fare.
That over, Murdoch rose and went
Up through the pines, the steep ascent,
His two lads with him, to convoy
Homeward the wandering Cameron boy.
From the high peaks soon they showed a track,
That followed on would lead him back
To where his people's shealings lay,
On heights above Glen Desseray;
Then bade farewell—but ere they part
The three lads vowed with eager heart
That they, ere long, with willing feet,
Would hasten o'er the hills to meet.

II.

Many a going and return
Down to lone, beautiful Lochourn,
That pathway witnessed—many a time
These young lads crossed it, fain to climb
Each to the other's shealings, there
The pastimes of the hills to share—
To fish together the high mere,
Track to his lair the straggling deer,
From refuge in the cairn of rocks
Unearth the lamb-destroying fox;
Or creep, with balanced footing nice,
Where o'er some awful chasm hung,
On ledge of dripping precipice,
The brooding eagle rears her young.
So from that wild, free nurture grew
'Tween these three lads firm friendship true.
But most the soul of Ronald clave

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To Angus, his own chosen friend—
To Angus more than brother gave
Tender affection without end—
Such as young hearts give in their prime—
A weight of love, no lesser than
The love wherewith, in that old time,
David was loved by Jonathan.

III.

At length the loud war-thunder broke
O'er Europe, and the land awoke,
Even to the innermost recess
Of this far-western wilderness.
And the best councillors of the Crown—
They who erewhile had hunted down
Our sires on their own mountains, now,
Led by a wiser man, 'gan trow
'Twere better and more safe to use
Our good claymores and hardy thews
'Gainst Britain's foes, than shoot us dead,
Food for the hill-fox and the glead.
To all the Chieftains of the North
An edict from the King went forth,
That who should to his standard bring
From his own hills a stalwart band
Of clansmen in his following,
Himself should lead them and command.
He could not hear—our own Lochiel—
With heart unmoved that strong appeal,
To rouse once more the ancient breed
Of warriors, as his sires had done,
And help his country in her need
With the flower of brave Clan Cameron.

IV.

Then every morning Achnacarry
Saw clansmen mustering in hot hurry—
Saw every glen that owns Lochiel,
Lochaber Braes, and all Màm-more,
Glenluy, west to fair Loch Shiel,
Their bravest to the trysting pour.
Westward the summons passed, as flame
By shepherds lit, some dry March day,
Sweeps over heathery braes—so came
The tidings to Glen Desseray;
And found the men of Shenebhal
Down in the meadow, busy all
Their stacks of barley set to bind,
Against the winter's rain and wind:

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All the flower of the Glen—
Grown, or nearly grown to men—
Heard that summons, all between
Thirty years and bright eighteen,
Loth or willing, slow or fleet,
Rose their Chieftain's call to meet;
Angus, youngest, eager most
To join the quickly mustering host.
Though sad his sire, he could but feel
His boy must follow young Lochiel,
And his mother's heart, tho' wae,
Did not dare to say him nay.
When the following morn appeared,
Down the loch their boat they steered
To Achnacarry, there to enrol
Their names upon the muster-scroll,
And receive their Chief's command,
To gather when a month was gone,
And follow to a foreign land
The young heir of Clan Cameron.

V.

What were they doing by Lochourn,
At the Farm of Rounieval,
When there came that sudden turn
To Angus' fortunes, changing all?
The tidings found, at close of day,
Ronald and Muriel on their way
Homeward, by the winding shore,
Driving the cattle on before.
At hearing of that startling word
The heart of Ronald, deeply stirred,
Wrought to and fro—Must I then part
From him, the brother of my heart;
Let him go forth, on some far shore,
To perish, seen of me no more?
It must not be, shall not be so,
Where Angus goeth, I will go.
Soon to his sister's ear he brought
The secret thing that in him wrought—
"I go with Angus—side by side
We'll meet, whatever fate betide."

VI.

Who, that hath ever known the power
Of home, but to life's latest hour,
Will bear in mind the deathly knell,
That on his infant spirit fell,
When first some voice, low-whispering said,
"One lamb in the home-fold lies dead;"

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Or that drear hour, scarce less forlorn,
When tidings to his ear was borne,
That the first brother needs must part
From the home-circle, heart to heart
Fast bound,—must leave the well-loved place,
Alone the world's bleak road to face.
Then as their hearts strain after him,
With many a prayer and yearning dim,
The old home, they feel, erst so serene,
No more can be as it has been.
Just so that sudden summons fell
Upon the heart of Muriel,
Even like a sudden funeral bell—
An iron knell of deathly doom
To wither all her young life's bloom.

VII.

Few words of dool that night they spake,
Though their two hearts were nigh to break,
But with the morrow's purpling dawn
Ronald and Muriel they are gone
Up through the pine trees, till they clomb
The highest ridge upon the way
That strikes o'er Knoydart mountains from
Lochourn-side to Glen Desseray;
And there they parted. Not, I ween,
Was that their latest parting morn;
Yet seldom have those mountains seen
Two sadder creatures, more forlorn,
Than these two moving, each apart,
To commune with their own lone heart,
To Achnacarry, one to share
The muster of the clansmen there,
And one, all lonely, to return
Back to the desolate, dark Lochourn.
And yet no wild and wayward wail
Went up from bonny Rounieval,
But Muriel set her to prepare
Against the final parting day,
A tartan plaid for Ronald's wear,
When he was far away.
She took the has-wool,* lock by lock,
The choice wool, she in summers old,
What time her father sheared his flock,
Had gathered by the mountain fold.
She washed and carded it clean and fine,
Then, sitting by the birling wheel,

* See Burns' song "I coft a stane o' haslock woo'." "Haslock, or hauselock wool is the softest and finest of the fleece, and is shorn from the throats of sheep in summer heat, to give them air and keep them cool."—*Allan Cunningham.*

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She span it out, a slender twine,
And hanked it on the larger reel,
Singing a low, sad chaunt the while,
That might her heavy heart beguile.

VIII.

The hanks she steeped in diverse grains—
Rich grains, last autumn time distilled
By her own hands, with curious pains,
Learnt from old folk in colours skilled.
Deep dyes of orange, which she drew
From crotal dark on mountain top,
And purples of the finest hue
Pressed from fresh heather crop.
Black hues which she had brewed from bark
Of the alders, green and dark,
Which overshadow streams that go,
After they have won the vale,
Seaward winding still and slow,
Down by gloomy Barisdale.
Thereto she added diverse juices,
Taken for their colouring uses,
From the lily flowers that float
High on mountain lochs remote;
And yellow tints the tanzy yields,
Growing in forsaken fields—
All these various hues she found
On her native Highland ground.

IX.

But besides she fused and wrought
In her chalice tinctures brought
From far-off countries—blue of Ind,
From plants that by the Ganges grew,
And brilliant scarlets, well refined,
From cochineal, the cactus rind
Yields on warm hills of Mexico.
When in these tinctures long had lain
The several hanks, and drank the grain,
She sunned them on the homeside grass,
Before the door, above the burn,
Then to the weaver's home did pass,
Who lived to westward, down Lochourn.
She watched the webster while he tried
Her hanks, and put the dyes to proof,
Then to the loom her fingers tied,
Just as he bade her, warp and woof,
The threads of bonny haslock woo'—
Her haslock woo' well dyed and fine,

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And she matched the colours, hue with hue,
Laid them together, line on line.
And as the treddles rattling went,
And the swift shuttle whistled through,
It seemed as though her heart-strings blent
With every thread that shuttle drew.

X.

When two moons had waxed and waned,
And the third was past the full,
And the weary cup was all but drained
Of long suspense, and naught remained,
But the one day of parting dool,
From Achnacarry Ronald passed
Down to Lochourn, to bid farewell
To father, mother, brother dear,
And his sole sister, Muriel.
For word had come the new-raised band,
Ere two days pass must leave their land,
To march on foreign service—where,
Not even their chief could yet declare.
Far had the autumn waned that morn,
When Ronald left his home forlorn,
And all his family rose and went
Forth by his side to cheer his way,
To the tryst whither he was bent,
At foot of long Glen Desseray.
And as they went was Muriel wearing
Around her breast the new-woven plaid,
And Ronald tall, with gallant bearing,
Walked in clan tartan garb arrayed.
A while they kept the winding shores
Of wan Lochourn—from friendly doors
Many a heartily breathed farewell
On the ears of the passing family fell.
Then up through dark Glen Barrisdale lay
Their path the morning chill and grey,
And drearily the fitful blast
Moaned down the corries, as they passed,
And floated in troops around their head
From withered birks the wan leaves dead;
And the swathes of mist, in the black gulphs curled,
On the gusty breezes swayed and swirled,
Up to the cloud that in solid mass
Roofed the Màm above and the lonely Pass.
Into that cloud the travellers bore—
Lochourn and his islands were seen no more.

XI.

As they passed from the Màm and its cloudy cowl,
Beneath lay Loch Nevish with grim, black scowl—

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The blackest, sullenest loch that fills
The ocean-rents of these gnarled hills;
Those flanking hills, where evermore
Dank vapours swim, wild rain-floods pour.
Where ends the loch the way is barred
By the awesome pass of Màm-clach-ard,
By some great throes of Nature rent
Between two mountains imminent;
Scour-na-naat with sharp wedge soaring,
Scour-na-ciche, cataracts pouring
From precipice to precipice,
Headlong down many a blind abyss.
A place it was, e'en at noon or morn,
Of dim, weird sights, and sounds forlorn,
But after nightfall, lad nor lass
In all Lochiel would face that pass.
Now as these travellers climb the Màm,
They were aware of a stern, grim calm—
The calm of the autumn afternoon,
When night and storm will be roaring soon.
But little time, I ween, had they
To watch strange shapes, weird sounds to hear,
For they must hasten on their way—
Not feed on phantasies of fear,
Lest night should fall on them before
They reached Loch Arkaig's distant shore.

XII.

Down to that trysting place they fare,
Many people were gathered there—
Father, mother, sister, friend,
From all the glens, deep-hearted Gael,
Each for some parting brother, blend
Manhood's tears with woman's wail.
Beneath them on the water's marge,
Lay floating ready the eight-oared barge,
To Achnacarry soon to bear
His clansmen to their young Chief there.
When the Knoydart family reached that crowd,
And heard their lamentations loud,
Behind a green knoll, out of view,
With their young warrior all withdrew—
That knoll which sent, in by-gone days,
Down the long loch the beacon's blaze.
There Angus and his people all
Were waiting them of Rounieval,
And while the old folk, in sorrow peers,
Mingle their common grief and tears,
And Angus, home and parents leaving,
Is set to bear with manly grieving,

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Yet one peculiar pang was there,
Which only he and Muriel share—
A pang deep-hid in either breast,
Nor once to alien ear confessed.

XIII.

Then Muriel suddenly unbound
The plaid wherewith herself was drest,
Threw it her brother's shoulders round,
And wrapt it o'er his manly breast.
"This plaid my own hands dyed and wove,
Memorial of our true home-love;
Let its fast colours symbol be
Of thoughts and prayers that cling to thee."
Then from her breast his mother took
A little Gaelic Bible book—
"For my sake read, and o'er it pray,
We here shall meet when you're far away."
With that, impatient cries wax'd loud—
"Unmoor the barge"—one swift embrace,
One clinging kiss to each dear face,
And rushing blindly through the crowd,
Angus and Ronald take their place
Within the boat. The piper blew
The thrilling pibroch of Donald Dhu;
But the sound on the Knoydart weepers fell,
And on many more, like a funeral knell;
And the further down the loch they sail,
In deeper sadness died the wail,
And their eyes grew dimmer, and yet more dim,
Down the wan water following him—
Watching so fleetly disappear
All that on earth they hold most dear,
Till round the farthest jutting Rhu
The barge, oar-driven, swept from view.
Then from the knoll they turned away,
And tears no more they cared repress,
But set their face through gloamin' grey,
Back to the western wilderness.

(To be Continued.)

To Subscribers.—We are obliged to request those who have not paid their subscriptions to do so at once. It can only be owing to forgetfulness that this little matter is not attended to, but we would remind our friends that every thousand subscriptions mean, to us, considerably over £300. The *Credit* rate will be charged in every case, without exception, where the subscription is not paid *this* month. It is impossible to do the reader or the Magazine justice unless the reader does *his* part.

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A CHAPTER ON THE SUPERSTITIOUS STORIES OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

—o—

THERE is no subject that has given so much play to the fancy of the Highlanders as the sort of hide-and-seek game the spirits of the dead seem to play among the living; in fact, the more illiterate part of the peasantry seem to dwell on the very borders of the unseen land, and the severing veil appears to be a most shadowy one. And though there is something more poetic in the imagination that peoples the mountains and glens with spirits visitant than in the more material Sadduceeism of the southron, yet, we know the eye that sees double is diseased as well as the one whose vision is dim. If a "reverend grannie"—in the least degree superstitious—heard in the south a "rustling" or "groaning" among the "boortrees" whilst at her prayers in the darkness, she would at once conclude it was the devil; but a Highland woman would be much more apt to think it was the ghost of some one departed, who had wrongs unrevealed or unavenged, or died with some secret locked in his or her soul. And there live at this day in the Highlands hundreds of brave stalwart men who would fight fearlessly upon a battlefield, but who would shiver and quake like an aspen on a lonely road at night if they heard the scream of a seabird, or if a dog crossed their path, if a meteor was seen to flash over the heavens, or a light was seen glimmering in the distance. Nor are the visits of the departed expected always to be confined to lonely places, for I have seen faces pale if an unexpected rap came to the door after dusk, and to pass a burying-ground at night alone is not considered brave but daring and foolish. These nocturnal rangers of moor and fell are not always expected to appear "sheeted" as those who were gibbered in the streets of Rome. They are generally seen in the clothing and appearance they were wont to have when still in the body, and, as far as I ever learned, their power of inflicting corporeal punishment is increased rather than diminished. I shall give you some instances of stories firmly believed.

The pretty burying-ground of Cillechoireal, or St Cyril, is in the braes of Lochaber, and can be seen from the coach that daily runs from Fort-William to Kingussie. It is a lovely spot, the very ideal of a peaceful resting-place to sleep well in "after life's fitful fever"; but there was a time when peace was a stranger there, and the whole countryside was night after night disturbed with the shoutings of unearthly combatants—those who had been enemies rising again under the curtain of night to renew their feuds and fight their battles over again—the clashing of battle-axes and claymores—not to speak of the slashing of the Dochinassie sticks—were heard far and wide. The breaking of bones, the screams of the vanquished, and the wild fiendish laughter of the victors, made the strongest heart quake, whilst the timid and the fearful were almost dead with terror. This state of matters went on for a considerable length of time until at last one dark stormy night matters came to a crisis. Women shrieked with terror in their homes, and strong men could only pray

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and cross themselves. It seemed as if all who had ever been buried there were up and at it.

> The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,
> The rattlin' showers rose on the blast;
> The speedy gleam the darkness swallowed—
> Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed.

But above the bellowing of the thunder, the rattling of the showers, and blowing of the raging wind, came the shrieks of that "hellish legion" and the noise of their demoniac warfare.

At length one man stronger in faith than his neighbours volunteered to go for the priest, for he could no longer bear to see the state of terror in which his wife and daughters were, and he feared they might even die before these awful hosts would "scent the morning air."

> Sic a night he took the road in,
> As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

And his brave heart was duly rewarded, for he got safe to the priest's house, and told his tale in eager haste. The priest, who was a very holy man, set out for the scene of the dreadful *melee*. In crossing the River Spean, the man carried the clergyman on his back, and when they got to the further shore, he took one of his shoes and made holy water in it, and after many prayers, he went alone to the burying-ground, leaving the messenger in a state of terror at the river-side. In "that hour o' nicht's black arch the keystone," the priest bravely entered the scene of unholy warfare, and he reconsecrated the place amidst the yells of the vanishing spectres, and from that day to this, silence reigns in Cillechoireal: "and there at peace the ashes mix of those who once were foes." And the respectable and sensible man who told me this tale, and who believed in it himself most devoutly, lies now there asleep quietly with his ancestors.

Another story was told me by a sailor from the West Coast of Rossshire. Near his native place was a wild moor that for years was so haunted that no one would venture upon facing it after dusk. The most awful lamentations were heard as from a young man in great distress. He always frequented the one spot, and at the same hour every night the agonising wail that loaded the night winds with pain began. They knew he wanted to communicate his grief to some person, but no one had courage enough to venture near him. At length an old soldier came the way, and when he called at the roadside inn for refreshments, they advised him not to face the moor as night was near, but to take his bed there at once, as he seemed worn with travel, and he would be sure—if he did face the moor—to return as hundreds had done before him, whenever the voice of woe that haunted the place would fall upon his ear. The soldier laughed their fears to scorn and passed on. In the middle of the moor he heard the plaintive cry, and he fearlessly asked the young man the cause of his wail.

"Alas!" he cried. "Alas! I cannot cease to wail, there is no rest for me whilst my false love—who vowed in this spot so often to be mine for ever, and whose falseness caused my early death—sleeps nightly in the bosom of the man whom she married because he had more of the world's goods than I had."

"And where is this false love of thine, young man, whose voice is so full of sorrow?" said the soldier.

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"She is the mistress of the inn you passed near the end of this moor" replied the young man in the same sad tone.

"Come with me and you will get the hand she falsely promised you," said the soldier, and the young man followed him to the window of the inn.

The soldier cried for a draught of ale; and the landlady—who was in bed—arose hastily, saying, "I was sure you would return; I had better undo the door and let you in?"

"Not just yet," said the soldier, "I have a friend with me who cannot enter—hand him a draught of ale—you need not bring a light." The woman hastily obeyed, and when she opened the window and gave out the pot of ale, her hand was clasped by an icy cold one, and her eyes fell upon the pale, sorrowful visage of her dead lover. She gave a loud cry, and fell lifeless upon the floor; and the lamentations of the broken-hearted young man were never again heard on the moor, and the wayfarers got leave to travel undisturbed.

I will send you again shortly more of these stories that are nightly related and regarded as facts by so many of our countrymen.

MARY MACKELLAR.

KYLE—CAOL.—A correspondent "imperfectly acquainted with the Gaelic language, but who takes a great interest in the Celtic language, literature, people, and history," writes:—"In Mr Maclean's letter on the Ossianic controversy, he suggests that the derivation of 'Kyle' is *Coille* —a wood. Now this derivation disconcerts all my previous ideas of the derivation of 'Kyle.' Many years ago, I happened to be the fellow traveller, in the steamer from Glasgow to Oban, of a great Gaelic scholar, the late Mr Macdonald, Roman Catholic Bishop of Lismore; and passing through the Kyles of Bute, I asked him the meaning of the word 'Kyle?' His answer was, 'What is the meaning of Calais?' and explained that the sound of K, or hard C, was always associated with *narrowness* either of land or water. I have often amused myself since (I cannot give my researches a more scientific name) by tracing the derivation of the names of places, and discovered that I could find a Celtic origin for many names not only in Scotland and Ireland, but in England and on the continent of Europe. Many ferries in the Highlands, where *narrowness* is the distinguishing characteristic, have the K or hard C—*Connell, Corran, Cregan, Craignish, Kessock,* &c.—while a ferry that is not narrow has no C, but merely the sound *sh*, descriptive of *water*, such as *Shean;* and where neither narrowness nor expanse of water is the one characteristic, but the ferry combines the two, we have the combination of both sounds—*Ballachulish*—which, as I should translate it, would be 'the town of the rushing narrow water.' Perhaps my derivation may be fanciful, but if you can spare space, will you take some notice of my suggestions, and perhaps some Gaelic scholars may be induced to take up the subject of Celtic derivations, which, even in the imperfect way I have been able to carry out, has made me find a fresh charm in travel."

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THE ALIEN CHIEFS.

—o—

Old Caledonia widowed! pours her griefs,
Mourning with death's sad tears her absent chiefs.

Where now are the chieftains of song and of story,
The clan-loving men, the descendants of fame?
Alas! 'neath the halo of traitorous glory,
They live but as aliens encircled with shame:
'Mid Sassenach scions of Fashion and Folly
They court the gay paths of dishonour and death,
Bereft of the pride of the patriot holy,
Behold them! vile nurslings of Luxury's breath.
Alas! poor Caledonia!

Empoisoned and pampered with night-ushered revels,
As dull, trembling cowards they listlessly live,
Nor heed they the wailings from rent-racking evils,
Their poor humble cottars oft piteously give:
No more in their bosoms the worth of their fathers
Triumphantly gleams to illumine the man,
Contempt's leaden pallor around them now gathers,
Unloved and unhonoured by kinsmen or clan.
Alas! poor Caledonia!

The valleys and mountains by ancestors guarded,
To memory sacred, they've ruthlessly sold;
Their glorious deeds, yea their dust is discarded
To reap the cold glamour of hate-bringing gold;
Woes me! that the blood of the brave has descended
To knee-bending courtiers oblivious to wrong,
The pride of our chieftains for ever is ended
When dark, craven virtues unto them belong.
Alas! poor Caledonia!

Alas! Caledonia, alone and forsaken,
May weep for the sons who her laurels have shorn;
Oh! ne'er will her dawn of redemption be breaking
Till home-loving chieftains her mountains adorn:
Awake from your apathy's blightful devotion
Descendants of heroes once mighty and brave!
Come! let the old spirit enkindle emotion,
Arouse! the loved land of your forefathers save!
Rejoice then Caledonia!

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

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ANNUAL DINNER OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

—o—

THIS annual re-union of the members of the Gaelic Society and their friends took place in the Station Hotel, on Friday evening, the 12th of January—Old New-Year's eve. It was in every respect the most successful meeting of the kind ever held in connection with the Society. Chief Professor Blackie presided, supported by Sir K. S. Mackenzie, Bart., Captain Chisholm of Glassburn, H. C. Macandrew, Charles Stewart of Brin, Charles Innes, Ballifeary, Bailie J. Davidson, Colin Chisholm, ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London; Revs. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., and Maclauchlan; Messrs Jolly and Sime, H.M. Inspectors of Schools; Wm. Mackay, solicitor; Peter Burgess, factor for Glenmoriston, and many other influential Celts, to the number of about seventy. Apologies were received, among many others, from Cluny, Tulloch, Lochiel, Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., Deputy Surgeon-General W. C. Mackinnon, C.B.; Raigmore, General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B.; C. S. Jerram, M.A., Oxford; and Osgood H. Mackenzie of Inverewe.

The Chief, while proposing the toast of the evening, delivered one of his characteristic speeches, in which he compared the incongruity of his being Chief of the Society with a full-dressed Highlander strutting about in a dress hat. He, however, considered it one of the greatest honours of his life that he had been asked to be the Chief of the Inverness Gaelic Society, even though it were but for the brief period of one year.* The memory would remain as long as he lived, and perhaps it would be inscribed on his tombstone. He certainly thought that if any University had the sense to make him D.C.L., or D.D., or LL.D., he would never esteem it half such an honour as being Chief of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. The real human sympathy which he felt in this matter would, he hoped, obliterate the æsthetical incongruity which he personally afforded. They required such a combination as the Inverness Gaelic Society. It showed that there was a consciousness in the minds of the people in the Highlands that they had a right to walk on God's earth as a peculiar people like the Jews, to whom they owed so much. They owed to the Jews their Bible and religion, just as they owed to the Greeks their wisdom; and to the Highlanders their chivalry, and the most brilliant passages in their history. He was proud to think that the Highland people were now thoroughly conscious of it themselves—that they thought they were not merely made for being rubbed out, stamped out, or smothered off by south-country civilisation. The Professor then prophecied that the Gaelic would be extinct in two hundred years, and adduced his reasons; but it ought to be cultivated and cherished. The speedy death, however, which he prophecied for the language would be the fault of Highlanders themselves. The Welsh had cultivated their language, and it was found staring every traveller at Welsh railway stations; but the Highland people had not cultivated nor honoured their language as they ought to have done. They did not read their own volumes, but went a whoring after strange gods, as the Israelites did, and paid the penalty. How could they think others would respect Gaelic when they did not respect it themselves? The Gaelic could not, he urged, be wisely neglected by any man who wished to do the Highland people justice as a moral or an intellectual educator. The man was not in a truly natural state who did not love the language of the people among whom he was born. The Professor concluded:—The English language is a mixty-maxty—a kind of hodge-podge—a mere devil's soup brewed up of all materials which came from nobody knows where. It would require the most learned man in Germany—perhaps half-a-dozen of the most learned men—to make a good etymological English dictionary. The words

* He has since, as a well merited special honour, been elected for the second time.

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have no meaning except to a man who knows Latin and Greek, and sometimes Gaelic. To a poor Highland boy what significance will the word "publican" in the Gospels convey? The only kind of publicans he knows are those of a kind which my friend the Rev. Mr Macgregor does not like to patronise; but he would make a great mistake if he thought they were the publicans mentioned by Luke. But if the boy opens his Gaelic Bible he will find the word *cismhaor*, and knows at once that this is the man who gathers the taxes. Another thing struck him the first time he read the first chapter of Genesis in Gaelic. The first verse in English is, "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." What idea do you attach to the word create? Go back to the Latin, Greek, or even the Sanskrit, and you will not learn; all that you arrive at is that it signifies "doing or acting." In Gaelic the same verse runs—"'*San toiseach chruthaich Dia na nèamhan agus an talamh.*" The Professor slowly spelt the third word, *chruthaich*. Now, strike off the termination and see what you have—*cruth*. That word means shape or form, and there you have the key to the whole Platonic philosophy, and the Gospel philosophy too. To give form to the formless is one of the prime functions of creation. Having made that boy a philosopher by the help of Gaelic, I ask how can any man despise and trample it under his feet as a language of savages? If any man dare say that it is a barbarous language, he is either a fool or a savage himself, he is still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity—of course in a philosophical sense. Let such a fellow come before me, and I will smash him to powder. Let a man be ever so mighty, truth is mightier; and nothing but gross ignorance or prejudice can explain the hostility of those people who would stamp out the Gaelic. If they dare to come to the front before me, whose Gaelic is only of yesterday, I will squelch them into jelly. I once received an epistle from a gentleman who refused to subscribe to the Celtic Chair, and attributed all the evils of the Highlands to two causes—the one being Gaelic and the other feudalism. Now, feudalism never was in the Highlands except in the shape of law-deeds; and such things only show the insolence of John Bull, who knows of nothing beyond the Grampians except grouse, and deer, and ptarmigan. I could mention several things that have ruined the Highlands. Their own folly in rising in '45 helped it. Even Lochiel saw the danger at the time, and yielded to mere sentiment. Next to that, two things have done mischief. One is absenteeism, or the possession of property by persons who do not perform the duties which belong to a proprietor in all well-organised societies; and the second is selfishness masked in the words of a political economy which regards the product only and not the producer, which measures the wealth of nations merely by the amount of external products which they gather together, and not by the real well-being of the people who belong to the country—a political economy divorced from human love and evangelical morality, and also from the best maxims of a sound social policy. Not to detain you longer, let me say that if you wish this Society to prosper, and if you wish yourselves to be respected as Highlanders and as men, you will cultivate your Highland traditions and the Gaelic language along with your noble Gaelic sentiments in all your schools. (The speech was cheered to the echo throughout, and the audience kept in roars of laughter.)

Mr Wm. Mackay, hon. secretary of the Society, delivered a speech, while proposing Celtic Literature, so much in our special groove, and so interesting and suggestive in many ways, that we give it entire:—Two days ago I happened to mention to a gentleman whom I am glad to see here this evening, that I had been requested to propose this toast. "I suppose," said he, with a knowing smile on his countenance, "your first and most difficult duty will be to prove that such a thing as Celtic literature exists." Now, gentlemen, taking my friend's words as my text, I shall, with your permission, endeavour to show not only that we have a literature, but also that it is one which is ancient and not altogether worthless. The subject is however so wide that, so far as the rich literary remains of the Cymric branch of the Celtic nation are concerned, I shall merely allude to them in passing. Some of them, as old as the sixth century, you may find in Lady Guest's Four Ancient Books of Wales. We of the Gaelic branch are more im-

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mediately interested in the literature of our ancestors of Scotland and Ireland; people who at one time were in constant communication with each other, and thought no more of crossing the stormy sea which separated them than we Invernessians do of crossing Kessock Ferry to visit the good people of the Black Isle. Perhaps the oldest piece of pure Gaelic writing now in existence is a verse in Dioma's Book, a manuscript copy of the Gospels made for St Cronan, of Roscrea, in Ireland, who died in the beginning of the seventh century. From that time down to the sixteenth century Gaelic writers wrote to an extent which is quite amazing to those who, looking to the scantiness of the Saxon literature of the period, assumed that the Celt must have been infinitely in the rear. Among ancient Gaelic manuscripts discovered in Scotland, are the Book of the Abbey of Deer in Aberdeenshire, a manuscript of the ninth century now published by the Spalding Club; the Bethune Manuscript, of date 1100; the Lament of Dearduil, dated 1208; and the Dean of Lismore's Book, of the sixteenth century, containing upwards of 11,000 verses of Gaelic poetry by Ossian and other ancient bards. As to the Gaelic manuscripts found in Ireland, in the British Museum, in the Bodleian Library, and in the libraries of Rome, Paris, Brussels, and other continental towns, they are legion. Large portions of those manuscripts have been published under the superintendence of O'Curry, O'Donovan, Skene, Sullivan, the Royal Irish Academy, and the Royal Commission for publishing the Brehon Laws; but, in the opinion of Professors O'Loony and O'Mahony of Dublin, there were in 1875 still not less than 1000 volumes of unpublished Gaelic. The contents of these volumes are as varied as the subjects which exercised the minds of the learned of the ages in which they were written—history, poetry, romance, law, medicine, and even mathematics and astronomy. The poems and romances are remarkable for the vivid glimpses which they give of the every-day life of our remote ancestors; the scientific treatises are curious in so far as they unfold to us the views of the ancient Celt on subjects which command attention in our own day; but by far the most valuable are the annals and historical tracts which, in many cases, were written at the times of which they speak. Skene carefully studied them, and made capital use of them in his "Celtic Scotland," just published—a work in which he has completely demolished the fabulous fabrics raised by Fordun, Boece, and other so-called historians of ancient Scotland; and in which he narrates the true history in a remarkably lucid and entertaining manner. And it is not alone to him who would be historian of Scotland that those remains may be interesting. Do they, for example, throw any light on the topography and early history of the town in which we are met, and the surrounding districts? We have continually been told that Loch Ness, the River Ness, and Inverness all derive their names from the Fall of Foyers, *an Eas*—but the Tales of Clan Uisneach, composed, according to Professor O'Curry, anterior to the year 1000, lead me to discredit that theory, and to believe that the loch, river, and town owe their names to *Naois*, the son of Uisneach, who, with his love Dearduil (pronounced Jardil) fled from the court of Conachar Mac-Nessa, King of Ulster, in the first century, to Scotland, where they sojourned for a time. In those tales I find mention of *Utsge Naois* (the Water of Naois, which I take to be Loch Ness), and *Inbhernaois*, or Inverness. The prominent vitrified fort on the south shore of Loch Ness is to this day known as Dun Dearduil, and in the Gaelic manuscript of 1208, which I have mentioned, Dearduil, on her return to Ireland, sings farewell to Scotland, and a favourite glen there, in the following strain:—

"Beloved land, that eastern land,
Alba with its lakes;
Oh! that I might not depart from it,
But I depart with Naois.
Glen Urchain! O Glen Urchain!
It was the straight Glen of Smooth ridges;
Not more joyful was a man of his age
Than Naois in Glen Urchain."

Now, on the north shore of Loch Ness, and opposite Dun Dearduil, we have the beautiful Glen of Urquhart (in Gaelic *Gleann Urchudain*), and there can, I think, be little doubt that that is the glen of which Dearduil sang. Without leaving Glen Urquhart, I may mention that Anderson, in his "Guide to the Highlands," supposes that the ancient temple which stood in the immediate vicinity of Temple Pier was the same as the church of *Maolrubha*, built about 600; but in the Annals of Tighernach, who died in 1088, the place in which that church was erected is called Apurcrossan, which certainly is not Glen Urquhart, and may be Applecross. Few intelligent Scotsmen are, I presume, ignorant of the fact that Scotland was at one time divided into seven provinces, but I venture to say that there are not many who are aware of another fact recorded in a Gaelic verse quoted by *Gillecaemhan*, who died in 1072, that this arrangement had its origin in a division of Alban among the seven sons of *Cruithne*. The Picts, whose king in the time of Columba had his palace in the neighbourhood of Inverness, are frequently mentioned, and at a later period we have recorded the murder in our vicinity of the

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"Gracious Duncan," of Shakespeare, by Macbeth, the Maormor of the ancient, and for a long time independent, province of Moray, in the very centre of which we now are; the career of Macbeth as King of Scotland; and the wars in which the Celts of Moray were from time to time engaged in defence of their ancient rights, until at last the bloody tale ends with the significant words, under the year 1130—*Ar fer Muriamh in Albain*—the slaughter of the Men of Moray in Alban. I have now endeavoured to indicate the extent and value of our ancient written literature. I need not tell you of the mass of oral literature which we possess in the shape of beautiful tales and stirring ballads, a great part of which has been collected and published by Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay; nor of the "Poems of Ossian," which, no matter by whom they were composed, were sufficient, when published, to send a Celtic thrill through the intellect of Europe—nor yet of the numerous Gaelic bards who have flourished within the last two centuries. For an account of all these, and the progress of Gaelic literature generally, I refer you to the works of Dr M'Lauchlan, Professor Bourke, and our own Chief. At no other time within the history of the Celt did his literature receive such attention as it does now. Success then let us drink to it; in prosperity may it more and more increase, and may the time be not far distant when no Briton shall deem his education complete without some knowledge of the ancient literature of his native land. Let me couple the toast with the name of the Rev. Mr Macgregor, one of the oldest and raciest Gaelic writers of our day. His beautiful translation of the Apocrypha, undertaken at the request, and published at the expense, of Prince Lucien Napoleon, is sufficient to hand his name down to posterity as a Gaelic scholar; but perhaps he will live more in the affection of his countrymen as the genial "Sgiathanach" and "Alastair Ruadh" of all our Highland magazines and newspapers, from the *Cuairtear* and *Fear Tathaich* to the *Gael*, *Highlander*, and *Celtic Magazine*.

The Rev. Alex. Macgregor, in reply, pointed out the great antiquity of the Gaelic language—how it can be traced all over Europe; how, after laying the foundation of Greek, Latin, and other languages, it continued its progress westward, until it finally found shelter in Scotland, Ireland, the Isle of Man, Wales, and other places; and concluded an excellent Gaelic speech as follows:—Uime sin tha 'Ghaelig urramach a' fathast sgriobhta ann an ainmibh gach béinn agus beallach, gach slochd agus cnochd, gach abhainn agus allt, gach ruidh agus rudha, cha'n 'e mhàin air feadh Alba gu lèir, ach mar an céudna air mòr-thir na Roinn-Eorpa. Chan' 'eil teagamh nach d'ionnsuich Ceann-feadhna Comuinn Gaelig Inbhernis am mòr eòlas aige air a' Ghaelig, o bhi 'faicinn gu'n robh i 'na steigh, 'na bunait, agus 'na frèumh don' Ghrèugais agus don' Laidinn air am bheil e co fiosrach. Is miorbhuileach an dùrachd a ta lionadh cridhe ar Ceann feadhna chum a Ghaelig èiridinn. Leis an strith a rinn e, tha Caithir na Gaelic a cheana air a tri cosaibh ann an Oil-thigh Dhunedin, agus chan' fhad an uine gus am bith i air a steidheachadh gu daingean diongmhalta air a ceithir cosaibh. An sin, suidhear air a' chaithir sin duine foghluimte éigin, a bhios a' craobh-sgaoileadh gach fiosrachaidh mun' Ghaelig eadar bhun agus bhàrr air feadh gach cearnaidh de dh' Alba, agus na rioghachd air fad. Is miorbhuileach an dichioll a rinneadh leis an Olladh urramach, Blackie fein, chum na criche so, an uair nach 'eil boinne a dh'fhuil nan Gaidheal 'na chuislibh! Ach tha e cianail, maslachail a bhi faicinn mar a ta a' Ghaelig air a druideadh a mach as gach tigh-sgoile ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, agus an òigridh air am fagail co aineolach ri lothaibh nan asail fiadhaich air càinaid am màthar fein. Cha n'eil na h-àrd chumhachdan a shuidhich na sgoilean sin, a' còrt aon chuid comais no dùais don' luchd-teagaisg chum Gaelig a thoirt idir don' òigridh, agus air an aobhar sin chan' urrainn iad Focal an Tighearna a leughadh ann an càinnt am màthar fein, agus is nar an gnothuch e! Tha e taitneach, gidheadh, guin bheil gach Comunn Gaidhealach anns an rioghachd air fad a dh' aoin inntinn chum so athleasachadh, agus tha na Comunna sin lionmhor. Cha mhòr baile ann am Breatunn anns nach 'eil Comunn Gaelig. Ach c'àit am bheil leithid Comunn Gaelig Inbhernis? Tha bùill a' Chomuinn so a' dol gu'n dùlan chum gach reachd agus cleachd a bhuineas do na Gaidheal a chumail air chuimhne, agus chum gach riaghailt agus innleachd a ghnàthachadh chum sliochd nam beann athleasachadh a thaobh nithe aimsireil agus spioradail. Tha'n Comunn gu mòr air a chuideachadh chum na criche so le da thì ro chumhachdach anns a' bhaile so fein, agus làbhrar ùmpa a réir an aois. Tha againn, an toiseach, an t-Ard-Albannach còir, agus is diùlnach laghach e. Ged is iongantach e ri ràdh, chan' 'eil e ach air éigin ceithir bliadhna dh'aois, gidheadh, chithear e, le' bhonaid leathainn agus le' bhreacain-an-fheile, a 'siubhal o bhaile gu baile, o chomunn gu comunn, a' labhairt, ag éisdeachd, a' teagasg, agus a' sparradh nithe iomchuidh chum a luchd-dutheha a sheòladh air an t-slighe chearr, chum an leas fein. Gu robh gach deagh bhuaidh leis. Ach tha òganach tréun agus deas-chàinnteach eile againn ann am prionsh-bhaile so na Gaidhealtachd, agus chan' 'eil e fathast ach beagan thar bliadhna dh'aois, gidheadh is comharraichte tapaidh am balachaire. Is e "Mìos-leabhar Gaidhealach" *(Celtic Magazine)* is ainm dha. Tha deagh fhiaclan aige a cheana, leis an geàrr agus am beàrr e gach mì, ann an cumadh freagarrach chum maith a luchd-dùthcha. Is iongantach an stòras eòlais a th' aige air seann sgéulaibh, each-

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draidhean-céilidh, fàisneachdan soilleir, agus nithe eúgsamhla eile. Gheibhear 'sa Mhios-leabhar so, eachdraidh chuimir air gach deasboireachd mu bhàrdachd Oisein, far am bheil comus labhairt aig luchd-dionaidh agus luchd-aicheadh a' bháird urramaich sin. Tha mòr speis agam da'n òganach so-cho mor agus gu'n d'thug mi cuideachadh m'ainme mar fhear deasaichaidh dha air son bliadhna; agus dheanainn sin fhathast na'm biodh comas agam cuideachadh da rireadh a dheanamh ri *Cabarfeidh*, ach bha urad do ghnothaichean eile agam ri dheanamh air gach doigh agus ainns gach aite, 's nach robh mi a'faicinn freagarrach dhomh m'aihm a bhi ris an Leabhran, is nach robh e comasach dhomh 'o thoiseach cobhair sam bith a dhea namh rìs an fhior fhear-dheasaichaidh, agus gu ma fada a bhios e air a chaomhnadh chum cuideachdadh le Comunn Gaelig a' bhaile so, agus leis gach comunn agus cuideachd anns gach cearnadh dhe n' rioghachd. Ach tha "Gaidheal" eile ann an Dunedin, a ta beagan nis' sine nán dithis a dh'ainmicheadh, agus is tréun an t-òganach e. Is taitneach leis an t-seann Sgiathanach agus le Alasdair Ruàdh a bhi 'cuideachadh leis a reir an neoni cumhachd a thugadh dhoibh. Chan' ioghnadh an Sgiathanach a bhi liath-cheannach oir tha dluth air da fhichead bliadhna on chunncas e anns na turasuibh aig "Cuairtear nan Gleann" agus "Fear-tathaich nan Beann." Ach buaidh le Comunn Gaelig a' bhaile so. Cha'n fhad gus am faic agus gus an cluinn iad an dian-dheasbair foghluimte sin an t-Olladh Waddell a' cur smùid ri luchd-aicheadh Oisein, agus a' dearbhadh le iomadh còmhdachadh, soilleir gun robh Mac-Mhuirich co eu-comasach air Oisen a dhealbhadh, ri balachan 'san Oilthigh rioghail againn fein, chum dùin Homer an Gréugach, no Virgil am Feudailteach a chur an altaibh a' cheile. Deich mile beannachd uig na Goill Blackie, Shairp, agus Waddell, oir acasan fa leth tha cridhe Gaidhealach ann an cochull Gallda.

Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, in proposing "Highland Education," effectively applied arguments with which the readers of this Magazine are already acquainted, and concluded:—That it was shown convincingly that Gaelic literature was a study fitted to impart a natural culture to the Highlands, and that the Gaelic language, properly used, was an important auxiliary to the teaching of English. The Gaelic Society of Inverness had long felt the force of these and similar considerations, and had petitioned the Government to allow the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. But the Society's efforts had hitherto been fruitless, because though agreed in principle they were not agreed on details. Generally speaking, Highland teachers would say it was preferable that children should be taught to read English before Gaelic were introduced at all, but though so far united, they were not at one as to the position Gaelic should occupy in the schedule of results for which payment was to be made. Room for still wider differences of opinion lay, however, in the question whether after all elementary instruction should not always be commenced in the mother tongue. The system of teaching in State-aided schools had been modelled for the use of English speaking children; it had been most carefully elaborated for its purpose, and was acknowledged to be in every way excellent. Yet neither under this system nor under the system in use in the secondary schools of this country was it nowadays ever attempted to give precedence in the order of teaching to a foreign language over the vernacular, unless the vernacular were Gaelic. It was impossible to believe there was anything in the nature of Gaelic to justify this special treatment, and his own observations had led him to the conclusion that the common system of teaching nothing but English to children who knew nothing but Gaelic produced very miserable results. It must be borne in mind that these purely Gaelic speaking children were to be found chiefly in the Islands and West Highlands. Poorly fed and poorly clad, living in an inhospitable climate, often at a considerable distance from school, very regular attendance could not be expected from them till they attained an age and strength when too frequently their services were needed to aid in the maintenance of the family. Such children seldom got far enough advanced to retain what they had learnt at school. They did not understand the English they pretended to read, and they could not read the Gaelic they might have understood, and were of course unable to express themselves in writing in any language whatever. It seemed to him that if their education was commenced in their own language, their intelligence would be quickened, they would learn more quickly and retain more easily what they learned, and they would feel an interest in their school work, and make some effort to overcome the obstacles to their continuance at school past the prescribed age of 13. Under this system the Highland child would not only receive instruction in its own language, but might be expected to leave school with such a knowledge of English, both colloquial and literary, as would form a good equipment for its life-work. He would impress upon them that it was essential this subject should be thoroughly ventilated on all sides, so as to secure thorough unity of opinion and action. They must carry with them the Highland teachers and the Highland people, and if they could only do this, he did not believe they would have any difficulty in securing the co-operation of the Education Department.

Mr Charles Innes proposed "Professor Blackie and the Celtic Chair" in an excellent speech, which the exigencies of space forbid us to reproduce. We cannot, however, resist

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the following problem and its solution:—The question has often been asked, how comes it that the Professor, a Saxon born and bred, takes such an interest in the establishment of this Celtic Chair? There have been many theories broached on the subject. Allow me to tell you mine. In olden times, before our Chief was born, certain little people inhabited these northern lands, called *Sithichean*. Now these little people, out of mere mischief or frolic, occasionally when a fond mother was asleep, changed the little darling by her side, and substituted another and a different child. That, gentlemen, must, I firmly believe, have been the misfortune which overtook our friend soon after his birth. Now that he has been restored to his kith and his kin, and shown the stuff of which he is really made, there is no mistake about his origin or his race, and no one will ever convince me that that man is not a born Celt. Consider the characteristics by which he is distinguished—his enthusiasm, his love of country, his clannishness, his genuineness, his determination, his pluck, his fearlessness; these are characteristics of the Celt, in whom one or other of them are at all times found, while in Blackie the concentrated essence of all is combined.

Mr Innes concluded by proposing that a subscription be made on the spot for the Celtic Chair; and he sent lists, which he had ready, round the table, the result being £53 4s for the fund. While we commend the motive from which this proposal emanated, we question the judiciousness, even for such an excellent object, of taking gentlemen on the hip so suddenly, and without any previous notice. It is quite possible that some of those gentlemen who subscribed would not have attended the dinner had they known it was to cost them guineas instead of shillings; and while we commend the motive and the result, we would warn the Gaelic Society, if they expect gentlemen to attend their dinners, to protect their friends from such an unexpected surprise on future occasions. We are only giving vent here to a feeling strongly expressed by a large number of those present.

Other excellent speeches were delivered, notably those in Gaelic by Colin Chisholm, Captain Chisholm, and the Rev. Mr Maclauchlan.

Literature.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF CHARLES MACKAY, now for the first time collected complete in One Volume. Frederick Warne & Co., London.

Dr Charles Mackay has long been known as a popular poet and song writer. People now-a-days go in ecstacies over the productions of writers whose compositions probably owe their celebrity to their incomprehensible mystification—a kind of inflated gibberish, couched in an Ulster-overcoat sort of style, which looks very imposing from without, but through which it is quite impossible to distinguish or define the leading features and form of what is enclosed within. We have no desire to conceal our unfeigned and sincere dislike to these hazy and unintelligible productions, be they even by a Tennyson or a Browning. The volume before us is of a very different character. Here we have "Egeria," an ambitious poem, shining with a classic lustre, full of thought, feeling, and poetic fancy. We have others of a less ambitious compass, but with noble aims and stately verse, in which the poet keeps up to the nobility of his theme. In his minor pieces and songs Dr Mackay is original throughout, both in his subjects and in his rhythms. It has been well said, "that no poet has written so much so well." Throughout the whole range of the volume the reader is impressed with the fertility of the poet's mind, with his pure and graceful fancy, with his high moral sentiments and refined taste. There is no attempt to appear learned, no haziness, no bewildering, unfathomable combinations of meaningless words and phrases. One runs along the page, like the mountain brook bounding

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over rock and waterfall, inhaling its healthy teaching without an effort—everything clear to the mind and to the understanding as noon-day. The poet's love of natural scenery stands forth prominently from almost every page, and his appreciation of the manly and domestic virtues gives a pleasing charm and freshness to his clear and simple versification in a manner which can only be exceeded by his own graceful fancy. We have a Highland department in the volume, under the heading, "Highland Gatherings and Legends of the Isles," in which are some very beautiful and simple pieces—"The Dream of Beauly," "The Burn of Abriachan," "Lament of Cona for the Unpeopling of the Highlands," and others. As a matter of course we have all the popular favourites reproduced, such as "Cheer, boys, cheer," "The good time coming," "To the west, to the west, the land of the free," "Lochaber no more," "A man's a man for a' that," "Souls of the children," "Cleon and I," "Clear the way," "Old opinions," and other well-known songs. The volume is neatly got up as one of the Lansdowne Poets' series, neatly printed and illustrated throughout. The portrait of the author is a striking and excellent likeness. We cannot resist reproducing the simple yet beautiful picture of

THE BONNIE BURNIE.

I.

Bonnie runs the burnie down,
  Down the benty hill,
Darting, turning, glinting, spurning,
  At its own sweet will.
Wandering 'mid the heather bells,
  Hiding in the fern,
A creeping, peeping, sweeping, leaping,
  Cantie little burn!

II.

Weel I ken the song it sings,
  A' the day and night,
Wild and gladly, soft and sadly,
  In its fresh delight.
Making music as it flows,
  At each twist and turn,
A creeping, peeping, sweeping, leaping,
  Cantie little burn!

III.

Would you know its secret thought?
  List, and I'll reveal:
Love's a bliss beyond a blessing,
  If the heart be leal.
Nothing in the world's so sweet
  As Love that meets return,
Sings the peeping, creeping, leaping,
  Bonnie little burn.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—Professor Blackie's Paper and "Sonnets" on the Outer Hebrides, and the Paper on "Teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools," read by A. Cameron, M.A., at the Aberdeen Congress, will appear in our next. "Sonnets descriptive of the Scenery of Lochawe," by the bard Evan MacColl; and "Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum," by Alexander Mackintosh Shaw, received, and will appear in an early number.

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BRUGHAICHEAN GHLINN'-BRAON.

KEY F.

: R . m	f : m	: r . d	l_1 : d
Beir mo	sho - raidh	le	du - rachd,
: R . m	f : s	: f . m	r : m . f
Do	Ribh - inn	nan	dlu - chiabh.
: S . s	l : l	: r . d	l_1 : d
Ris an	tric bha	mi	sug - radh,
: R . m	l : s . f	: m	r : —
Ann am	Brughaich - ean	Ghlinn -	Braon.

Gur e mis' tha gu cianail,
'S mi cho fad bhuat am bliadhna,
Tha liunn-dubh air mo shiarradh,
'S mi ri iargain do ghaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha 'n fheud mi bhi subhach,
Gur e 's beus domh bhi dubhach,
Cha dirich mi brughach,
Chaidh mo shiubhal an laoid.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Chaidh m' astar a maillead,
O nach faic mi mo leannan,
'S ann a chleachd mi bhi mar riut,
Ann an gleannan a' chaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Anns a' choill' am bi smudan
'S e gu binn a' seinn ciuil duinn,
Cuach a's smeorach 'g ar dusgadh,
A' cuir na smuid diu le faoilt'.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

'S tric a bhi mi 's tu mireadh,
Agus cach ga n-ar sireadh,
Gu 's mu deonach linn pilleadh,
Gu Innis nan laogh.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Sinn air faireadh na tulaich,
Is mo lamh thar do mhuineal,
Sinn ag eisdeachd nan luinneag,
Bhiodh a' mullach nan craobh,
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Tha mise 'ga raite,
'S cha 'n urra mi aicheadh,—
Gur iomadach sar a
Thig air airidh nach saol.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Gur mis' tha sa' champar,
'S mi fo chis anns an am so,
Ann am priosan na *Frainge*,
Fo ain-neart gach aon.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Ann an seomraichean glaiste,
Gun cheol, no gun mhacnas,
Gun ordugh a Sasuinn,
Mo thoirt dhachaigh gu saor.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha b'ionnan sud agus m' abhaist,
A' siubhal nam fasach,
'S a direadh nan ard-bheann,
'Gabhail fath air na laoich.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

A' siubhal nan stuc-bheann,
Le mo ghunna nach diultadh;
'S le mo phlasgaichean fudair,
Air mo ghlun anns an fhraoch.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

NOTE.—The above song was composed by William Ross, the Gairloch Bard, and it is printed in Mackenzie's Collection of Ross' Songs; in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry;" and several others. From what we know of the Poet's history, it is clear that the last five verses are spurious, or that Ross was giving expression to the sentiments and experience of another. It is in every respect one of our most popular Gaelic songs, and may be heard sung as heartily at the Broomielaw as among the Highland hills—whose echo resounded in the Poet's ear when he composed and sung it for the first time. I am not aware that the air has hitherto appeared in print.—W. M'K.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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DESTITUTION IN THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A.

—o—

II.

The causes already mentioned as having led in a remote manner to the late destitution, are chiefly of an external nature, or such as over which the sufferers had no direct control. The poor Highlander could not help those legislative enactments, or alterations in the commercial policy of the nation, which led to the reduction of duty on salt and barilla, thereby depreciating the value of kelp. He had no power over the migration of the herring, or over the causes which led that capricious fish to desert these lochs and bays, where it was once so profitably caught and cured. He had no sway whatever over those impulses by which the price of black cattle rose and fell, and ruined his prospects. But there are remote causes yet to be considered, which led to the late destitution, over which the Highlander, and those who take an interest in his welfare have some degree of control, and cannot, like those already alluded to, be termed of an external nature.

These causes now come to be briefly mentioned, and discussed in the following order:—I. An excess of population; II. Early and improvident marriages; III. The lotting system, and the continued subdivision of lands; and IV. Bad husbandry, or the mismanagement of domestic economy.

Though these causes are thus classed for greater facility in treating of them, yet, in reality, they mutually take their origin from each other, and act, as it were, in concert, to render the condition of the poor Highlander more and more miserable. Be it therefore observed that an

Excess of population is an undoubted cause which led to the late destitution. From what has already been stated in reference to the parish of Kilmuir, it will be seen how enormously the population has increased for the last century. At the present day the lands are so overburdened with people, that, in favourable seasons they yield, under the system of husbandry pursued, but a very scanty livelihood for the population; so that when failure in the crop ensues, from whatever cause that may arise, destitution in a more or less degree is the inevitable consequence. No class of people can perhaps be found who are more patient, content, or enduring, than the Highlanders. Various were the hardships

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which they have put up with in silence. Many and severe were the privations under which they have lived without uttering a sentence of complaint, even to their neighbours or intimate friends. Their very food at times has been such, that perhaps no other people could have subsisted upon it, and none would have done so with that forbearance and resignation which they so silently displayed. Their principal means of support in every season are potatoes. Few can afford to supply themselves with animal food, and even in maritime districts, there are many poor families who can procure no fish. Several causes have led to the increase of the population. Since the termination of local feuds—and latterly, since a general peace has shed its blessings over the country,—the Highlanders were permitted to enjoy a degree of quietude and repose previously unknown. Their young men, in place of being called out to take a share in the defence of their king and country, were left at home to branch out by degrees into separate families, and to increase a population already sufficiently numerous. If that most useful and prolific root, the potato, had not been raised in such quantities, it would have been impossible for the lands to afford any other crop which could possibly support the present population. About sixty-five years ago, there were no more potatoes planted than what was sufficient to serve the family at their Christmas dinner, after leaving a little for seed, which they bundled up in a mat of bulrushes, which, for security, was suspended to the roof-tree of their dwellings, as a safe keeping place, until the season of planting ensued. But the principal cause which led to the great increase of population, and consequently to the late destitution is,

Early and improvident marriages.

While the young Highlanders are a peaceable, orderly, and even industrious class of people, they are notwithstanding highly improvident as to the future. Possessed of an easy disposition, and blind to future consequences, they are too apt to be satisfied with such little earnings as they may get possession of, after months of hard labour in some distant part of the kingdom, and suppose that thereby, they are in circumstances which entitle them to enter upon the marriage state, and set up separate families for themselves. They live under the impression that a good wife is certainly worthy of her maintenance; and while so far they judge aright, they fail in taking into the account, how that maintenance is to be procured, or how provision is to be made for the number of little ones, who will, as a matter of consequence, group in a few years about their solitary hearths. No doubt, seasons of repentance will overtake them when too late, but on this subject they keep silent. They labour and toil, late and early, far and near, to keep their destitute families alive, and in despite of all their exertions, their children must live in poverty and rags. Yet the fate of one gives no warning to others. Each successive year adds to the number of these improvident youths; and nothing can be more evident, than when their desultory and precarious means of subsistence receive any check, either by the failure of public works, by sickness or by death, their poor families totally unprovided for otherwise, become a burden to their friends or to the public at large. And the very evil thus complained of leads to

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The lotting system, and the continued subdivision of lands, which very materially unfitted the Highlanders to meet the late destitution.

When the population of the Highlands had by degrees increased considerably beyond its usual number, several proprietors deemed it necessary to divide farms which were originally somewhat extensive, into lesser lots and crofts, with the intention of supplying each family with less or more possessions. Though this was done with humane and charitable views, to the great personal inconvenience of the proprietors themselves, yet the system, from the facility and temptation it afforded to single men for taking up families, had, in a short time, of course, a very sensible effect upon the population. And pernicious as were the results of this first subdivision, the evil has always gone on increasing from continued subdivision and sub-letting, generally unknown to the proprietors. The common custom is, that when the son or daughter of a lotter or crofter marries, the newly-married couple are received by the parents of either party, with whom they live for some time as one family; but, eventually, the parents cut off a portion from their own little possessions for the young people, on which they build a house, and become liable to pay the original occupier a share of the rent in proportion to what was thus allowed them in sub-set. The old people who originally occupied the lot or croft, generally portion off their lands in as many shares, as they have sons and daughters unmarried. In some time after, one member of the family marries, another does the same, who immediately gets his share of the croft, and builds his house; then another and another, until the original occupier is ultimately left with a share no larger than any of those given away to his children. He stands as federal head over the whole, and is alone accountable for the rents to the proprietor. All this takes place on a tenure of land too small for the comfortable support of the original occupier. On many farms, by means of this baneful system, the population has doubled within the last sixteen years. These sub-tenants can never raise the rents from the produce of their possessions. At times they cannot keep a single cow upon them to furnish their children with milk. They trust to chance employment for means to pay for their contracted possessions, which tend in general to no purpose, but to bind them in poverty to one locality.

It must also be considered, that notwithstanding this continued subdivision, there are more families who have no lands than there are who have. An example of this may be given from Kilmuir, exclusive of the Government District attached to it. In the parish just mentioned, there were in February last, 521 families, and the number of lots and crofts, together with four farms occupied by large tacksmen, was only 190. From this, it is seen, that 231 families have no lands whatever from the proprietor. Of these 231 families, 101 hold shares of lots and crofts, as above described, and the remaining 130 families occupy no lands in any shape, but subsist upon the half-foot system, which will be immediately described. The vast number who occupy no land wish, of course, to have them, and rather than want some sort of profession in this respect, they would be content with anything; and thus they tend, if possible, to increase the evil, which is already too extensive and prevalent. Should the number of families be reduced to an equality with the number of lots and

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crofts, the population after all would be sufficiently numerous. The occupiers of lots can keep in general no more than two cows and no horse, while the crofters whose shares are larger keep, of course, more cows, but are seldom able to keep any horse, with the exception perhaps of small ponies, which a few of them manage to have for assisting in the carrying home of fuel and other little necessaries. Some are too apt to lay a great share of the existing poverty to the charge of the Highland proprietors; but it should be taken into consideration, that though the proprietors were in many cases to give a free grant of their lots and crofts to their present occupiers, poverty would not cease after all, owing to an excess of population living under a rude system of husbandry. From the example given in reference to Kilmuir, it will be observed that over more than one half the population of the parish, the proprietor has no control whatever. Out of 421 families, there are 231 who neither pay rent to the proprietor, nor do they consider themselves in any respect under his jurisdiction, while they live peaceably upon their own scanty earnings. Under such a state of things injury is done to all parties. The poor landless cottars are directly or indirectly a burden to the occupiers of land, whose circumstances they eventually injure, and when once injured, the proprietors suffer accordingly.

The "half-foot" system under which such a vast multitude of cottars contrive to eke out their scanty means of support comes now to be described. These people are undoubtedly the poorest and most dependent of all the Highland population. They generally rear their dwellings about the outskirts of large tackmen's farms, as well as in every locality where they can find a footing. They meet with kindness and indulgence to a degree which those to whom they are a burden can, in general, but ill afford. Such of them as raise small quantities of oats, do so in the following manner: The tacksman allots a portion of ground for them, which they till with the "cas-chrom," and when ready for sowing, the tacksman furnishes one-half of the seed, and the cottar the other half. The cottar then sows and harrows the ground, which he watches and protects until harvest, when he reaps it, securing one half of the sheaves for the tacksman as remuneration for the ground, and the other half for himself. In the same manner also the cottar raises potatoes for his family. As potatoes require manure, the tacksman allows him to cut sea-ware, which he carries in creels to the ground; and after receiving half the seed from the tacksman, and furnishing the other half himself, he plants the same, and watches over its growth, until he lifts the potatoes in harvest, when he gives one-half of the produce for the use of the ground, and has the other half for himself. Sometimes the cottar is permitted to have a cow which is allowed to range with the other cattle of the farm. In this case, besides the oats and potatoes which he raises on the "half-foot" system just described, the land-occupier generally gives him a piece of ground wherein to plant potatoes with the manure of his cow, the produce of which he keeps entirely for himself. For the cow and ground he pays the land-occupier partly, perhaps, in money, but for the most part, in labour, either as grass-keeper, or by cutting peats, mowing grass, reaping corn, or such other employments as are required about the farm. After this manner, therefore, that class of the population just spoken of, endeavour to earn

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a livelihood; and while it is in no respect calculated to raise themselves to a state much above abject poverty, it proves a great bar in the way of agricultural improvement, and gives every encouragement to what has now to be considered—

Bad husbandry, or the mismanagement of domestic economy.

That little or no improvement can be effected in the various departments of husbandry, under the present excessive population, is a self-evident fact; and that much improvement is both susceptible and required, is an equally palpable truth. Where the processes of husbandry are either neglected or carried on under a bad system, the population depending on the same for their means of support, are necessarily unfitted for encountering such a visitation of Providence as the late destitution.

Throughout the Northern Islands of the Hebrides in particular the lands, from continued subdivision, are cast into lots so exceedingly small that the occupiers can keep no horses to plough or harrow the ground, or to execute those multifarious processes of labour, which are exclusively allotted to horses in other quarters of the kingdom. What is thus in other parts of the country performed by horses, the poor hard-toiled Hebridean must perform by himself. In lieu of the plough he must, late and early, ply his "cas-chrom," or crooked spade. This primitive kind of utensil resembles the stilt of a plough, with a straight piece of wood attached to the lower end of it, forming an obtuse angle, and having a socket of iron on the part which enters the ground. The stilt is held with both hands, and the lower end or "sole" is driven into the ground by means of a peg on which the right foot rests and presses. The instrument is exactly a crooked lever, in which the power is to the weight nearly as 1 to 3½. Though the "cas-chrom" is much more expeditious in tilling than the common spade, yet it becomes a tedious and most laborious task to till several acres of ground with it. The consequence is that the poor people must begin the work of cultivation even as early as Christmas, and keep toiling at the same under the boisterous and rainy climate of their country, until the middle or end of May, ere their labours are finished. By being thus exposed to the inclemency of the weather they are seldom either dryly clad or shod. From this arises among them, the prevalence of inflammatory complaints, diseased action of the lymphatic system, as also, acute rheumatism, pleuritic diseases, typhus fevers, &c.

Besides that, the "căs-chrom" mode of tilling is both toilsome and tedious, it very much injures the ground, as it does not turn it up in that regular rotation which is accomplished by the plough. And this is not all: when cultivating with this instrument, it is found necessary to convert the field into long narrow ridges, rounded on the top by heaping up the earth to carry off the water. They are also made as crooked, irregular, and distorted, as the characters in the Greek Alphabet; and while the lotter has no more perhaps than four acres in all, much of even that is lost, by the broad and useless spaces which are left between the ridges.

When the ground is turned over the sowing commences, which is generally performed in a slow and awkward manner. The sower goes backwards, and having a fist-full of seed, he shakes his hand with the same three or four times, in a vertical position, before he disposes of it, and is

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ready for the next. The harrowing then takes place, which the women for the most part execute by dragging after them the fatiguing instrument. Owing to the lightness of the harrow which the poor women are capable of dragging after them, the ground cannot be made sufficiently smooth, and to remedy this, they commence anew with another instrument called the "ràcan," which gives a smooth finish to the whole. The "ràcan" is merely a block of wood, having a few teeth in it, with a handle about 3 feet in length. The poor people must also convey sea ware from the shore, manure from their houses to the field, and peats from the hills to their dwellings, in creels on their backs, which is fastened there by a belt passing over their breasts. In harvest they have no alternative but to carry home the produce of their possessions the best way they can—the potatoes in creels, and the corn in bundles on their backs.

It will readily be acknowledged on all hands, that this bad system of husbandry can turn out to no real advantage, either to proprietor or tenant; and while the population continues as it is, it is no easy matter to effect any remedy. While possessions are so small, the occupiers of land can have no horse, and consequently no alternative is left them, but to drag out a weary existence in the manner just described. From the want of draining, enclosures, as well as from the tardy manner of cultivation, sowing is unavoidably very late, the consequence is, that ere the crops are ripe or ready for cutting, they are liable to be overtaken by the storms and hurricanes so incidental in the Highlands, particularly about the autumnal equinox. It is a correctly ascertained fact that the climate, though naturally wild and boisterous, may be greatly mollified by hedging, trenching, fencing, and improving the lands in the various modes so successfully practised in the South of Scotland. While the present condition of the Highlanders requires some great radical changes to render them more independent and comfortable, it remains with those who have the power, and are willing to exert it, both to devise and apply such remedies as are necessary for the accomplishment of an end so very desireable.

Having thus, at some length, endeavoured to trace out the most prominent of the remote causes which led to the late destitution, the immediate causes which led to the same come now to be briefly noticed.

On this part of the subject it is unnecessary to say much, as the causes from the various reports made by Highland clergymen and others regarding them, are already known to all. From the situation and circumstances of the Highlanders, already so fully mentioned, it will easily be perceived that they are in a condition utterly incapable of enduring, without much suffering, even a partial failure in the means whereupon they so scantily subsist. A total failure therefore exposes them at once to the ravages of dire famine. To the sad consequences of such a failure the Great Disposer of all events was pleased to expose them during the currency of the two last seasons. The Spring of 1835 was cold and inclement: sowing was consequently late, and from the wetness of the soil, the seed in many instances was destroyed, and never vegetated. The potatoes were seized by some unaccountable disease which generally prevented their growth, so that whole fields laid under them, appeared with scarcely a plant. Harvest came with torrents of rain, that prevented the crops which

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would have been otherwise late, from filling and ripening; and after the same were cut down, it was impracticable to secure them in good condition. The straw was deprived of its substance, and could afford little or no nourishment for cattle. Meal was of inferior quality, and exceedingly scarce. Potatoes were the same. The stock of cattle on hand was much larger than usual, owing to the low prices; and while the people themselves might have contrived to subsist without complaint on their diminished stores, had they not, improvidently, kept an extra stock of cattle on hand to which they were under the necessity of giving the potatoes and grain on which they should have subsisted themselves; and, in many instances, they lost the cattle after expending their all to keep them in life. Never were they in more unfavourable circumstances to meet such a severe spring as that of 1836 turned out to be. Many had little or no seed to put into the ground. Others, who contrived to keep potatoes for seed, were afraid to plant them but in small quantities, as they exhibited symptoms of the disease of the former season. Sowing was even later than in the previous spring. The summer and autumn months were unprecedentedly wet, and before either corn or potatoes had attained to any degree of ripeness, they were overtaken by the snowstorm and severe frosts of October. Destitution had even then commenced, and it was heart-rending to have witnessed the manner in which many poor families passed the following winter. A similar Destitution is not remembered by any now alive. That of 1782 was by no means so severe in the Islands, yet "Bliadhna na peasrach" or "the pease-meal year," was sufficiently memorable to render it an era from which old Highlanders calculate dates and make other references. An idea may be formed of the severity and extent of the famine in that year, by perusing the following quotation from recently published "Memoirs of the Life and Works of the late Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair, Bart.": a gentleman enthusiastically devoted to the service of his country. "So cold and stormy was the summer of 1782, that the crops were late and unpromising. On the 5th of October, before they had time to ripen, a frost—armed with the vigour of a Greenland climate—desolated in one night the hope of the husbandman. The grain, frost-bitten, immediately contracted a hoary whiteness. Potatoes and turnips, already dwarfish, were further injured. The produce of the garden was destitute of its usual nourishment, and the fields yielded not one-third of an ordinary crop. No wholesome food could be procured, and disease as well as famine began to overspread, not only the whole North of Scotland, but even some districts in the South. On this occasion of general distress and alarm, the member of Caithness earnestly besought the interposition of Parliament." Well-timed relief was in this way procured, "and the whole cost of it was little more than £15,000, yet no less a number than 111,521 souls were rescued from starvation."

Several localities in the Northern Counties of Scotland suffered considerably from a hurricane of unexampled severity, which took place in the year 1807, and laid waste some of the districts which had availed themselves of the already-mentioned Parliamentary grant. No distress of this kind was afterwards felt until the year 1817, which, in consequence of the unfavourable nature of the preceding year, proved to be a season of considerable severity. The case of several districts was represented to

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Government, and a supply of oats was at once allowed for the benefit of the distressed. From that year down to the two late seasons of destitution, there was happily no cause of complaint; and what has been already stated in regard to the severity of those seasons, renders any additional remarks on that subject wholly unnecessary.

The remote and immediate causes which thus led to the late destitution having been, so far, considered, it remains now to treat of the remedies taken for the immediate relief of the distressed, and of the ultimate means to be adopted in future to prevent the recurrence of similar distressing calamities.

THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, *COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE.*

By the Editor.

[Continued.]

Before, however, proceeding to relate the remarkable prediction, and the extraordinary minuteness with which it appears to have been fulfilled, it may be as well to give the following particulars of the Last Seaforth's peculiar dream, *verbatim et literatim*, as supplied to us by a member of the Seaforth family, who shows an unmistakeable interest in everything calculated to throw light on the "prophecies," and who evidently believes them not to be merely an "old wife's tale":—The last Lord Seaforth was born in full possession of all his faculties. When about twelve years of age, scarlet fever broke out in the school at which he was living. All the boys who were able to be sent away were returned to their homes at once, and some 15 or 20 boys who had taken the infection were moved into a large long room, and there treated. After a week had passed, some boys naturally became worse than others, and some of them were in great danger. One evening, before dark, the attendant nurse, having left the dormitory for a few minutes, was alarmed by a cry. She instantly returned, and found Lord Seaforth in a state of great excitement. After he became calmer, he told the nurse that he had seen, soon after she had left the room, the door opposite to his bed open silently, and a hideous old woman came in. She had a wallet full of something hanging from her neck in front of her. She paused on entering, then turned to the bed close to the door, and stared steadily at one of the boys, lying in it. She then passed to the foot of the next boy's bed, and, after a moment, stealthily moved up to the head, and taking from her wallet a mallet and peg, drove the peg into his forehead. Young Seaforth said he heard the crash of the bones, though the boy never stirred. She then proceeded round the room, looking at some boys longer than at others,

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When she came to him, his suspense was awful. He felt he could not resist or even cry out, and he never could forget, in after years, that moment's agony, when he saw her hand reaching down for a nail, and feeling his ears. At last, after a look, she slunk off, and slowly completing the circuit of the room, disappeared noiselessly through the same door by which she had entered. Then he felt the spell seemed to be taken off, and he uttered the cry which had alarmed the nurse. The latter laughed at the lad's story, and told him to go to sleep. When the doctor came, an hour later, to make his rounds, he observed that the boy was feverish and excited, and asked the nurse afterwards if she knew the cause, upon which she reported what had occurred. The doctor, struck with the story, returned to the boy's bedside and made him repeat his dream. He took it down in writing at the moment. The following day nothing eventful happened, but, in course of time, some got worse, a few indeed died, others suffered but slightly, while some, though they recovered, bore some evil trace and consequence of the fever for the rest of their lives.

The doctor, to his horror, found that those whom Lord Seaforth had described as having a peg driven into their foreheads, were those who died from the fever; those whom the old hag passed by, recovered, and were none the worse; whereas those she appeared to look at intently, or handled, all suffered afterwards.

Lord Seaforth left his bed of sickness almost stone deaf; and, in later years, grieving over the loss of his three sons, absolutely and entirely ceased to speak.

We shall now relate the circumstances connected with the prophecy, and continue an account of the Seaforths' connection with it to "end of the chapter."

Kenneth, the third Earl, had occasion to visit Paris on some business after the Restoration of King Charles the Second, and after having secured his liberty. He left the Countess at Brahan Castle, unattended by her lord; and, as she thought forgotten, while he was enjoying the dissipations and amusements of the French capital, which seemed to have many attractions for him, for he prolonged his stay far beyond his original intention. Lady Seaforth had become very uneasy concerning his prolonged absence, more especially as she received no letters from him for several months. Her anxiety became too strong for her power of endurance, and led her to have recourse to the services of the local prophet. She accordingly sent messages to Strathpeffer, summoning *Coinneach* to her presence, to obtain from him, if possible, some tidings of her absent lord. *Coinneach* was already celebrated, far and wide, throughout the whole Highlands, for his great powers of divination, and his relations with the invisible world.

Obeying the orders of Lady Seaforth, Kenneth arrived at the Castle, and presented himself to the Countess, who required him to give her information concerning her absent lord. *Coinneach* asked where Seaforth was supposed to be, and said, that he thought he would be able to find him if he was still alive. Kenneth applied the *Clach fhiosrachd* to his eye, and laughed loudly, saying to the Countess, "Fear not for your lord, he is safe and sound, well and hearty, merry and happy." Being now satisfied that her husband's life was safe, she wished Kenneth to describe

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his appearance; to tell her where he was now engaged; and all his surroundings? "Be satisfied," he said, "ask no questions, let it suffice you to know that your lord is well and merry." "But," demanded the lady, "where is he? with whom is he? and is he making any preparations for coming home?" "Your lord," replied the Seer, "is in a magnificent room, in very fine company, and far too agreeably employed at present to think of leaving Paris." The Countess, finding that her lord was well and happy, began to fret that she had no share in his happiness and amusements, and to feel even the pangs of jealousy and wounded pride. She thought there was something in the Seer's looks and expression which seemed to justify such feelings. He spoke sneeringly and maliciously of her husband's occupations, as much as to say, "that he could tell a disagreeable tale if he would." The lady tried entreaties, bribes, and threats to induce *Coinneach* to give a true account of her husband, as he had seen him, to tell who was with him, and all about him. Kenneth pulled himself together, and proceeded to say—"As you will know that which will make you unhappy, I must tell you the truth. My lord seems to have little thought of you, or of his children, or of his Highland home. I saw him in a gay-gilded room, grandly decked out in velvets, with silks, and cloth of gold, and on his knees before a fair lady, his arm round her waist, and her hand pressed to his lips." At this unexpected and painful disclosure, the rage of the lady knew no bounds. It was natural and well merited, but its object was a mistake. All the anger which ought to be directed against her husband, and which should have been concentrated in her breast, to be poured out upon him after his return, was spent upon poor *Coinneach Odhar*. She felt the more keenly, that the disclosure of her husband's infidelity had not been made to herself in private, but in the presence of the principal retainers of her house; so that the Earl's moral character was blasted, and her own charms slighted, before the whole clan, and her husband's desertion of her for a French lady was certain to become the public scandal of all the North of Scotland. She formed a sudden resolution with equal presence of mind and cruelty. She determined to discredit the revelations of the Seer, and to denounce him as a vile slanderer of her husband's character. She trusted that the signal vengeance she was about to inflict upon Kenneth as a liar and defamer would impress the minds, not only of her own clan, but of all the inhabitants of the counties of Ross and Inverness, with a sense of her thorough disbelief in the scandalous story, to which she nevertheless secretly attached full credit. Turning to the Seer, she said, "You have spoken evil of dignities, you have villified the mighty of the land, you have defamed a mighty chief in the midst of his vassals, you have abused my hospitality and outraged my feelings, you have sullied the good name of my lord in the halls of his ancestors, and you shall suffer the most signal vengeance I can inflict, you shall suffer the death."

Coinneach was filled with astonishment and dismay at this fatal result of his art. He had expected far other rewards from his art of divination. However, he could not at first believe the rage of the Countess to be serious; at all events, he expected that it would soon evaporate, and that, in the course of a few hours, he would be allowed to depart in peace. He even so far understood her feelings that he thought she was making a pa-

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rade of anger in order to discredit the report of her lord's shame before the clan; and he expected that when this object was served, he might at length be dismissed without personal injury. But the decision of the Countess was no less violently conceived than promptly executed. The doom of *Coinneach* was sealed. No time was to be allowed for remorseless compunction. No preparation was permitted to the wretched man. No opportunity was given for intercession in his favour. The gallows was forthwith erected, and the miserable Seer was led out for immediate execution.

Such a stretch of feudal oppression, at a time so little remote as the reign of Charles II., may appear strange. A castle may be pointed out, however, viz., Menzies Castle, much less remote from the seat of authority and the Courts of Law, than Brahan, where, half a century later, an odious vassal was starved to death by order of the wife of the Chief, the sister of the great and patriotic Duke of Argyll!

When *Coinneach* found that no mercy was to be expected either from the vindictive lady or the subservient vassals, he resigned himself to his fate. He drew forth his white stone, so long the instrument of his supernatural intelligence, and once more applying it to his eye, said—"I see into the far future, and I read the doom of the race of my oppressor. The long-descended line of Seaforth will, ere many generations have passed, end in extinction and in sorrow. I see a Chief, the last of his house, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of three fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will live care-worn and die mourning, knowing that the honours of his line are to be extinguished for ever, and that no future Chief of the Mackenzies shall bear rule at Brahan or in Kintail. After lamenting over the last and most promising of his sons, he himself shall sink into the grave, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a white-hooded lassie from the East; and she is to kill her sister. And as a sign by which it may be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last deaf and dumb Seaforth—Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant and Raasay—of whom one shall be buck-toothed, another hare-lipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. Chiefs distinguished by these personal marks shall be the allies and neighbours of the last Seaforth; and when he looks round him and sees them, he may know that his sons are doomed to death, that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his race shall come to an end."

When the Seer had ended this prediction, he threw his white stone into a small loch, by the side of which the gallows was erected, and declared that whoever should find that stone would be similarly gifted. Then submitting to his fate, he was hung up on high, and this wild and fearful doom ended his strange and uncanny life.

Sir Bernard Burke, to whose "Vissicitudes of Families" we are mainly indebted for this part of the Prophecies, says:—With regard to the four Highland lairds, who were to be buck-toothed, hare-lipped, half-witted, and a stammerer—Mackenzie, Baronet of Gairloch; Chisholm of Chisholm; Grant, Baronet of Grant; and Macleod of Raasay—I am uncertain which was which. Suffice it to say, that the four lairds were marked by the

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above-mentioned distinguishing personal peculiarities, and all four were the contemporaries of the last of the Seaforths.

We believe Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gairloch was the buck-toothed laird *(an Tighearna Storach)*; The Chisholm, the hare-lipped; Grant, the half-witted; and Raasay, the stammerer.

Mr Macintyre sends us the following account of the Seaforth prophecy, and the Seer's death, as it is related at this day in the Black Isle:—

Coinneach's supernatural power was at length the cause which led to his untimely and cruel death. At a time when there was a convivial gathering in Brahan Castle, a large concourse of local aristocratic guests was present. As the youthful portion were amusing themselves in the beautiful grounds or park surrounding the castle, and displaying their noble forms and features as *they* thought to full advantage, a party remarked in *Coinneach Odhar's* hearing, that such a gathering of *gentlemen's* children could rarely be seen. *Coinneach* answered with a sneer, "that he saw more in the company of the children of footmen and grooms than of the children of gentlemen" *(Is mo th'ann do chlann ghillean buird agus do chlann ghillean stabuil na th'ann do chlann dhaoin' uaisle)*, a remark which soon came to the ears of Lady Seaforth and the other ladies present, who were so much offended and provoked at this base insinuation as to the paternity of the Brahan guests, that they determined to have condign punishment on the once respected Seer. He was forthwith ordered to be seized; and, after eluding the search of his infuriated pursuers for some time, was at last apprehended. Seeing he had no way of escape, he once more applied the magic stone to his eye, and uttered the well-known prophetic curse (already given) against the Brahan family, and then cast the stone into a cow's footmark, which was full of water, declaring that a child would be born with two navels, or as some say, with four thumbs and six toes, who would in course of time discover it inside a pike, and who then would be gifted with *Coinneach's* prophetic power. As it was the purpose of his pursuers to obtain possession of this wonderful stone, as well as of the prophet's person, search was eagerly made for it in the muddy waters in the footprint, when, lo! it was found that more water was copiously *oozing* from the boggy ground around, and rapidly forming a considerable lake, that effectually concealed the much-coveted stone. The waters steadily increased and the result, as the story goes, was the formation of Loch Ussie (Oozie). The poor prophet was then taken to Chanonry Point, where the stern arm of ecclesiastical authority, with unrelenting severity burnt him to death in a tar-barrel for witchcraft.

It is currently reported that a person answering to the foregoing description was actually born in the neighbourhood of Conon, near Loch Ussie, and is still living. Of this I have been credibly informed by a person who several times saw him at the Muir of Ord markets.

We see from the public prints, our correspondent humorously continues, that the Magistrates and Police Commissioners of Dingwall contemplate to bring a supply of water for *Baile-'Chail* from Loch Ussie. Might we humbly suggest with such view in prospect, as some comfort to the burdened ratepayers, that there may be, to say the least, a probability in the course of such an undertaking of recovering the mystic stone, so

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long compelled to hide its prophetic light in the depths of Loch Ussie, and so present the world with the novel sight of having not only an individual gifted with second-sight, but also a *corporation;* and, further, what would be a greater terror to evil-doers, a *magistracy* capable, in the widest sense of the word, of discerning between right and wrong, good and evil, and thus compelling the lieges in the surrounding towns and villages to exclaim involuntarily—'*O si sic omnes!*' They might go the length even of lending it out, and giving you the use of it occasionally in Inverness.

When *Coinneach Odhar* was being led to the stake (not the gallows mark) fast bound with cords, Lady Seaforth exultingly declared that, having had so much unhallowed intercourse with the unseen world, he would never go to Heaven. But the Seer, looking round upon her with an eye from which his impending fate had not banished the ray of a joyful hope of rest in a future state, gravely answered—"*I* will go to Heaven, but *you* never shall, and this will be a sign whereby you can determine whether my condition after death is one of everlasting happiness or of eternal misery: a raven and a dove, swiftly flying in opposite directions will meet, and for a second hover over my ashes, on which they will instantly alight. If the raven be foremost, you have spoken truly; but if the dove, then my hope is well-founded." And, accordingly, tradition relates that after the cruel sentence of his hard-hearted enemies had been executed upon the Brahan Seer, and his ashes lay scattered among the smouldering embers of the fagot, his last prophecy was most literally fulfilled; for those messengers, emblematically denoting—the one sorrow, the other joy—came speeding to the fatal spot, when the dove, with characteristic flight, closely followed by the raven, darted downwards and was first to alight on the dust of the departed *Coinneach Odhar;* thus completely disproving the positive and uncharitable assertion of the proud and vindictive Lady of Brahan, to the wonder and consternation of all the beholders.

(To be Continued.)

"THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER."—The Prophecies, now appearing in the pages of this Magazine, will be published in May next, in a separate form, with a lengthy Introduction and Appendix. As only a *limited* number is to be issued, parties wishing to secure copies should send in their names, at once, to the Publishers of the *Celtic Magazine.*

AN SMEORACH.—A Collection of popular Gaelic Songs, with Music in the Solfa Notation, by Hugh C. Gillies, teacher, Culloden, has just appeared, at a very low price; and, we understand that, if the demand justifies the venture, another will soon follow. We are aware that *another* collection, with English translations, and of a more ambitious character, by a well-known musician is pretty well advanced through the press. Such patriotic acts as these deserve recognition, always provided that we get the real article—not a hybrid of Gaelic airs and foreign improvements(?) We reserve our opinion as to this for another time and place. Meanwhile matters are looking up. *Hurrah for the Hielands!*

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THE CLEARING OF THE GLENS.

By Principal Shairp, St Andrews University.

—o—

CANTO SIXTH.

—o—

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

I.

Seven Summers long had fired the glens
With flush of heather glow;
Seven Winters robed the sheeted Bens
From head to foot with snow,
And brought their human denizens
Alternate joy and woe.
When all those years were come and gone,
One calm October day
The dwellers of Glenmorriston
Forth-looking from their huts at dawn,
Beheld a traveller wandering on
The long glen west away.
Young he seemed, but travel-worn,
More weak of gait than youth should be—
A philabeg, but soiled and torn,
Was round him—on his shoulder borne
A tartan plaid hung carelessly.
'Whence comes yon stranger? whither goes?
They each to other wondering cry—
Is he some wanderer from Kintail?
Macdonald's land of Armadale?
Or Macleod's country, far in Skye?
Or haply some Clanranald man
From southern market makes his way
Back, where his home by hungry shore
Hears the Atlantic breakers roar
On Barra and Benbecula.'

II.

Unasked, unanswering, he passed on,
None spake to him, he spake to none;
But while they questioned whence, and who,
Among themselves, they little knew
That this was Angus Cameron.
Southward he turned, and noonday found
Him high upon the mountain-ground,
Whence he beheld Glengarry's strath,
With its long winding river path
Streaming beneath him; and discerned
Loch Quioch, amid dark Scours inurned.

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And all around it, east and west,
His eye wide-wandering went in quest
Of the old homesteads that he knew,
But the blue smoke from very few
Could he discover; yet he wist
The rest were lost in haze and mist.
So west he turned through mountain doors
That open downward on the shores
Of lone Lochourn. In that deep pass
Still lay the little loch, reed-fringed,
With upper marge of greenest grass,
And birks beyond it, autumn-tinged.
He looked—the summer bothies bare,
All ruinous sank in disrepair;
From them the voice of milking song
And laughter had been absent long.
He paused and listened, but no sound,
Save of the many rills that come
Down corrie-beds through the desert dumb;
And over all the voice profound
Of the great cataract, high aloof,
Down flashing from the rock-wall roof.

III.

The solemn Pass he erst had known
Seemed still as lovely, but more lone,
As westward on with weary pace
He travelled, and no human face
Looked on him, no sound met his ear
That told of man or far or near.
Late had waned the afternoon
Ere he reached Lochourn's rough shore,
No gleam by random breezes strewn
Flitted its dark face o'er;
'Neath leaden sky, the waters roll'd
More drear and sullen than of old,
And the silence of all human sounds,
Since he had passed Glengarry bounds,
Lay heavy on his loaded breast
With something of a dim unrest.
But one bright gleam of western day
On the scarr'd forehead of Lurvein lay;
And like an outstretched hand of hope
Seemed beckoning toward yonder cope
Of headland, that projects above
The sheltered home beside the burn,
Where first he met that young friend's love,
Who thither will no more return.

IV.

But ere he reached the well-known spot,
This way and that he turned in thought—

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How 'neath that roof he should declare
The burden of the tale he bare;
How show to those poor hearts forlorn
The frail memorials he had borne
From the far field by Ebro's wave,
Where Ronald fills a soldier's grave;
The plaid, whose every thread was spun
By Muriel's fingers—the holy book,
Which from his mother's hands the son
Even at their last leave-taking took—
The plaid, which Ronald oft had wound
'Neath cold night-heavens his breast around,
Discoloured, by the grape-shot torn,
In Angus' hands now homeward borne;
That book he oft with reverent heed
By flickering camp-fires woke to read,
That tattered plaid, that treasured book,
Soiled with his latest life-blood's stains,
On these his loved one's eyes must look—
Their all of him that now remains.
Then rose his inward sight before
Those faces—not as long ago—
But the mother's highbrow furrowed o'er
Deep with the characte'ry of woe,
Which suffering years must have graven there—
And Muriel's cheek, though pale still fair,
Her large blue eyes, thro' weeping dim,
Gazing on these last wrecks of him.

V.

But when he reached that headland's crown,
And stood beside the sole pine-tree,
O'er the sheer precipice gazing down,
Ah! what a sight was there to see!
Two roofless gables, gaping blank,
In the damp sea-winds moss-o'ergrown,
And choaked with growth of nettles rank
The home-floor, and once warm hearth-stone.
One look sufficed—at once the whole
Sad history flashed upon his soul;
He saw that household's ruined fate,
He knew that all was desolate.
With face to earth he cast him down,
As in a stupor long he lay,
And when he woke as from a swoon,
And looked abroad, last gleams of day
Even from the highest peaks were gone,
And the lone Loch lay shimmering wan;
From that waste desolated shore
He turned away and looked no more.

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VI.

From that home, now no more a home,
Up through the dusky pines he clomb;
Up and on, without let or bound,
Hasting away to the high lone ground
Where Knoydart, cloven by sheer defiles,
  Yawns with torrent-roaring chasms,
Huddled screetan, and rent rock-piles,
  Nature's work in her wildest spasms:
There, as the darkness deeper fell
And going grew impossible,
Beneath a rock he laid his length,
As one bereft of hope and strength,
And if no further step he passed,
Content that this should be his last.
The hope that had his heart sustained
  Through years of toil to ruin hurled—
What shelter any more remained
  In this forsaken world?
What but to share with this poor home
The desolation of its doom?
But they the true, the gentle-hearted,
To what strange bourne had they departed?
Dwell they in noisome city pent?
Or are they tenants now, where rent
None ask, in that drear place of graves,
Which Nevish-Loch at full-tide laves?
Or dwell they far o'er ocean—thrown
Like sea-waifs on some land unknown?

VII.

All through that night, I heard him tell,
Strange sounds upon his hearing fell,
Weirdlier sounds than shriek of owl,
Wild cats' scream, hill-foxes' howl,
As though the ancient mountains, rent
To their deep foundations, sent
On the midnight moan on moan,
Ghostly language of their own,
Converse terrible, austere,
Seldom heard by mortal ear.
Then in hurried blinks o' the moon
  Cliff and crag dim-seen appeared
Haggard forms, like eldrich croon,
  Or shapeless beings, vast and weird,
Formless passed before his face
Dwellers of that awesome place.
Angus had been used to bide
  Foeman's shot and shell unmoved—

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Badajos—Busaco tried,
And found his mettle unreproved.
Never before face of man
Had he quailed, but now there ran
Creepings cold thro' all his frame,
O'er his limbs strange trembling came,
And the hair upon his head
Rose erect with very dread
Of this place—this awesome hour,
When the nether world had power.
All he had listened to, as a child,
Of mountain glamourie dark and wild,
To harrow up the soul with fear,
Now palpable to eye and ear,
Seemed gathered to confront him here.

VIII.

Never stood he so aghast,
Never through such night had passed,
But the dawning came at last:
And when earliest streaks of light
The eastern peaks had silver-barred,
Behold! his tarrying place all night
None other was than Màm-clach-ard.
Forward then, 'mid the glimmer of dawn,
Through the rough Pass he wandered on,
And one by one stars faded on high,
As the tide of light washed up the sky:
But when he reached the eastern door,
Where that high cloven Pass looks o'er
Locheil's broad mountains, grisly and hoar,
The sun, new-ris'n from the under-world,
Had all the glens beneath outrolled,
Up the braes the mists had furled,
And touched their snowy fleeces with gold.
There far below, inlaid between
Steep mountain walls, lay calm and green
Glen Desseray, bright in morning sheen.
As down the rough track Angus trode
The path that led to his old abode,
Calm as of old the lone green glen
Lay stretched before him long miles ten;
He looked, the braes as erst were fair,
But smoke none rose on the morning air;
He listened, came no blithe cock-erowing
From wakening farms, no cattle-lowing,
No voice of man, no cry of child,
Blent with the loneness of the wild;
Only the wind thro' the bent and ferns,
Only the moan of the corrie-burns.

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IX.

Can it be? doth this silence tell
The same sad tale as yester-eve?
My clansmen here who wont to dwell
Have they too ta'en their last long leave?
Adown this glen too, hath there been
The besom of destruction keen
Sweeping it of its people clean?
That anxious tremour in his breast
One half-hour onward set at rest:
Where once his home had been, now stare
Two gables roofless, gaunt, and bare;
Two gables, and a broken wall,
Are all now left of Sheniebhal.
The huts around of the old farm-toun,
Wherein the poorer tenants dwelt,
Moss-covered stone-heaps, crumbling down,
Into the wilderness slowly melt.
The slopes below, where had gardens been,
Lay thick with rushes darkly green,
The furrows on the braes above
Where erst the flax and the barley throve,
With ferns and heather covered o'er,
To Nature had gone back once more.
And there beneath, the meadow lay,
The long smooth reach of meadowy ground,
Where intertwining east away
In loop on loop the river wound:
There, where he heard a former day
The blithe, loud shouting, shinty play,
Was silence now as the grave profound.
A few steps led to the Mound of the Cave,
A hillock strewn with many a grave,—
Lone place, to which some far and faint
Remembrance of Columbian Saint
Come, ages gone, from the Isle of Y,
Gave immemorial sanctity.
There children lost in life's first day
Whom to Kilmallie, that long way
They did not bear, were laid to sleep,
That kindred o'er them watch-night keep,
And mothers thither steal to weep.
There he himself in childhood's morn
Had seen two infants, younger-born,
His own sweet brothers, laid to rest;
And now he came in loving quest
To see their little graves, but they
From sight had melted quite away,—
'Neath touch of time's obscure effacing
Had passed unto the waste around,

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And now no eye could mark the tracing
'Twixt holy earth, and common ground.

X.

Then looking back with one wide ken,
Where stood the Farms, each side the glen—
Tome-na-hua, Cuil, Glach-fern,
Each he clearly could discern;
Once groups of homes, wherein did dwell
The people he had known so well,
These stood blank skeletons, one and all,
Like his own home, Sheniebhal;
And he sighed as he gazed on the pathways untrodden,
"These be the homes of the men of Culloden!"
"This desolation! whence hath come?
What power hath hushed this living glen
Once blithe with happy sounds of men
Into a wilderness blank and dumb?
Alas for them! leal souls and true!
Kindred and clansmen whom I knew!
Their homes stand roofless on the brae,
And the hearts that loved them, where are they?
Ah me! what days with them I've seen
On the summer braes at the shealings green!
What nights of winter dark and long
Made brief and bright by the joy of song!
The men in peace so gentle and mild,
In battle onset lion-wild,
When the pibroch of Donald Dhu
Sounded the summons of Locheil,
From these homes to his standard flew,
By him stood through woe and weal,
Against Clan-Chattan, age by age
Held his ancient heritage:
And when the Stuart cause was down,
And Locheil rose for King and Crown,
Who like these same Cameron men
Gave their gallant heart-blood pure
At Inverlochy, Killiecrankie,
Preston-pans, Culloden Muir?
And when red vengeance on the Gael
Fell bloody, did their fealty fail?
Did they not screen with lives of men
Their outlawed Prince in desert and den?
And when their Chief fled far away,
Who were his sole support but they?
Alas for them! those faithful men!
And this is all reward they have!
These unroofed homes, this emptied glen,
A forlorn exile, then the grave."

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ON GAELIC AND ITS TEACHING IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.

(A Paper delivered before the recent Educational Congress in Aberdeen.)

By A. C. Cameron, A.M., Fettercairn.

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The subject of Gaelic and its teaching in Highland Schools has of late excited a large amount of interest, and has enlisted for its discussion many speakers and writers connected with the Highlands, as well as many others of our ablest and most eminent literary men. One can remember when Gaelic as a topic was not quite so fashionable. But every true Gael will rejoice at this change of feeling, although he must bewail the cause, the rapid decay of Gaelic as a spoken tongue. Let all vie with each other in their delicate attention to the dear old Language; much good will come out of the movement in its favour; if it die in the mouths of the people, it will live in the domains of Philology; Chairs of Celtic Education will be edowed and Professors paid for its teaching; while it will rank side by side with other Classic tongues, and be cultivated more and more in the higher walks of literature.

But why, you may ask, should I take up this subject when others, teachers in the Highlands, might be expected, in the light of their every day experience to do it more ample justice? My reply is, that, as no one appeared to offer himself, I did,—thinking that this Educational Congress (for the first time in the Capital of the North) ought not to pass, without reference to the much-agitated question of Gaelic Teaching in Highland Schools. And although I have not had very much to do with Gaelic or the Highlands for upwards of 30 years, everything pertaining to the "land of the mountain and the flood" has always had a large share of my attention, for there, from an early period of infancy, in a romantic and lonely vale, stretching along the sunny side of Schiehallion, my first acquirements in knowledge consisted of being able to read the Scottish and old Irish versions of the Gaelic Bible. My first outset as a teacher was also in the Highlands, so that I am not altogether without experience of the subject in question. With these preliminary remarks, I beg to lay before you what I have been able, amid the hurry of daily duties, and with short time, to put together. And before I take up the part of my subject, the Teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools, which is the more important one at the present time to many members of the Educational Institute, permit me to make one or two observations on Gaelic as a Language. And 1st, as to its antiquity. You know, that of all the European languages now spoken, the oldest are Gaelic and Cymric, the two leading branches of the Celtic; also, that Gaelic is the native language of the people in the Scottish Highlands, in the Isle of Man, and in the north and west of Ireland; while Cymric is spoken by the people of Wales and of Bretagne, and was so by those of Cornwall till 1778. Celtic is now acknowledged to be one of the primitive Aryan tongues, of which Sanscrit may be the the oldest. It may, but that very word sounds like a pure compound of two Gaelic roots, *Sean sgriob*, which mean *ancient writings*; and,

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moreover, the *ar* of Aryan is the Gaelic for, and without doubt the root of, the Latin word *aro* (I plough), through which the term *Aryan* is explained.

The Celts migrated at a very early period, some say 1400, others 1700 years before the Christian era, from their home in Asia, and peopled all the southern and western kingdoms of Europe, from the Pillars of Hercules to the banks of the Vistula, and from the Hellespont to the shores of the Baltic. Out of these countries they were subsequently driven by the Hellenic, Romanic, and other more modern nations, to the regions where they are now found. Even if History and Tradition were wholly silent upon this point, we should have ample proof of their being the first inhabitants in the topographical nomenclature, purely Celtic, which remains imprinted, by these aboriginal tribes, upon the countries which they overran. I shall not occupy your time by quoting instances or authorities. If you desire such, look up the writings of the Philologists of Germany and of our own country; aye of the Champion of the Celts, my old and respected teacher, Professor Blackie, and also those of our very learned friend, Professor Geddes. How we should have seen the wide fields explored and the rich El Dorados won, had Gaelic been their mother tongue? Professor Geddes traces back the Celtic alphabet to be coeval with the oldest known—the Phœnician,—and shows that it, like Gaelic, consists of only 16 letters. It is curious to notice that the names of the letters in the Old Irish dialect mostly correspond with the names of certain trees of the forest, thus betokening the highest antiquity. Professor Geddes also traces the long lost Digamma of the Greek alphabet through the Celtic, to the period of primeval speech, as well as some Celtic constructive particles, back beyond all other languages, not even excepting the hoary Sanscrit. In regard to the Digamma I may remark, that in Bishop Bedell's Irish Bible, of which 700 copies were printed in the old Hibernian type in 1686, I find this interesting letter in its original shape, and with the force of our letter "F," occuring at least ten times to one that it does in our modern Gaelic editions.

The fact that the Celts were not polytheists like the Greeks and Romans, affords at least a presumptive proof of their earlier origin; and it is interesting to note that their Druidical priesthood bore a striking resemblance to the order of the Brahmins, the keepers of the Sanscrit records; and I will assert without fear of contradiction, that the Celtic Language need own no parent but nature; that the most of its names for animals, natural objects, and natural phenomena, are not derivable from any other known language, and that they reflect in their form and sound the animate and inanimate voices of creation.

A fatal blow to Celtic literature and poetry was given by the Danes in the 10th century, when they plundered and burnt I-columkill, in which were large repositories of old manuscripts. Edward I. also plundered the Monasteries of their Charters and historical documents, in order to destroy the written evidence of Scotland's ancient independence.

For those who wish an introduction to the Language and Literature of the Highlands, Professor Blackie's recent work will prove an interesting guide. He does ample justice to the Byrons, the Burnses, and the Cow-

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pers of Gaelic Poetry, and he gives excellent metrical translations of their leading masterpieces. He makes no mention however of a certain martial lyric or war song composed for the Macdonalds, and recited to them, before the battle of Harlaw in 1411. Each of its 336 lines, with a few exceptions, is made up of two adjectives and two adverbial particles, making 664 adverbs, arranged in alphabetical order, and all expressive of some quality desirable in warriors, and intended to stir them up to deeds of bravery. I have never seen or heard of such a piece of composition in any language. It is to be found in Stewart's Collection of Gaelic Songs, published at Edinburgh in 1804. This poem evidently shows the wonderful plasticity or facility of composition inherent in the language. If you wish for other illustrations to show this facility, consult Professor Geddes' Lectures, and also an excellent paper read last autumn by Mr Rattray, and published in the "Educational News."

And now to the second head of my subject—The Teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools, which has, since the passing of the Scotch Education Act, caused so much anxiety to those who have interested themselves in the education of our Gaelic-speaking people. This is owing to the fact that the Code makes no pecuniary provision for the teaching of Gaelic. It only provides that in districts where Gaelic is spoken, the children in the 2d and 3d Standards may be tested as to their intelligence through that language, while no condition is imposed as to the qualification of teachers or inspectors, who may or may not have a knowledge of Gaelic. So long as the former School Acts did not provide for the wants of the whole country, schools were supported in many districts of the Highlands and Islands by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, the Gaelic School Society, the General Assembly's Scheme, and by the subscriptions of private individuals. In these schools, the teaching of Gaelic was either directly provided for, or at least not directly discouraged. The Education Committee of the Privy Council, from the commencement of their Grants in 1848 till the introduction of the Code, also encouraged the teaching of Gaelic by granting a bonus of £5 per annum to every qualified teacher. But now that by Act of Parliament schools and teaching must be provided according to one universal rule for all districts, the former voluntary agencies, which proved so beneficial to the Highlands, are to a great extent superseded, and the former methods of education with reference to the native language of the people are materially and seriously altered. From the latest reliable authorities, the Gaelic Language is still preached in at least 200 Highland parishes, and still spoken by at least 250,000 of the people, or in other words, there are in Scotland 50,000 children of school age, whose only language is Gaelic, or who at least use it more and understand it better during their school career than they do any other. The important question then arises—Are these children to be taught in the first place through the medium of their own language, or are they to be confined to the learning of English with as little help as possible from their mother tongue?

In the interests of Patriotism, Morality, and Religion, this question requires to be definitely settled, and the best means, according to the one method or the other, require to be used under the Legislature and the School Boards, in order that the youth of the Highlands, during their

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limited period of school attendance may receive the education which will prove the best and the most lasting, and which will not turn out to be English imperfectly acquired at school to be forgotten in after life, or in other words, English with no Gaelic in School, and bad Gaelic with little or no English after their school-days are done. Professor Blackie, in his book, puts this very forcibly in the case of the modern Celt who was unable, from the scanty resources of his bilingual faculty, to give any better reply to the simplest enquiries of the worthy Saxon tyro, than "*There's no Gaelic on't, sir.*"

Such instances being now-a-days the rule rather than the exception, I may in further illustration quote the Professor's words, viz. :—"As a confused attorney often fumbles in vain about his tables for papers which are nevertheless there, so the Celt who knows a little shallow currency of colloquial English seems to have forgot his Gaelic also, and in all likelihood can read neither his Gaelic nor his English Bible without labour and sorrow. This is the natural result of the stupid system of neglecting the mother tongue, and forcing English down the throats of innocent children who can no more be changed into Saxons by a mere stroke of pedagogy, than the heather on the hills can blush itself into roses from hearing a lecture by the Professor of Botany."

The Committee of Council recently took steps to elicit the opinions of Highland School Boards as to the teaching of Gaelic in their Schools; and so far as is yet known, many of them have replied that it may be neglected and even ignored. If their object be to put it out of existence, to ignore it in school is to adopt the wrong plan, even that by which it will live all the longer. Neither can they kill it or drive it out of existence, for the experience of similar attempts elsewhere teaches that they must first kill or drive out the people who use it. But, on the other hand, let them lead it gently and use it largely for the promotion of intelligence; towards acquiring a good English education, and it will flourish for a time, though in most parts only for a short space, and English, the language of commerce and of the educated classes, will more easily and quickly find its way and become the vernacular of the lower and humbler classes of the people. Such a consummation may and may not be an unmitigated good.

Having thus far in a cursory manner stated the general bearings of the question, I shall proceed to lay before you the results of a general enquiry, which, after undertaking to read this paper, I have made upon the subject of Gaelic Teaching in the Highlands. I despatched within the last few weeks over 160 circulars, with schedules containing certain queries, and each accompanied with a stamped envelope for reply. About half the number were sent to teachers, and about 60 to ministers of all denominations throughout the Highlands and Islands, but without reference to any special principle of selection other than that of acquaintanceship, which in some cases was followed. The remaining 20 copies were sent to Inspectors of Schools, one or two eminent landed proprietors in the Highlands, and several other gentlemen of position throughout the country, from whom proper information was likely to be obtained. I have received in return upwards of 100 reliable replies teeming with experi-

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ences, vast and varied. I arranged the queries according to three three leading heads, viz. :—I. Under the System of Teaching previous to the introduction of the Code; II. Under the Code Regulations; and III. Under a Modification of the Code. Those divisions respectively refer to the past, the present, and the probable future. And now, after a careful analysis of the replies, and a pretty thorough sifting of the evidence obtained, I may state the result, as follows :—the numbers given being per centages of the aggregate opinions :—

I.—Under the system of teaching previous to the introduction of the Code, or keeping out of view its present regulation and system of Standards :—

1. To what extent should Gaelic be used in teaching the children?—47 per cent. would read Gaelic and teach it fully; 42 would use it only for explanation of lessons; 8 would ignore it wholly; and 3 state no opinion.
2. Would the time required by them in learning to read Gaelic fluently be better spent in acquiring English alone?—51 answer no; 45, yes; and 4 are doubtful.
3. When the General Assembly's Committee, about 1826, started their scheme of High-schools, they issued a regulation that children should be first taught a course of Gaelic reading and after that English :—
   (a) Was this a wise regulation?—41 reply in the affirmative, but some of these qualify their replies; 47 deny the wisdom of the regulation; and 12 give no reply.
   (b) Was it carried out in practice?—15 reply that it was; 30 that it was partially; 31 that it was not; and 22 are doubtful, or give no opinion.
   (c) If not, were the parents or teachers to blame?—18 answer the parents; 12 the teachers; 30 both parents and teachers; 2 neither; and 38 doubtful, or give no reply.
   (d) Would the children at the age of 10, or after four years' schooling, be better or worse English readers than if taught without Gaelic reading?—51 answer better with Gaelic; 36 worse; and 13 doubtful, or give no reply.
   (e) Would it entail less labour upon teachers and pupils to take Gaelic reading after a fair course of English?—32 favour Gaelic teaching, and affirm it would entail more labour; 55 state the contrary; and 13 are silent or undecided.

II.—Under the Code regulations, as now in force :—

1. Is Gaelic reading now less taught than formerly?—81 state that it is less taught; 8 deny this; 9 are not certain, and give no reply.
2. Is the simple reading of Gaelic at all necessary, in addition to oral explanation, as a means towards securing passes in the standards?—18 reply that Gaelic reading is necessary, or ought to be; 73 that it is not; 5 are doubtful; and 2 do not venture an opinion.
3. Should Gaelic be made a specific subject?—70 that it should; 22 the contrary; 1 is doubtful; and 7 are silent.
4. Would children learn Bible knowledge and Scottish History more easily in Gaelic?—41 that they would; 26 that they would, Bible knowledge only; 28 are opposed to the idea; and 5 give no reply.

III.—Under a modification of the Code :—

1. Were individual examination of children under 10 abolished, and Gaelic made a special and paid subject for children over 10—
   (a) When should Gaelic reading be commenced?—22 reply at five years of age, or when children enter school; 2 reply at 6; 2 at 7; 5 at 8; 14 at 9; 30 at 10; 4 at 11: 2 at 12; and 2 at 13; 9 cry out *never;* and 8 are silent. Here the greatest number say at 10 years of age; but 45 per cent. prefer below, or at 9; and 38 prefer a higher age.
   (b) Should grammar in a simple form be attempted?—55 reply yes; and 33 no, but not a few of them on the ground that Highland children always speak Gaelic grammatically; while 12 give no reply.

IV.—Training of teachers, &c. :—

1. What special means should be adopted for training teachers?—33 wish students to

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attend Gaelic classes in Normal Schools; 23 that they attend the lectures of the Celtic Professor; 12 no training; 8 are doubtful; and 24 give no reply.

2. To what extent should salaries be increased for teaching Gaelic?—45 advocate grants as for other special subjects under the Code; 11 would increase the present salaries from ⅛ to ½: 13 desire grants of from £5 to £10; 11 are against any increase; and 20 do not reply.

In addition to the above queries, I requested the parties addressed to favour me with any other particular information about Gaelic and its Teaching within their reach; assuring them, however, that their replies and information should be considered private, unless they otherwise desired, considering that this would have the effect of drawing out more freely the opinions that existed, and in this I have not been disappointed. The information is profuse and the suggestions are various and opposite in character. Upon one point, however, they appear to be almost all agreed, in the rapid decline of Gaelic both in and out of school. There appears to be large districts of the Highlands where, within a few years, it has almost entirely ceased to be used. In the Highlands of Perthshire, which I know best, it surprises me much to find that it is not taught there now, and that in two at least of its largest and most Highland parishes, the people are almost Saxonised, and only a small minority of the teachers know Gaelic.

Another striking fact presents itself. The replies shew that at least 20 per cent. of my list of clergymen, teachers, and others throughout the Highlands, who know Gaelic and whose duty it is to use it, make no secret of their wish to see it dead and gone. A teacher in the West Highlands writes that the Committee of Presbytery who annually examined his school never asked whether the children could read the Bible in their native tongue. Another intelligent teacher in the North-West Highlands states that he taught Gaelic successfully before the introduction of the Code and was paid for it, as many others were, in terms of his Government certificate; but that it is now necessarily neglected in their schools, as the Inspectors ignore it, and besides, "School Boards, as a rule, disapprove of its being taught, for they are composed of lairds, factors, clergymen, doctors, and sheep-farmers—classes which generally have very few Celtic sympathies, indeed a strong desire to have the whole race Saxonized right off,—and although teachers may continue from a sense of duty and patriotic motives to teach the vernacular, such teaching is not efficient as the grants are not thereby increased."

A worthy Parish Minister in Argyleshire attributes much of the prevailing ignorance and immorality to the want of Gaelic teaching, and deplores that "children who have been years at school can neither read their own language, nor any other as they ought"; and adds, that "in some remote parts a puppy of a Highland laird may denounce Gaelic and Gaelic teaching, and have his whims too frequently gratified by obsequious tenants and schoolmasters." Yet he knows that "many schoolmasters have done a great deal of good by teaching thousands of children to read their Bibles at home for their own spiritual edification and that of their parents, who could neither understand English nor read Gaelic."

Take also the following remarks sent me by a good old minister, of whose piety and truth I once knew well, now located in one of the remoter Hebrides. He says, "I am pained with the horrible fact that one-seventh

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of the Gaelic-speaking population cannot read the Word of God in their native tongue, and it is disgusting to see the manner in which some teachers speak, write, and translate our expressive language, powerful in its very simplicity."

And sad to say the same state of matters is not confined to teachers and teaching, it extends to preachers and preaching. An excellent Gaelic scholar and an eminent divine, the Rev. Alex. M'Gregor of Inverness, favours me with his experiences, but I prefer to quote from a published paper of his in the *Celtic Magazine* of July last, and I only wish time and space would allow me to quote the whole of it. Writing about the "Present Position of Highlanders," he states that "preachers and teachers possessing a thorough acquaintance with the Gaelic language, the mother-tongue of the Highlanders, are become 'few and far between.'" Also that as "preachers are possessed only perhaps of a meagre provincial knowledge of Gaelic, orally acquired in whatever district may have been their birthplace, they go blundering and stammering through their uncouth addresses, regardless of the idiom, grammar, and beautiful structure of the language, and thereby eliciting the smiles of the heedless, as well as the sorrow of the pious and the devout." And further, to quote his words—"Can it be permitted in a highly privileged nation that hundreds of thousands of our people should remain unable to read the Word of God in their own language, and should be denied the privilege of listening to a purely preached Gospel in that language?—the language that raises their souls in devout aspirations to the living God, and the language which alone comes home to their minds with enchanting power." And all this he states is owing to the system so long practised, whereby Gaelic is not only neglected, but despised by the better classes, and, in consequence, banished and utterly excluded from the schools, as a thing not to be tolerated.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SHERIFF NICOLSON ON OSSIAN.—In a lecture on the "Poetry of the Scottish Highlands" recently delivered before the Edinburgh Literary Institute, the genial and learned Sheriff Nicolson "gave in his adhesion to the authenticity of the poems collected by Macpherson under that name (Ossian), and protested in vigorous terms against the impudence and effrontery of Saxon critics who dared to speak on this question without having a single Gaelic word to bless themselves with. To the question whether these poems were really good and worth reading, he answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative; and asked his audience, after having given them a specimen, whatever they might believe as to the authenticity of the Ossian poems, at anyrate to believe in their inspiration. Passing to the lyric poetry of the Highlands, he said it was settled that this did not date farther back than the last 300 years. This lyric poetry might be said to be a *terra incognita*, of the natural beauty and richness of which no stranger had any idea; and in order to their better appreciation of his statement on this point, the learned lecturer favoured his hearers with a few choice *morceaux* culled from four poets, who, he said, had been acknowledged to stand in the front rank of the Highland bards."—*Glasgow Highlander.*

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Correspondence.

NORTH UIST AND BENBECULA:

Two Sonnets by Professor Blackie.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Sir,—In the *Inverness Courier* of 11th January, I was amused by finding a letter from the well-known Celtic scholar, Mr Carmichael of Creagory, Benbecula, in which along with a pleasant account of the mildness of the climate in those far western regions, there was an allusion to certain verses which I had written in disparagement of the aspect of Nature in that part of the world. The passage in the letter is as follows:—

We still have primroses in our garden, and we have had a succession of them there all the year round. And, besides primroses, we have just now in bloom daisies, marigold, forget-me-nots *(myosotis dissitiflora)*, carnations, gladioli, geraniums, and roses. A cynical poet says—

As well seek roses in December
As faithfulness in women.

At the present time we could give this misanthrope a handful of the most beautiful carmine roses to cure him of his disease. Your friend Alick, who follows his mother in her love of flowers and plants, is sending you some rosebuds and carnations as a Christmas gift. Several of our rose trees in front of the house have rosebuds in different degrees of development. We have had Christmas roses and chrysanthemums in flower for some time past, and we have the crocus, tulip, and narcissus already far advanced.

Of course all these are grown in the open air, and without any artificial heat whatever. Nor need I hardly remind you how completely exposed our house and gardening are to the Atlantic gales, nor that when we came here four years ago, the surroundings of our house were in a state of nature. I mention these things to show that something, even of the poetic as well as the prosaic productions of nature, can be grown, and that in great delicacy and beauty, even in Benbecula, the scathing anathema of the high-souled Altnacraig notwithstanding!—

O, God forsaken, God detested land,
Of bogs and blasts, and moors and mists and rain.
Where men with ducks, divide the doubtful strand,
And shirts when washed are straightway soiled again!

This is New-Year's day, and a most delightful day it is. The wind is calm and the sun is warm and bright.

Now, what I have to say in reference to this matter is, that the four lines here quoted were not part of a serious composition, but a skit of good-humoured banter in reference to an accident that befell the linen of myself and Inspector Jolly, when hospitably entertained in those parts. But I did write a serious composition—fourteen lines of a sonnet—which, as they have not yet been printed, I may as well give to the light on the present occasion. A word of explanation as to the opening line is required. When in that part of the world, I ascended the Ben—not a very high one—from which the Island of Ben-Becula takes its name—and, of course, had a free survey of that flat country in all the range, from the mountains of Harris in the North to the heights of Barra in the extreme South. I also had, of course, a full view of the extraordinary manner in which the east shore of the country is cut up by irregular

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tongues of water that give it a drenched appearance, which, combined with the bleakness of the moors, and the blackness of the peat-bogs, and the smoke of the burning kelp, produce an effect not at all genial to the eye of the æsthetical tourist. When making this bleak survey from the height, I was informed by my fellow-traveller, that a learned gentleman, whom he had decoyed into those regions, on casting his eye round, had given vent to his feelings in a grim iambic, thus—

O, God forsaken, God detested land!

With which sentiment at the time, I felt only too much inclined to agree. I had not, however, been long in the country before I learned that the flat islands in those extreme regions, are like a medal, with copper on one side and silver on the other. The side exposed to the Atlantic, so far from presenting the wet and rugged aspect of the eastern shore, is chiefly made up of long stretches of grassy machars, redolent of rich clover, abounding like the Homeric Argos, in horses, and producing milk and butter of the most delectable savour, and the most nutritious quality. Considering this, and reflecting on how many harsh and uncharitable judgments both of men and things are passed in the world, from the hasty trick of making the worse aspect of a thing pass for the whole, I expressed my better judgment in the following sonnet: -

NORTH UIST.

"O, God forsaken, God detested land,
Half drowned in water, and half-swathed in mist,
With leagues of ragged waste on either hand,
And by the Sun's rare glimpses coldly kissed!
Say, did the Almighty Regent of the sky,
Ordain this tract for penal reprobation,
Or did he turn his back, and leave half dry
The land, at half the third day of creation?"
Nay, say not so: God never turned His back
On any spot; but here for me and thee
Of green delights He left a shining track
In grassy swells that fringe the bright blue sea,
And fragrant knolls, where the fresh sea breeze passes
O'er big-boned men, stout lads, and buxom lasses.

To which old lines I add the following, dashed off to-day, by way of registering in verse some of the floral contents of Mr Carmichael's letter:—

"O, God forsaken, God detested land,
Of bogs and blasts, and moors and wind and rain!"
So wrote some shallow fool, with hasty hand,
As fools are wont to spare themselves the pain
Of looking 'neath the skin. Here, on this strand,
Lashed by the white scourge of the seething main,
And where fierce Æolus gives his bellowing band
Free swing to range with wild mistempered rein;
Even here—O come and see! while Winter's sway
Is strong with you, and Nature torpid lies
In frosted lea, stiff pool, and hoary brae—
We spread our Summer greenness to mild skies,
And rose and primrose bloom in well-trimmed plot,
And marigold, and sweet forget-me-not.

—Yours, &c.,

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

EDINBURGH, 16th Jany. 1877.

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KYLE.

—o—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

BALLYGRANT, ISLAY, February, 1877.

SIR,—In the *Celtic Magazine* of this month, I observe a paragraph headed "Kyle," in which a correspondent alludes to my suggesting *coille* "wood" as the etymon of "Kyle," and then he refers to "Kyle" as derived from *Caol*, a narrow passage of sea or strait. The whole paragraph shows how a person that follows *a priori* methods in comparative philology is led entirely astray; for such methods are as migratory in comparative philology as they are in the pure physical sciences. Kyle, the name of a part of Ayrshire, and Kyle, a corruption of *Caol*, meaning "strait or "sound," are no more the same words than are *pen*, "an instrument for writing," derived from the Latin *penna*, and *pen*, "a fold," from the Anglo-Saxon *pyndam*. The "Kyles of Bute" is an English rendering of *Na Caoil Bhodach*, "The Bute Straits." Here Caoil, the plural of *Caol*, i.e., *Caoil*, is transformed into *Kyles*.

Calais is by no means identical with *Caolas*, "a strait or sound"; on the contrary, this name is of Teutonic and not of Keltic origin. It was anciently written Waleys or Galeys, which is equivalent to "Wales," and and was so called because a remnant of Kelts was there environed by Teutonic settlers. All Teutonic nations have always called the neighbouring tribes by the name of Walsche, that is Welshmen, "foreigners" or "strangers." The Slavs and Germans called the Bulgarians, who were originally Turanians from Asia, Wlochi or Wolvchi, and the country in which they settled Wallachia; and their Teutonic neighbours named the Kelts of Flanders and of the Isle of Walcheren, Walloons. Valland is the name given to North-western France in the Scandinavian Sagas, and in the Saxon Chronicle Wealand signifies the Keltic portion of Armorica. The Anglo-Saxons called the Keltic inhabitants of Britain the Welsh, and all that portion of the country not conquered by them Wales, and the German name of Italy is Walschland. The name Wales is a corruption of Wealhas, the plural of Wealh, "foreigner." Cornwall was formerly written Cornwales. The first part of this name, *Corn*, means "horn," and in an extended sense projecting land resembling a horn. The chroniclers invariably speak of North Wales and Corn-Wales. The Britons of Strath Clyde are called Walenses in the charters of the Scoto-Saxon Kings. Wal in German means anything "foreign" or "stranger," *waller* is a "stranger," *wallen*, "to wander or move about," and *walnut* is "foreign nut." The Sanskrit *m* frequently becomes *w* in the Gothic language, and according to this phonetic law, the German Wälsch is traced to the Sanskrit *mlech*, which signifies an indistinct speaker.

The Keltic and Romance *g* and the Teutonic *w* are convertible letters; which account for Waleys passing into Galeys and subsequently into Calais. Walter and William are Gualtier and Guillaume in French. The

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Prince of Wales is "le Prince de Galles," and Wales is the "pays de Galles."

The Caelic name *Gall*, which means "foreigner" or "stranger," is the equivalent of the Anglo-Saxon *Wealh*; hence the Scandinavians in olden times were called *Goill*, "strangers," and the Hebrides have been called from them *Innse Gall*, "Isles of Strangers." The Lord of the Isles was called *Righ Fionn-Ghall*, "King of *the* Fair Strangers" or Norwegians. A Dane was called *Dubh-Ghall*, "Black Stranger," not because his hair or skin was darker than that of the others, but on account of his being a greater stranger. The Scottish Lowlanders are called by the Highlanders *Goill*, and the Lowlands are called by them *Galltachd*. The more remote Lowlanders they call *Dubh-Ghoill* as they did the Danes. In a similar manner they call the Irish of Connaught and Munster *Dubh-Eirionnaich*, Black Irishmen. Like the Highlanders as regards Lowlanders, the Gaelic-speaking Irish also call the English-speaking Irish *Goill*. Galloway in Scotland and Galway in Ireland are names derived from *Gall*, and mean "the stranger's country." *Gallabh*, the Gaelic name of Caithness, is identical in meaning with the preceding two. The Bretons call a Frenchman *Gall*.

The names Connell, Corran, Cregan, and Craignish have nothing whatever to do with the narrowness of the ferries so called. Connell is from *Con-thuil*, "meeting of floods or currents"; Corran signifies anything bent or twisted; a sickle; a semi-circular bay; a point of land like a hook or sickle. The word is derived from *car*, "a twist or bend." It is from its peculiar shape that Corran ferry is so named. Cregan is the Gaelic *Creagan*, which means a rocky place. The name Craignish is partly Gaelic and partly Norse. The first part Craig = *Creag*, means "rock," and the second part—nish = ness signifies "headland." Danish Naes, "a headland." Hence Foreness, Sheerness, Foulness, Wrabness, Caithness, Tarbet Ness, Fife Ness, The Naze, in Norway and in Essex. In the West Highlands *Naes* takes the form—nish, so Craignish means "Rock headland," and at first denoted that which is now called the Point of Craignish. In Islay are the headlands Truternish and Stremnish, which is the same name as Strömness, and means "the headland of the current." In Skye is Trotternish, as well as several other headlands, the names of which end in—nish.—Yours, &c.

HECTOR MACLEAN.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—The second chapter of the "Superstition of the Highlanders," by Mary Mackellar, will appear in our next; also a Memoir, by the Editor, of John Mackenzie, editor of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry"; author of "The Life of Prince Charles, in Gaelic"; Compiler of the English-Gaelic part of Macalpine's Dictionary, and several other works.

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THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

By Alastair Og.

[Continued.]

—o—

MORT NAN LEODACH.

"Eh! charaide," arsa Coinneach Friseil, "dh'fhag thu cachala innte. Cha'n eil guth ma Chloinn 'ic Leoid a bha 'n Eilean Loch Thollaidh an deighe Clann 'ic Bhéathain. Bha dhithis bhraithrean aig an am so, a reir mo sgiala-sa, a' fuireach anns an Eilean, cuide ris an uachdaran. Latha dheth na lathaichean chaidh na fir—a dhithis bhraithrean—a bhreacach air Abhuinn Iugh. Ma dheireadh dh'fhas iad sgìth dheth an obair sin, shuidh iad, a leigeil an anail, agus chaidil iad ris a ghrein. Dar a dhuisg iad rinn iad guim eadar iad fhein gum marbhadh iad am brathair—an t' uachdaran dligheach—a bha aig an dearbh am, gu neo-chulmhor anns an eilean cuide ri mhnaoi 's ri chuid cloinne; agus gum biodh an oighreachd a rèis aca fhein. Dh-fhalbh na reabaltaich, agus tachradair am brathair agus a dhithis mac oga riu, air an rathad, agus mharbh iad ann an sin iad, agus thiodhlaic iad fear dhiu anns' a ghleann ris an canair gus an latha 'n diugh Gleann Bhadaidh na h'Aisg. Ghabh iad air an aghart dhachaidh a dh' ionnsuidh an tighe a bh'aca ann an Gearrloch. Ach thigeadar eadar na fir air an rathaid, mu dheighinn cuid gach fir dheth 'n oighreachd, agus mharbh an dara fear am fear eile."

"Dar a chunnaic a bhanntrach bhochd mar thachair, rinn i, gu muladach deurach, direach air seann duine glic a bha fuireach ann an Achadh-deasdal, agus dh'innis i dha mar a thachair. Thug esa comhairle oirre rian air choir-eigin a dheanamh air am aodach a bh' air a chloinn a ghoid a mach as an Tigh Mhor. Mo na se tigh-slaite a bh' ann cha robh sin duilich ri dheanamh. Ghearr dithis ghillean tapaidh an caol, 's thug iad a mach na leintean fola troimh chliathaich an tighe. Thug a bhanntrach a casan letha cho grad sa bha na buinn do Bhrathain, air ionnsaidh Mhic Coinnich, a caraide dileas fein. Dar a chual esa mar a bha, rinn e bonn direach air aghart do Dhun-edin, chon an robh an righ. Thilg e na leintean fuilteach air a bheulabh, dh'innis e dha uile mar thachair, 's thug an righ dha airgiod-cheann á Clann 'ic Leoid; ordugh cloidh is teine orra; agus an sgrios deth aghaidh na talmhainn; am fearann a thoir uatha; agus a chumail uatha gu brath. A nise 's ann an deighe so a thainig Clann a Choinnich, agus a sgiursaidh iad na Leodaich air falbh, mar dh'innis thusa 's a sgeulachd. Innsidh mi 'nise," arsa Coinneach, "mar thachair"

LATHA NA LUINGE.

Bha tighearna Macleoid air Raarsair uair agus chuir e 'n aon mhac a bh'aige mar bhara-dighinneachd a dh'iarraidh nighean fear a Chaisteal Ruaidh air do'n oganach a bhi aig aois posaidh. Dar a rainig e'n Caisteal Ruadh bha-sa ga fialaidh furanach ris, agus bha bhan-oglach Ghaidhealach, nighean an duin uasail, deonach oighre Mhicleoid a phosadh. Bha brath-

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air anmanta aice, agus cha tugadh e dha mar mhnaoi i gus am faiceadh e gu de seorsa fear a bh'ann a Macleoid—am bu diulanach tapaidh agus gaisgeal e—ach am faigheadh e mach an robh e na leomhann tapaidh a thaobh naduir. Leis an ana-miann 's ann a chuir e fein agus an t-oganach eile, a bha coltach a bhi na bhrathair aige, dulan air a cheile leis a chlaidheamh, agus mar bha'n diom-buaidh, mharbh MacConnich oighre Raarsair anns a chomhstri. An deighe so chomhairlich tighearna Ghearrloch da Mhurchadh a mhac a dhol a dh'iarraidh nighean tighearna Raarsair mar mhnaoi, agus thionaladh prasgan dheth na daoine bu tapaidh bha 'n Gearrloch, gu falbh cuide ri Murchadh a dh'iarraidh na mna, agus mar a bha 'n diom-buaidh anns a chuis, co bha na ghille-suirthich aig mac tighearna Ghearrloch ach mac fear a Chaisteal Ruaidh, a mharbh mac MhicLeoid Raarsair dar a chaidh e dh-iarraidh phiuthar ri posadh, agus bha seann fholachd aig muinntir Raarsair da dh-fhear a Chaisteal Ruaidh air son an t-oighre ac' a mharbhadh. Dh-fhalbh am prasgan a Gearrloch gu neo-ghealtach, agus rainig iad ceann a deas Raarsair, gu aite, mar theirear ris gus an latha 'n diugh, "Corran Oighre." Se sin do bhrigh 's gun deach an eanchain a chur a oighre Ghearrloch ann a sud leis na clachan. Dar a chunnaic na Raarsairich gur e mac fear a Chaisteal Ruaidh a bh'aige na ghille-suirthich, thionail iad muinntir Raarsair gu leir, a chum 's gu marbhadh iad le cheile iad. Chaidh Murchadh Ghearrloch air tir roimh chach, agus mas b'urrainn na Gearrlaich a chobhar, mharbh na Raarsairich leis na clachan e. Dar a chunnaic na Gearrlaich gu 'n deach Murchadh a mharbhadh chaidh iad dheth an tabhuil. Cha leigeadh iad a h-aon deth na Raarsairich a dh-ionnsuidh na birlinn. Thainig a chiad bhata dhiubh a dh'ionnsuidh na birlinn, ach chaidh gach ceann dheth amhaich dhiubh mas d'fhuair anam dhiubh air bord. M'as da tharadh iads' uileadh a chisleachadh thainig bata eile dheth na Raarsairich air taobh eile na birlinn agus fhuair cuid dhiubh-san air bord. A chuid sa chuid deth, thoisich a chomh-stri 's thainig an obair, 's an traoghais. Bha choltas air muinntir Ghearrloch gu'm faigheadh iad damaiste, ach thainig oganach a Chaisteil Ruaidh a nuas a deireadh na birlinn, 'us claidheamh anns gach laimh aige, agus rinn e treuntas fhuilteach, agus cobhair mhor ri muinntir Ghearrloch, ach bha na Raarsairich a tighinn gu math teann orra ged nach da mharbh iad duine. Bha 'n cath a fas cruaidh. Bha aon duine ann a mhuinntir Ghearrloch a theap ana-cothrom fhaighinn—Ruairidh Mor Mac Eachainn Ghlais—fear da theaghlach Bhadachro, agus chaidh e fhein agus fear dheth na Raarsairich ann an comh-stri ri cheile, ann an toiseach na birlinn, le 'n claidheanan, agus bha choltas gum buadhaicheadh an Raarsaireach air mac fhir Bhadachro. Thainig Coinneach Mor MacCoinnich chon an robh iad, agus thuirt e ri mac fhir Bhadachro, "an dìth-bìdh air an olc, am bheil an siogaire sin a cumail riut fhathast." "Oh tha," ars esa, "ach a Choinnich nan cumadh tusa iomlaid da bhuille ris, ach an glanain-sa mo shuilean, chitheadh tusa mar a thachradh dha," agus rinn Coinneach mar sud. Dar a fhuair Ruairidh Mor Mac Eachainn Ghlais a shuilean glan, le alt a dha ordaig a shuathadh unnta, chuir e leis an ath bheum dheth a chlaidheamh ceann an Raarsairich a mach air taobh na birlinn.

Chuairtich na Leodaich i cho mor 's nach robh rian aig na Gearrlaich an cumail air an ais. Ma dheireadh, 's ann leis a phrais a bh'ac' a bruich

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am bèdh a thilgeil innt' a chuir iad fodha an ath chulaidh dheth na Raarsairich. Chaidh a phrais troimhe, 's chaidh i fodha leis na h-uile mac mathar a bh'innte shluagh.

Chunnaic iad t'eile tighinn, 's cha robh rian air na bh'innte-sa chumail air an ais; oir, theirig a h-uile meadhon a bh'ac' anns a bhirlinn, ach an t'seana-mhusgaid dubh a dhiult strad fad an latha. Rug Fionnla Dubh a Mealabhaig oirre, dar a chunnaic e mar bha chuis a dol, agus thubhairt e, 's e ga cumail direach ris na bh'air dara taobh na culaidh, "Bho nach da fhreagair thu fad an latha 'n ainm Dhia, freagair a nise an ainm an donais." Fhreagair i, agus chuir i na bh'air dara taobh na culaidh a mach a thaobh an cuil air a mhuir, agus thionndan i air a beul-foipe leis a chorr. Dar a chunnaic am Faobaire MacCaoidhean a marbhag a bh'air muinntir Raarsair leis na Gearrlaich thainig e dh'ionnsuidh chladaich. Fhuair e greim air tobha-tire na birlinn agus char e 'na cho-bhonn gu 'toir air tir. Ach thug fear dheth na Gearrlaich an aire dha, agus thug e 'n duidear-leum suas, le seann tuagh mheirgeach a bh'aige, ghearr e'n tobha air gualainn na birlinn, agns thuit am Faobaire Mor MacCaoidhean, leis an tarruing, a thaobh a chuil, agus bhris e cnaimh a dhroma.

Cha robh duine treun a nis' an Raarsair. Bha corr agus tri fichead banntrach ann an oidhche sin, air chul na chaidh a mharbhadh da ghillean oga. Leig lad acair na birlinn as, agus sheol iad a dh-ionnsuidh na Comraich. Dar a rainig iad, char a bhirlinn a thoir air tir, agus dh-fhag iad fuidh *chomraich* na mara i. Agus theirear mar sin a "Chomraich" ris an sgire gus an latha 'n diugh.

Thainig iad a sin gu ruige Gearrloch, agus chuir tighearna Ghearrloch failte 's furan orr', ach dar a chunnaic e nach d'thainig Murchadh, se thubhairt e, "Hūt a dūdi fhearabh, thainig sibh dhachaidh agus Murchadh agams fhagail." 'S ann a thubhairt Fionnla Dubh ris gu'm b'fhearr dha dhol a steach, 'sa bheatha fhein a ghleidheadh, "Thigeadh sinne dhachaid agus tu fhein is Murchadh fhagail." Chunnaic e nach robh math a thigh'nn garg riu. Thug e aoidheachd na h-oidhche dhoibh uile. Anns a mhaduinn sgit iad, 's chaidh gach fear a rathad fhein dachaidh.

(Ri leantainn.)

AN T'ORANAICHE—THE GAELIC SONGSTER.—We are glad to learn that Part I. of Sinclair's Gaelic Songster sold well; and that the publisher will consequently be able to issue Part II. in a few days.

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LITERATURE.

—o—

THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS; By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, *Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.* Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

IT is our intention in this notice of the work to deal principally with the author's treatment of that interminable subject—Macpherson and his Ossianic Poems; but before doing so we will point out a few inaccuracies into which the Professor has been led by his guides, and others into which he fell—perhaps not unnaturally, by the similarity of some of the names with which he deals. One of those errors is in making Allan Dall Macdougall, Glengarry's family bard, a *piper*. This is incorrect. But it is clear from another mistake of our author, by which he makes Allan Dall William Ross's father-in-law, that he confused the Glengarry blind bard with John Mackay, the "Blind Piper" of Gairloch, whose daughter was William Ross's *mother*. William Ross, being never married, was no one's son-in-law. In the short biographies of the Gaelic bards our author follows those given by John Mackenzie, in his "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," published in 1841. While it was correct in 1841 to say that "a simple upright stone in the churchyard of Gairloch stands over" the remains of William Ross, no one will be better pleased than Professor Blackie to learn that, mainly through the exertions of his clansman, George Ross, Flowerdale, a handsome freestone monument was, in 1850, erected on Ross's grave, with a *Gaelic* and English inscription. The English one is:—"In memory of William Ross, some time schoolmaster of Gairloch, better known as the Gairloch Bard, who died in 1790, aged 28 years, this monument is erected over his grave, by a few of his countrymen and others, headed by the amiable and accomplished proprietor of Gairloch, in testimony of their respect, and admiration of his extraordinary genius and great native talent. 1850.

His name to future ages shall descend,
While Gaelic poetry can claim a friend."

The Gaelic is by the late Angus Macdonald, Bard of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and is as follows:—

ANN AN CUIMHNE
AIR
UILLEAM ROSS,
A BHA UAIR-EIGIN
NA MHAIGHSTIR-SGOIL'
ANN AN GEARRLOCH;
AIR AITHNEACHADH
NI 'S FEARR FO'N TIODAL
"BARD GHEARRLOCH,"
A CHAOCHAIL ANN AN 1790,
AIG AOIS 28 BLIADHNA.
THA AN CUIMHNEACHAN SO
AIR A CHUIR SUAS,
AIR AN UAIGH AIGE

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LE TEIRC
DE A LUCHD-DUTHCHA,
AGUS MUINNTIR EILE,
LE UACHDRAN CAOIMHNEIL
AGUS EIREACHDAIL
GHEARRLOCH
AIR AN CHANN;
ANN AN TEISTEANAS
AIR AN SPEIS DHA,
AGUS AM MOR-MHEAS
AIR A CHIALL NEO-CHUMANT,
'S A MHÒR THALANTA NADURACH.
1850.

AIR AINM-SA CHO FADA BITHIDH AITHRIS
'S AIG A BHARDACHD GHAELIC BHITHEAS CAIRID.

It will be seen that the laird—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart.—at the early age of eighteen, had given unmistakeable indications of the Celtic spirit which has done him, within the last few years, so much credit in connection with Gaelic subjects. Another and more important error, because it is calculated to perpetuate a state of matters which is not creditable to the Celtic character, is the fact that to this day John Mackenzie, of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," lies buried in the Chapel of the churchyard of Gairloch *with nothing whatever to mark his resting place*, while the Professor gives the incorrect information that "a monumental stone is erected to his (Mackenzie's) memory," on the authority of a paragraph in a contemporary that ought to be better posted up on such a subject.

We hope soon to see a new edition called for, when the author will have an opportunity of correcting these mistakes; and we trust that by that time our Celtic spirit will be roused sufficiently to place the Professor in a position to say truly, "that a monumental stone *has been* raised" to one to whom we are all so much indebted as John Mackenzie of "The Beauties."

The author, premising that the generation for whom he writes has grown up in a general ignorance of all that belongs to Ossian and the Ossianic question, gives a clear and succinct statement of the facts of the case, describing how it was that a small coterie of literateurs in Edinburgh started Macpherson on his tour to the Highlands, after they had examined and admired his translation of the "Death of Oscar" at the request of Home, the author of "Douglas;" how, and with what prospects, Macpherson had been most unwillingly prevailed upon to start on his tour of collection, accompanied by Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie, Ewen Macpherson, Knoydart; and Captain Morrison, an excellent Gaelic scholar. We are told of the success of the poems on their appearance in print; how Hume, who doubted "whether the world was the production of an intelligent cause," naturally gave vent to his scepticism in the simple faith of those who believed in the disentombed personality of a blind old Highland bard who could have composed sublime epics centuries before any modern European nation had crept out of its cradle. "It was the natural jealousy of the Teutonic towards the Celtic

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race that was working secretly, and the traditional ignorance and insolence of Englishmen—who are generally insolent in proportion to their ignorance, regarding everything Celtic. The great instrument put forth by John Bull on this occasion was the redoubtable Dr Johnson, a strong-minded, vigorous thinker, but gnarled through and through with stiff English prejudice," dealing about in a fashion which set all the laws of civilized intellectual warfare at defiance. The author quotes the doctor's famous opinion of Macpherson and his Ossian, in the "Tour to the Hebrides;" and shows that, in accordance with the code of honour then acknowledged among gentlemen, Macpherson felt imperatively called upon to send the doctor a challenge to answer for his impertinence with his life, at the same time depositing his Gaelic MSS. with his London publisher, Mr Becket. The doctor's famous reply is well known, although it is not so generally known that a challenge, in accordance with the custom of the times, was the cause of it; but a letter is printed in Sir J. Sinclair's "Dissertation," from Mr Duncan, who bore the challenge from Macpherson to the doctor, which leaves no doubt whatever as to this having been the case. Various important historical facts are given, and the character and condition of the witnesses from whose evidence we are to form a judgment on this remarkable literary controversy, are carefully and impartially examined, after which the Professor lays down the following:—

PROPOSITION I.—The Highlanders of Scotland, like the pre-Homeric Greeks, and all other intelligent peoples before the currency of a written or printed literature, were possessed of a great mass of floating narrative and lyrical tradition, which was transmitted from father to son, through many generations, and formed the staple of a native, natural, healthy-minded, and invigorating popular education. Of this rich oral literature the traditions about Ossian and the Feinn, and the warlike struggles between Scandinavians and Celts in the early history of Scotland and Ireland—which in those early days were one Celtic country—formed a prominent part.

PROPOSITION II.—It is established by an accumulation of evidence from various quarters, such as would satisfy the most scrupulous jury, that there existed in the Highlands, before the time of Macpherson, considerable collections of Gaelic songs and ballads, and other traditional records in the form of manuscript; that Macpherson, in his literary explorations through the islands, got possession of some of the most important of these; that others of them were seen by various persons in the possession of individuals who had no connection with Macpherson, and before he appeared on the scene; further, that Macpherson, before publishing his *Ossian*, spent many months, in the presence of various parties, employed in the decipherment and translation of these manuscripts.

Our author has done excellent and opportune service in publishing some of the evidence from the "Highland Society's Report":—

(A.) From the evidence of the Rev. Andrew Gallie, minister in Kincardine in Ross-shire, 12th March 1799:—

"When he [Macpherson] returned from his tour through the Western Highlands and Islands, he came to my house in Brae-Badenoch. I inquired the success of his journey, and he produced several volumes, small octavo, or rather large duodecimo, in the Gaelic language and characters, being the poems of Ossian and other ancient bards.

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"I remember perfectly that many of those volumes were, at the close, said to have been collected by Paul Macmhuirich Bard Clanraonuil, and about the beginning of the fourteenth century. Mr Macpherson and I were of opinion, that though the bard collected them, yet that they must have been writ by an ecclasastic, for the characters and spelling were most beautiful and correct. Every poem had its first letter of its first word most elegantly flourished and gilded; some red, some yellow, some blue, and some green. The material writ on seemed to be a limber, yet coarse and dark vellum. The volumes were bound in strong parchment. Mr Macpherson had them from Clanranald.

"At that time I could read the Gaelic characters, though with difficulty, and did often amuse myself with reading here and there in those poems, while Mr Macpherson was employed on his translation. At times we differed as to the meaning of certain words in the original."

And in another letter, dated 4th March 1801, he added the following characteristic anecdote, along with his own notions about the propriety of Macpherson's procedure in the handling of the translation:—

"I remember Mr Macpherson, when reading the MSS. found in Clanranald's, execrating the bard who dictated to the amanuensis, saying, 'D—n the scoundrel; it is he himself that now speaks, and not Ossian.' This took place in my house, in two or three instances. I thence conjecture that the MSS. were kept up, lest they should fall under the view of such as would be more ready to publish their deformities than to point out their beauties."

Dr Adam Ferguson, an excellent Gaelic scholar, says "that in comparing Macpherson's version with the original, they found it exact and faithful in any parts which they read," and "that the fragments afterwards seen in Macpherson's hands by no means appeared of recent writing —the paper was much stained with smoke, and daubed with Scots snuff."

Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie testifies that—

"In the year 1760, I had the pleasure of accompanying my friend, Mr Macpherson, during some part of his journey in search of the poems of Ossian, through the Highlands. I assisted him in collecting them, and took down from oral tradition, and transcribed from old manuscripts, by far the greatest part of those pieces he has published. Since the publication I have carefully compared the translation with the copies of the originals in my hands, and find it amazingly literal, even in such a degree as to preserve, in some measure, the cadence of the Gaelic versification."

Captain A. Morrison, who accompanied Macpherson, testifies—

"That Mr James Macpherson, on his tour through the Highlands and Isles, was a night in his house in Skinnander, Skye; was then collecting the ancient poems, but when in his house had only a few of them. That he gave him (Captain Morrison) some, which he afterwards translated and published, together with Fingalian or old heroic poems not published in his translations, one of them Dargo. That afterwards, in London, he had access to Mr Macpherson's papers; saw the several manuscripts which he translated, in different handwritings—some of them in his own hand, some not—as they were either gathered by himself or sent him from his friends in the Highlands—some of them taken from oral recitation, some from MSS."

As a supplement to this must be added the interesting account of the procedure of the translators in making their version, given by Mr Graham at p. 283 of his dissertation:—

"I have further to state that the Rev. Mr Irvine, of Little Dunkeld, in

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Perthshire, permits me to say that Captain Morrison was his intimate friend; that he now possesses in the original MS. much of the correspondence which passed between Macpherson and Morrison during the progress of the collection and translation of Ossian's poems; that Mr Morrison assured him that Macpherson understood the Gaelic language very imperfectly; that he, Mr Morrison, wrote out the Gaelic for him for the most part on account of Macpherson's inability to write or spell the Gaelic properly; that Captain Morrison assisted him much in translating; and that it was their general practice, when any passage occurred which they did not well understand, either to pass it over entirely, or to gloss it over with any expressions that might appear to coalesce easily with the context."

Finally, we have the celebrated declaration by Lachlan MacMhuirich, testifying to the MS. which he had given to Macpherson, but which space forbids us to give. The testimony given in the Highland Society's Report, and of which the Professor has given the above specimens, from many of our Highland clergymen, of whom even Dr Johnson speaks as learned, intelligent, and cultured, is so unmistakeable, and so unhesitatingly given, that, before we can believe Ossian to have been forged, or to any great extent altered from the materials which Macpherson procured in the Highlands, we must first believe that the most cultured and most intelligent of our Highland ministers were *the most wicked, contemptible, and deliberate liars*, or *that their admitted culture and intelligence had degenerated into simple idiocy*. We, in common with most Highlanders, cannot see our way to accept either alternative, and must therefore continue to believe, with Professor Blackie, that "the Gaelic was not composed by Macpherson, who never professed to be more than a mere translator, and who, according no less to the express testimony of competent persons than to the *ex facie* probabilities of the case, could no more have written a poem like one of Ossian's than he could have composed the Prophecies of Isaiah, or created the Isle of Skye." As to whether the poems are a translation from the English, we refer the reader—as indeed the Professor himself refers the readers of his book—to the valuable papers from his pen on this subject which appeared in the July and August numbers of the *Celtic Magazine*.

We would say, in conclusion, with "Nether Lochaber," that nowhere has the much-vexed Ossian question been at once so fairly and clearly stated as in this volume, nor has anyone else that has meddled with it managed to put all the merits of the controversy *pro* and *con*, so completely within a nutshell as Professor Blackie; so that all who would understand the question aright and *ab initio*, and would wish to read and judge cautiously and carefully for themselves before arriving at any definite decision or conclusion on the matter, have here all the necessary evidence within the compass of a few pages, and better far than if they had to wade through the many volumes and "dissertations" that the subject has from first to last called forth, and in which the real question at issue is only too frequently lost sight of in a cloud of matter entirely irrelevant, or even alien to the subject-proper. The work is one which no one claiming an acquaintance with Celtic subjects can afford to dispense with.

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ORAN DO MHAC-'IC-ALASTAIR.

KEY C.

: m .f	s	:-.l	: d'	| d'	: d'	: m .f	s	:-.l	: s	| l	:-
Faigh a	nuas dhuinn		am	bot	- al,	'S theid an	deoch	so	mu'n	cuairt,	

: d'	s	:-.m	: m	| m	:-.r	: d	m	:-.r	: r	| r	:-
Lion	bar	- rach	an	cop	- an,	cum	soc	- rach	a'	chuach,		

: d .r	m	:-.s	: m	| m	:-.r	: d .d	d	:-.r	: m	| d'	:-
Tos - da	Choir	- neil	na	feil	- e,	Leis an	eir	- eadh	gach	buaidh,		

: d'.r'	m'	:-.r'	: d'	| d'	: l	: s .s	s	:-.l	: s	| m	:-
Oigh - re	Chnoid	- eart	a'	bharraich,		'S Ghlinne	Gar	- aidh	bho	thuath.		

Thig ort measair a's adharc,
Agus taghadh nan arm,
Le d' mhiol-choin air lomhainn,
'S iad romhad a' falbh:
'Nuair theid thu do 'n mhonadh,
Bidh fuil air damh dearg;
Cas a shiubhal an fhirich,
Leat 'chinneadh an t-sealg.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S tu marbhaich' a' choilich,
'S moch a ghoireas air chrann,
Bhuic bhioraich an t-seilich
A's eilid nam beann:
'S tric a leag thu na luath's
A chuol-ruaghag 's a mhang,
'Nuair a ruigeadh do luaidhe
Cha ghluaiseadh iad eang.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S tu namhaid na h-eala,
Lamh a mhealladh a' gheoidh;
B' fhearr leat 'fhaicinn 's an adhar,
Na na laidhe air lòn,
Air iteig ga chaitheamh,
'S luaidhe neimh' air a thoir
Bho ghunna beoil chumpaich,
'S cha bhiodh ùin' aige beò.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

NOTE.—The song, of which the above are the first verses, is the composition of *Ailean Dall*, and as its title indicates, is addressed to Colonel Ronaldson Macdonell of Glengarry. The air above given is the one commonly sung in the West of Ross-shire. The time given to some of the notes above—though very effective on an instrument—may not suit the length of some of the syllables. The singer will therefore have to exercise his discretion in giving a pulse or a pulse and a-half, as may be required, to such notes. A popular song, having reference to the Highland evictions, is sung to the same air in Ross-shire. I never saw it in print; nor do I know who composed it. The following verses are all I remember of it:—

Chorus—Cuir a nall duinn am botal
Cuir an deoch so mu'n cuairt;
Tha m' inntinnsa deònach
'Dhol a sheòladh a' chuain;
'Dhol a dh-ionnsaidh an áit'
An do '*bharc* am mòr-shluagh—
Gu Eilean St Mairi, 's cha
Bhi mál ga thoirt bhuainn.

Ma's e reitheachan chaorach
Na daoine 'bhios ann,
Bi'dh Albainn an trà so
'Na fasaich do'n Fhraing;
Thig Bonuaparte thugainn le
'Chuideachd a nall,
'S bithidh ciobairean truagh dheth,
'S cha thruagh leinn an call.

'Nuair shineas am *bracsaidh*
'S gach galair bhios ann;
A' chloimh cha 'n i 's taise,
Ga 'n tachas gu teann—
Falbhaidh 'n t-uan leis a' chaoile,
'S gach maoin a bhios ann;
'S 'nuair thig an Fheill-martainn
Bithidh 'm màl orr' air chall.

Perhaps some one of the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* will furnish further particulars thereanent.—W. M'K.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XVIII. APRIL 1877. Vol. II.

JOHN. MACKENZIE, EDITOR OF THE "BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."

A MEMOIR.

—o—

The subject of the following sketch, the son of respectable parents, was born on the 17th July 1806, at Mealan Thearlaich (Mellon Charles), in the parish of Gairloch. He was the eldest son of Alexander Mackenzie, locally known as "Alastair Og," who, like his father before him, was tacksman of all the lands on the north side of Lochewe belonging to the lairds of Gairloch. John's mother was Margaret Mackenzie, daughter of the late Mr Mackenzie of Badachro, and grand-daughter of the late Rev. Mr Robertson, Lochbroom; by a daughter of Mackenzie, the proprietor of Letterewe. It will thus be seen, that the editor of "The Beauties" was descended from the Gairloch family both on the father's and mother's side. On the father's side he was sixth in direct male descent from *Alastair Cam*, the second son of the laird of Gairloch, as follows:—

Alastair Càm, second son of Alexander, sixth Mackenzie, and brother of Kenneth, first baronet of Gairloch;
Alastair, MacAlastair Chàim;
Iain Mor, MacAlastair;
Iain Og, MacIain Mhoir;
Alastair Og, MacIain Oig;
Iain Alastair Oig—(John Mackenzie of "The Beauties").

Alastair Càm, or one-eyed Alexander Mackenzie, is said to have fought at the battle of Sheriff-muir, where he lost an eye—hence his designation; as also that of his descendants, who are still known in Gairloch as *Sliochd Alastair Chaim*, or the descendants of the one-eyed Alexander. The Badachro family were also a near offshoot of the Gairloch family, so that the subject of our sketch was as closely connected with the parent tree on the one side as on the other. Nor was the connection ignored or forgotten by the lairds of Gairloch, for, when John Mackenzie decided upon publishing the poems of William Ross, the Gairloch bard, Sir A. Francis Mackenzie, the late baronet, not only substantially aided him in his efforts to collect them, but guaranteed the expenses of publication, and generously presented him with the portmanteau and other necessary articles to fit him out for his journey.

Alexander Mackenzie, John's father, held the position of a middle-

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man, and as such sub-let the greater part of Mealan Thearlaich (Mellon Charles) in small crofts, the crofters, by arrangement, paying the rent direct to the laird, so that, while the middleman had the best portion of the farm, his tenants paid the whole rent, with the exception of fourpence exacted by the late Sir Hector Mackenzie to preserve his rights of superiority. Notwithstanding this favourable state of matters, Alastair Og's unbounded hospitality, and the style of living then fashionable among the better class of tenants, reduced him in circumstances so much, and the land was so neglected, that the laird was ultimately obliged to take the latter into his own hands, with the exception of a small portion which was left in the possession of Mackenzie, free of any rent in future, on condition that he would pay up some trifling arrears. In spite of these adverse circumstances, Mackenzie, anxious to have his children educated, obtained the services of a young man of the name of William Falconer, son of the gardener at Brahan Castle, and afterwards, Donald Dunbar, from Tain, as family tutors; and from them John picked up his earliest rudiments of education. After this, he and his brother James, who still survives, attended school at Isle of Ewe, and latterly, they were sent, eighteen miles from home, to the parish school of Gairloch, then, as now, a well conducted school. Here John's school education terminated.

From childhood almost he took a peculiar delight in reading everything within his reach, and in particular he devoted himself to the study of the songs and music of his native district. Of this period of his life he writes—"In the morning of my days it was my happy lot to inhale the mountain air of a sequestered spot, whose inhabitants may well be designated the *children of song;* and, in a state of society whose manners were but little removed from that of primitive simplicity, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the influence of poetry over the mind; and uniformly found that cheerfulness and song, music and morality, walked almost always, hand in hand. Thus nurtured, and thus tutored, the intrinsic excellence of the poetry which I was accustomed to hear in my younger days made such an impression on my mind that neither time, distance, nor circumstances, have been able to obliterate. I was, therefore, bred with an enthusiasm which impelled me, as I advanced in life, to dig deeper and deeper into the invaluable mine, until, having obtained a view of all the available materials, my admiration became fixed, and my resolution to rear the present monument (The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry) was irremovably formed."

He was most anxious, we might almost say from his cradle, to obtain a correct knowledge of his mother tongue, as also of the rich poetry contained in it. That he succeeded far beyond any of his contemporaries or compeers is now universally acknowledged. At a very early age, and while yet a boy, he exhibited an extraordinary aptitude for music, for making musical instruments, and for producing all sorts of ornaments and utensils in wood, with no other instrument or tools than his pocket knife. While a mere child he constructed a fiddle for himself, and later a set of bagpipes, upon which he became an excellent performer. He could also play upon the flute and several other musical instruments. He collected and wrote down several popular Highland airs, as yet unpublished, but of which the manuscript is still extant.

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His parents, observing his skill in the constructing of bagpipes, fiddles, and other ornamental woodwork, thought that, with tastes in such a direction, he was sure to become a good joiner or carpenter, and an opportunity having offered of learning the trade, with a kind of peripatetic joiner named William Ross, who travelled from place to place throughout the country, John was apprenticed to him to learn the business of a joiner. During his peregrinations with Ross, the young disciple found a more congenial employment in noting down the Gaelic songs and tales floating among his countrymen, than in acquiring his trade. He, however, continued to combine the two occupations until on one occasion, while executing some work at the manse of Gairloch, he received a severe blow on the head, which for a considerable time quite incapacitated him for work. On getting somewhat better, he went, to complete his apprenticeship, to a joiner at Conon Bridge; but soon found that the injury to his head was of such a permanent nature as quite unfitted him to follow the profession any further. Nor was he particularly sorry to give it up, for it was by no means congenial to his taste. He then returned to his native parish, and engaged himself in collecting William Ross's poems, most of which he obtained from Alexander Campbell, better known as *Alastair Buidhe Mac Iamhair*, a contemporary bard and bosom friend of William Ross. He spent twenty-one nights taking down Ross's poems from *Alastair's* recitation.

John had worked hard, and travelled much throughout the whole Highlands—north, south, and west—more or less for twelve years, collecting materials for, and preparing, his splendid collection—"The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," for the press. It was while collecting the poems of William Ross that the idea first occurred to him of publishing this grand work, which he determined should contain the best specimens of all the best poetry extant in his native language, from Ossian down to his own time, with Biographical notices of the Gaelic bards written in English. While on this tour throughout the Highlands he procured a large list of subscribers for his most celebrated work, and other intended publications. In 1833 he left his native parish, and in the same year appeared "The Poems of William Ross, the Gairloch Bard," with "The History of Mac-Cruislig, a Highland Tale," in one volume; and several other works of minor importance. Within the year a second edition of Ross's poems was called for. In 1836 he obtained a situation as book-keeper in the Glasgow University printing office.

He was now most anxious to publish "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," but finding himself, financially and otherwise, unable to do so on his own account, he disposed of the copyright, for a mere trifle, to Macgregor, Polson, & Co., at that time publishers in Glasgow, at the same time engaging to superintend the work while going through the press, This work required such attention and constant application that his constitution, never very robust, was thereby undermined to an extent from which it never recovered. The work appeared in 1841, in strict accordance with his original design, containing the best of the poetry in Gaelic, and Biographies and Criticisms in English, of thirty-six of the Gaelic bards, together with an Appendix, containing the most celebrated ditties in the language by those who had not attained to the dignity of being styled

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bards, with an account of the authors, and the incidents which occasioned the songs. To the whole was prefixed an able and learned Introduction, containing an account of the manners, habits, and customs of the Ancient Caledonians, by the late James Logan, F.S.A.S., author of the "Scottish Gael."

The next work of importance on which we find Mackenzie engaged is the "History of Prince Charles," in Gaelic, which was printed and published by Thornton and Collie, 19 St David Street, Edinburgh, in the year 1844. The following agreement, the original of which is now before us, in Mackenzie's handwriting, conveys a pathetic tale:—

"EDINBURGH, March 21st, 1843.

1. It is hereby agreed by the subscribers, that John Mackenzie shall translate into Gaelic the History of Prince Charles Edward, from materials in English to be furnished to him by D. R. Collie, for which he shall be allowed the sum of three pounds sterling for his trouble, in the first place.

2. That as soon as John Mackenzie shall procure two hundred and fifty *bona fide* subscribers for the work, D. R. Collie shall get it printed according to the terms of prospectus—500 subscribers' copies on fine foolscap 8vo., and 500 on demy 12mo.

3. That besides the three pounds to be paid for translating as above, John Mackenzie shall be allowed sixpence for each subscriber procured by him to the list, and another sixpence for delivering each subscriber's copy —that is, each copy shall be paid for by him at the rate of four shillings, until the account for printing, paper, and binding is paid; and after that, any number of copies may be purchased by either party at the trade price of three shillings and sixpence per copy —money paid before delivery.

4. The remaining profits, if any, arising from the sale of the work, after the first expenses have been cleared, shall be equally divided between John Mackenzie and D. R. Collie.

5. That none of the cheap copies shall be sold until the first expense of printing the whole has been paid off.

6. That in the event of a second, or more, editions of the work being called for, it is hereby expressly stipulated that the one party cannot print, or make any arrangement with a third party for printing or publishing the said work, without the full knowledge and consent of the other; and any profits to be derived from the sale of any future edition, after paying the expenses, shall be shared equally between John Mackenzie and D. R. Collie.

In witness thereof, we mutually copy and sign this agreement, this present 23d day of March 1843.

(Signed) JOHN MACKENZIE.
(„) D. R. COLLIE."

In Mackenzie's original subscription list, which is in our possession, we find the names of two hundred and ninety-one subscribers in regular order, and over a dozen scattered about on different pages. He had thus over three hundred to begin with. The first two on the list are John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, "Eilean Aigais" (2 copies each).

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We also find the names of Neil MacAlpine, Islay (2 copies); the late John Maclachlan, bookseller; James Logan, Duncan Macneill, solicitor-general; Archibald Sinclair, *Chronicle* office; John Forbes, schoolmaster, Fort-Augustus; Cluny Macpherson of Cluny (2 copies); Colin Chisholm (late President of the Gaelic Society), London; G. A. Mackenzie of Applecross; G. A. Mackenzie of Dundonell; Evan Maccoll, Liverpool, the well-known Gaelic bard, now of Kingston, Canada; Colin Fraser, now F.C. minister, Strathglass; W. F. Skene; J. F. Campbell, yr. of Islay; W. B. C. Campbell, Islay House; Mary Ann Jane Clephane Douglas Maclean; Lord Lovat; A. Fletcher of Dunans; Lord Arthur Lennox; the Duke of Richmond, and many other well known names.

The publication of "The Beauties" and of "The History of Prince Charles" secured John Mackenzie considerable fame in literary circles; and he soon after obtained an engagement with Messrs Maclachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh, at what would now be considered, even in a *Celtic* literary engagement, starvation wages, namely, one pound per week. While thus employed he produced work for which the Celtic admirers of John Bunyan, and other eminent English divines, give John Mackenzie but little credit. But this is probably because the mass of his countrymen are quite ignorant of what they owe to him. He translated into Gaelic, Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted"; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; Bunyan's "Come, and Welcome"; his "World to Come"; his "Grace Abounding"; his "Water of Life"; his "Sighs from Hell"; Dyer's "Christ's Famous Titles"; Guthrie's "Christian's Great Interest." His "Aosdàna," or a selection of the most popular Gaelic Jacobite songs, appeared in 1844, and is dedicated to Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, the present chief of the clan, in the following words:—"Do CHLUAINIDH, TRIATH CHLANN MHUIRICH—UAUSAIL FHIUGHANTAICH, *tha mi cur a mach an leabhair bhig so fo t'ainm ailleal-sa, le lan dochas gum faigh e do dhion, a thaobh gur tu an t'aon a mhain a tha maireann an diugh (a thuigeas an uirghioll a th' air a chuir sios ann agus aig am bheil speis d'a leithid) de dh'iarmad nan Triath flathasach, treun, a dh eirich suas ann am buillsgean cunnairt agus leiridh chum seanna choir Shiol Alba athchosnadh do'n diobarach Rioghail dhligheach, a dhuisg comh-mhothachadh nam bard binn a sheinn na dain so. Is mise da rireadh, le mor speis agus urram, do sheirbhiseach fior umhal, IAIN MACCHOINNICH.*" Another collection of his is the "*Cruiteara*," or Gaelic Melodist, being a collection of the most popular Highland love songs. He is also the author of the English-Gaelic part of the dictionary known as "MacAlpine's." He produced an enlarged edition of Duncan Ban Macintyre's poems, and various other works. In all, he composed, edited, or translated above thirty different publications. His last completed work was "MacAlpine's Dictionary," but in 1847 he issued a prospectus for a new and greatly enlarged edition of "The Beauties," which was to have been published by subscription, by Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh, and sold to subscribers at 10s. It was "to comprise the works of *forty-six* professional bards, with an Appendix, containing a general collection of songs, original and select, composed by private gentlemen, who invoked the muse only on particular occasions, or under the impulse of strong feeling excited by extraordinary events. . . . Every bard considered

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worthy of the name, whose compositions are known, and of whose existence any tradition remains, shall be noticed. Among those lays which are particularly cherished among their countrymen, but which, notwithstanding their worth, have never before been printed, may be mentioned *Alastair Grannd* and *Alastair Buidhe MacIamhair*, of Gairloch, and *Iain MacMhurchaidh*, or Macrae, of Kintail. The works of these three Poets were unavoidably omitted in the first edition of this work, but by the liberality of the present publishers the Compiler has many advantages in making the work more satisfactory than in its former state. The songs of John MacMhurchaidh are the most pathetic and sentimental of all the modern Highland bards."

It is a cause of sincere regret to all who take an interest in Celtic literature that he did not survive long enough to carry out his object, for it is to be feared that the material which he possessed is now for ever lost. We are informed by his brother, James, that the poems of Alexander Campbell *(Alastair Buidhe MacIamhair)*, the Gairloch bard, referred to, some of whose pieces have appeared in this magazine in the *Highland Ceilidh;* and those of Alexander Grant, better known as "*Bard Mor an t' Slagain*," were left written out, in two separate manuscript volumes, ready for the printer; but they have unfortunately disappeared since John's death, nobody now knowing where they went to. The "ancient bard" which fronts the title page of the first edition of "The Beauties" is said to be a likeness of the "Bard Mor." It is not generally known, but his brother informs us, that Mackenzie was also sub-editor of the *Cuairtear nan Gleann*, with "Tormod Og," who could write Gaelic phonetically, and who carried on the correspondence with his contributors and the outside world, while John did the actual work of editor. He kept up a regular correspondence with the brothers Sobieski Stuart, several specimens of which we have in our possession, and he was by them considered the great authority on all disputed questions of Gaelic orthography, when preparing their "Lays of the Cavaliers," and other works. We also possess some "Lives of the Bards," written by him, but never published, as well as other valuable MSS. on "Gaelic Orthography;" and original Gaelic sermons, which he was in the habit of writing for Highland ministers, who were so ignorant of the language in which they were paid for preaching to their congregations as to require his services.

His Preface, written for his own part—the English-Gaelic—of what is known as MacAlpine's Dictionary, was by the publishers inserted at the beginning of the book—prefaced, indeed, to MacAlpine's share of the work; and as the preface somewhat unfavourably criticises MacAlpine's portion of the work, the latter became furious, and continued Mackenzie's inveterate enemy as long as he lived—so much so, it is said, that the last words he uttered were the very opposite of blessings on the man who wrote the unfavourable preface, which, contrary to the writer's intention, had been, by some unaccountable mistake, prefaced to the Gaelic-English, instead of the English-Gaelic, part of the Dictionary. To make matters worse, the work is also issued separately—MacAlpine's part with Mackenzie's preface, and Mackenzie's part without a preface at all.

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Mackenzie composed several pieces of his own; but although he manifested a correct appreciation of poetical merit in the productions of others, and an excellent taste on the whole, in his selections from the bards, his attempts at original poetical composition are not of a very high order. He has, however, considered a song, composed by him in 1830, to a young lady, Mary Sudge, the daughter of an innkeeper in Wick, with whom he had fallen in love, worthy of publication in his "Cruiteara," or Gaelic Melodist. The song is not without considerable merit as an original composition, but it owes its popularity probably more to the air, which was well known and exceedingly popular in the Highlands long before John Mackenzie was born. Another excellent composition, which has not yet appeared in print, he composed to a weaver's loom in his neighbourhood, while yet a mere stripling. The reader will have an opportunity of judging of their merits in an early number.

At the time of his death he was preparing a new edition of the Gaelic Bible, which he left in an incomplete state. We have seen the proofs, but have been unable to discover by whom he was engaged on this important work.

In his native district the current opinion is that it was the preparation of the new edition of the Bible that undermined his health; but this is not so. The labour which he bestowed on the Dictionary, which was published in 1846, shook him severely, and being naturally of a very delicate constitution, the labour and close application he bestowed upon it brought about a stomach complaint, which laid him almost prostrate, and quite incapacitated him for work. He now decided on visiting his native place, thinking that a change of air might benefit him, and if the worst came to the worst, preferring to die, lovingly and tenderly cared for, in the bosom of his own family. After an absence of fourteen years, he arrived, in a very weakly state, at his father's house in *Lon-Dubh*, Poolewe, in May 1848, where he lingered without any improvement, but cheerful to the end, and died, apparently without pain, in the arms of his sister Mary, who still survives him, on the 19th of August 1848, to the sincere regret of all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of people, including almost the whole population of the district, and he was buried in the grave of his ancestors, within the old Chapel in the parish churchyard of Gairloch, where, sad to say, there is not the slightest mark to indicate the resting-place of one who has done so much for the literature of his countrymen. Since, however, we have set about collecting the slight materials available for the purposes of this short sketch, and since the appearance of Professor Blackie's "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands," in which he so freely borrows from, and so handsomely acknowledges his indebtedness to, Mackenzie's "Lives of the Bards," we have communicated with a few gentlemen who take an active and lively interest in Celtic questions, with the view of having a small monument erected, to indicate the last resting-place of the Collector and Editor of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." The idea was heartily approved of by, among others, Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart., of Gairloch, Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., Osgood H. Mackenzie of Inverewe, John Mackay, late of Shrewsbury, and Donald

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Macgregor, London, all of whom have promised their active support. Professor Blackie writes—"I am glad to hear of the honour proposed to be done to John Mackenzie, of the 'Beauties.' Posterity will think justly you owe more to him than to Macpherson." John Mackay writes—"I will certainly be one of those who will honour the late John Mackenzie, of the 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry,' by adding my stone to the proposed cairn. His labour in collecting and compiling the scattered poetry of the Highlands, and the biographical sketches of its authors, at the time in which it was done, when such work was not so popular as it now is, deserves that a big cairn be raised to perpetuate the debt of gratitude Gaelic literature owes to the disinterested and patriotic efforts of your clansman, which are, at the same time, of high value to the student, most honourable to the genius of the Gaelic bards, and to Mackenzie's memory." We shall be glad to learn from other patriotic Celts that they are disposed to aid in this laudable, and far too long-delayed, proposal to honour the memory of this comparatively obscure, but now deservedly honoured, Gael.

Mackenzie was slenderly built, fair-haired, sharp featured, with a sallow, delicate-looking complexion, and was, from his youth upwards, considered quite a character in his native district. The very idea of a man going through the country, enduring much fatigue, and, as far as the would-be-considered-wise people of the district could see, with no apparent useful or sensible object, collecting old songs and foolish stories, was enough to stamp him as one who was not altogether wise, and his manner of answering questions, and his peculiar sayings, only strengthened this idea of the ignorant regarding him. Here is one instance, out of many. One evening, while in a house, a female came in with a bucket of water, from the well, when the goodman asked her—"*An do thuit an oidhche a Cheat? Thuit, tha i direach an deighe tuiteam,*" *arsa Ceat.* "Did the night *fall*, Catharine?" "It has, it is just after *falling.*" John looked amazed, pretended to be terrified, and exclaimed, "*Gun gleidh an Sealbh sinne! gu de dh' eireas dhuinn? C'aite an do thuit i?*" "The fates preserve us! What will befall us? Where did it *fall?*"

His brother informs us that on one occasion John was travelling through Skye and the Western Islands, collecting materials for "The Beauties," and at the same time collecting accounts for the proprietors of the *Inverness Courier.* He had collected a considerable sum, and called at one of the banks in Portree to pay the money to the credit of the *Courier*, when he was hospitably invited to spend the night in the banker's house. John was delighted with this, and, after partaking of refreshments and food, took a stroll down to the pier, dressed in a long surtout, which nearly reached his heels, and the other accompaniments necessary to smarten him up for his important occupation. He began his usual eccentric performances, looking up to the heavens, and other antics, indicating anything but great wisdom, in the opinion of those who noticed his proceedings. He saw a ship lying along the quay, with the form of a woman as figure-head. This attracted his attention, and he kept staring at it so intently and earnestly that the captain, noticing him, asked, "Is she not really a very beautiful woman?" "Oh, yes," answered John, "I wish you would sell her to me." "You had better

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buy the ship," said the captain." "Oh, I cannot; it's not every man who could buy the ship, and its her figure-head I want." The captain, still chaffing one whom he took to be a mere simpleton, and referring to John's long surtout, answered, "I have seen many a man with a shorter coat than yours, who could buy her." "Well, if she's cheap, I would like to buy her for the figure-head. Have you any cargo in her?" "Yes, I have five hundred bolls of meal in her, and, what do you say? You shall have the whole for £300." John instantly jumped on board, threw down a £5 note on account, and said, "The ship is mine as she stands, cargo and all. Come up to the bank at twelve o'clock to-morrow, and you shall have the money." It was only now that the captain discovered his man, and that his simplicity and apparent foolishness were put on; and, in a state of consternation, he asked one of his sailors if he thought the man could pay for the ship. "You may rest assured," answered the sailor, "that if he could not, he would not have left you his £5 note." John went straight away to the banker, related all that passed—that he bought the ship for £300, and left a deposit of £5; and that they must watch, so that the captain would not get away with the ship and the £5. He informed the banker that he had no money to pay for her; but that she was a good bargain, the cargo alone being worth much more than he gave for her. Enquiries were made, and the banker agreed to pay for the ship, and keep her, and to give John a handsome hansel for his bargain. They went at once to the captain and offered him the money. He was much agitated, and in great distress; begged to be relieved of his foolish bargain; and, finally, offered John the sum of £60 for himself if he would give up his right to the ship. This sum he very foolishly, we think, but most magnanimously, declined; asked for his own £5, and gave up the ship, strongly advising the captain to be more careful in future; not to chaff any one who had no intention of interfering with him, or his; but particularly was he told never to judge a man by his appearance, or by the *length* or cut of his coat.

John, when only nineteen years of age, played a trick on a half simpleton of the name of John Fraser, which will illustrate his good natured, mischievous disposition. A man, by name Macrae, borrowed a horse from Patrick Morrison, Kernsary, for the purpose of sending oysters from Poolewe to the south, and while returning home with the animal, it died at the end of Inverewe barn. The boys in the district teased poor Fraser, and charged him with having eaten part of the horse. At the time, Macleod of Macleod, of Dunvegan Castle, and his son, were fishing on the River Ewe, and Fraser, who was an inveterate snuffer, thought that he might get a few coppers from these gentlemen to buy snuff with, if he could secure a good introduction to them. With this object he called on Mackenzie, who was even then considered, in his own peculiar way, a very clever young man, who could do anything in the way of writing. He at once consented, and wrote out the following introduction to Macleod, with which the simple Fraser went away perfectly delighted:—

I am the beast that ate the horse—
Excuse me if you can—
I ate it all except a bit
I left to make a ham.

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Macleod, he promised me a groat
If I would go to Skye,
With the carcase of the brute,
To make the rooks to cry.

Macleod perused the document, laughed heartily, asked Fraser to give him the precious production, and handed him half-a-crown.

That John Mackenzie was a man who thought for himself, not only on Celtic questions and Gaelic orthography, but on the all-important question of the religious belief and teaching of the age in which he lived, and that his views did not run exactly in the strict Calvinistic groove, and were not in perfect agreement with the standard of orthodoxy prevalent in his day, and indeed in our own, may be gathered from his MS. sermons in our possession; but at present we will not dwell further on this mental characteristic trait of our subject, than to relate an incident which will fully demonstrate his hatred of those who preached the thunderings of the Law at the expense of the Gospel. On a certain occasion, when attending one of the large sacramental gatherings so common throughout the Highlands, he expressed his perfect horror at what he called "the outpourings of damnation," which were invariably heard proceeding from reverend lips. Such fiery utterances found no response in his young, gentle, and loving bosom. "I look," he said, "upon these declamations as nothing short of blasphemy against my Heavenly Father. What a tyrant they make *their* God. *My* God is a God of love and summer. Such a God as *they* paint would be *my* devil."

We have in our possession, in MS., Mackenzie's defence of the Orthography of the Gaelic language, being the "Second Part of the Highlander's Reply to Gathelus," and addressed to the editor of the *Scots' Times*. Perhaps some of our readers can supply us with the First Part of this valuable correspondence, and so enable us to give it entire, with other interesting letters, in an early number. We also have, in MS., a severe criticism of Forbes's Gaelic Grammar, which was to have appeared in pamphlet form. It is a cause of keen regret, and a loss to Celtic literature, that a large chest-full of this valuable and interesting correspondence was heedlessly burnt a few months after his death, his family considering them of no value. Any information regarding him, or his lost manuscript collections of Gaelic poetry, will be esteemed a favour.

A. M.

MONUMENT TO JOHN MACKENZIE, OF "THE BEAUTIES."—It will be seen, by reference to another page, that the proposal to erect a monument to this deserving Celt has already taken shape. It is intended to put up a granite, or marble, slab, on the Chapel wall, with a Gaelic and English inscription. The style of the monument will depend on the amount subscribed. Alexander Fraser, Drummond Estate Offices, has kindly consented to act as treasurer, while Alex. Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, will perform the duties of honorary secretary; to either of whom subscriptions, which will be acknowledged in these pages, may be intimated.

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HIGHLAND SUPERSTITION.

—o—

Chapter II.

The vengeance of the spirits of the dead who were wronged was not always supposed to fall upon the person who did the evil. For instance, two drovers of the name of Macgregor had come from a far distance to purchase cattle. They went one winter's evening up Glenquoich, but not being acquainted with the mountain paths, they sought a guide to lead them to their destination. They were fine-looking stalwart men, and dressed in their clan tartan.

The guide they got soon learned, from some remarks they made, that they carried money with them, and he forthwith determined to rob them. As they were tired, he asked to carry their firearms; and, in crossing a ford he managed to wet them as he stooped to drink in the gloaming. He walked behind them often, instead of going before as a guide ought to do, and the Macgregors becoming suspicious, asked for their arms again, which he gave with a readiness that disarmed all doubt as to his good faith. They had not, however, gone much further when he fired one of a brace of pistols he carried in his own belt. One of the Macgregors fell wounded unto death, and the other immediately pointed his weapon towards the treacherous man, but it refused to fire, the powder being wet. In another instant the guide fired again, and both the strangers lay dead upon the heather.

The evil-doer buried his victims in their tartans on the hillside, and having hidden the money of which he robbed them in a cairn, he returned home, and for years after, whenever he went out in the evening, voices cried out "Vengeance, vengeance" *(Diolar, diolar)*. At last, one night when the voices were louder than usual in the air around him, crying "*Diolar, diolar*," he asked, "*Co air, co air?*" (Upon whom, upon whom?) And the answer came wildly, "On the son, the grandson, or the great-grandson" *(Air a mhac, air an ogha, no air an ior-ogha)*; and the hardened wretch replied, "If it will go as far off as the great-grandson, I do not care, let it take its chance."

Years passed away, and at last the murderer died, and his son brought a wife to live with his mother in the old home. One day this young woman went out to the end of their cot as the shadows of evening were falling upon the hills. Her husband was from home, and she strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of him returning. She could not see him, but she saw two stalwart men in tartans climbing up the mountain above the house, on the very path on which her husband should return. She went in and told her mother-in-law, who immediately cried out, "Woe's me! 'tis the Macgregors; the vengeance is to fall upon the son, and you are a widow to-night, and I am childless." The old woman had seen the Macgregors on the day her husband went to conduct them over the mountains; she knew that he had murdered them, and she also knew of the threatened vengeance, and knew too that the hour was come. All night

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the two lone women cowered in terror by the hearth, but he for whom they so anxiously waited never returned. His tracks were found in the snow on the hills, but he was never found, and no one doubted but the Macgregors had met him where his father had murdered them, and that they there avenged themselves upon him.

That the dead who had sinned in some dreadful manner were doomed to wander about in some awful form, may be illustrated by the following story:—In the Island of Uist, in the Hebrides, there lived a young married couple; at least the wife was young and the husband elderly, as is still common in these parts. And whether the young creature was presuming upon the affection of her old husband, or reckless in her vain attempts to love him, it seems she became very rebellious, and one Sunday, whilst her husband was sleeping away the hours,—the only enjoyment which he probably thought was sinless—she determined to go away to the rocks by the seashore, for a plant that would dye her wool scarlet. The douce man objected to her going on so worldly and sinful an errand on the Sabbath day, but she declared her determination to carry out her purpose. "The devil will take you if you go," cried her terrified husband, "And even if he will, I shall go," was the response of the wife as she wrapped her shawl around her and set out. The poor creature, in that marshy wilderness, yearned to work some bright dyes into her web, as a prisoner would long for his red-letter day. Who can tell what became of her? for she was never seen again living, nor was her body found, and the superstition of the place led to the belief that, according to the defiant words she had uttered, Satan had actually taken her away. A terror fell upon the people shortly after, when she began to appear to some fishermen like a body on fire. They could see her features and count her very ribs in the fire, and to this day no one will venture out alone in the locality of her old home for fear of seeing her, for all those wandering spirits seem to have a dislike to show themselves to any two individuals at the same time. I think the probability is that the poor woman fell over the cliffs into the sea, and that her body was washed away to an ocean grave, but this *ultimatum* never seemed to have presented itself to the minds of her friends and neighbours.

Another reason believed to bring the dead back to walk the earth, was to have any of their dying wishes unfulfilled. One of the most extraordinary stories I ever heard illustrative of this was told me in the Isle of Harris. Of course the Gaelic gives it a pathos that it loses in the course of translation, but I will give it in as near their own words as possible:

There was once a well-to-do farmer in Harris, who had a very beautiful daughter. The fair Annie was loved by *Allan Donn*, from Lewis, and she returned his affection most ardently; at length, after a considerable time of courtship, the day was fixed for their espousals—with the full consent of her parents and relatives. Allan was a keen sportsman, and would roam mountain and shore for game, and often would travel to Harris to lay the spoils of his gun at the feet of his love. His mother was devotedly attached to him, and often she sat by the door of her cot to watch his return; or if he was late, she would place the

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cruisgean where its light could peep through her small window. He was a brave and beautiful young man, full of fire and energy, with a heart as tender and loving as a woman's. His presence brought joy to his friends, and gave pleasure even to strangers; and it was no wonder though the youthful Annie gave her whole heart to his keeping, and longed for the time when she would go to be always near him.

The wedding time was drawing near, and Allan must have venison for the feast; so one morning he started from bed at early dawn, and roused his brother, that he might accompany him to stalk the deer.

They went merrily forth with their guns, and their mother gazed with pride after them, as they climbed the hill, treading the heather so lightly that it scarcely bent beneath their feet. They soon got to a loch-side, and as they sat down to rest and light their pipes, they saw a deer on an islet opposite them. They instantly swam to the isle, and to their amazement no living creature of any kind was in sight. A little chagrined they returned, but no sooner were they on the shore than they saw two deer on the isle. They swam back again as quickly and quietly as possible, and again no living thing was to be seen, and the young men gazed into each other's faces awe-struck, for there was neither bush nor cave on the islet to hide the deer from them.

"These were no earthly deer," said the brown-haired Allan.

"I fear not indeed," replied his brother.

"They were no earthly deer," continued Allan, "but fear not, they had no message for you, it is my hour that is come; you will regain the opposite shore, but I never shall."

His brother strove to comfort him, and to rally his sinking spirits, but in vain; he said he would never look again upon the faces that he loved. They set out for the shore, but only one regained it—the manly form of Allan Donn sank to rise no more. The brown hair on which the gold of the setting sun seemed always to linger, would never gladden the sight of those to whom he was so dear. He was drowned on a Wednesday, and his mother, on every succeeding Wednesday for a year, composed either a lament for him or a song to celebrate his beauty and his worth.

The heart of the gentle Annie was broken for the loss of her bright-haired lover. She refused to be comforted, and fell into consumption. She composed a song, of which I was told the burthen was "*Allain Duinn, O shiubhlinn leat.*" I tried to get the song from some of the old people, but could not. I was told, however, that Dr Mackintosh Mackay wrote it down when he was minister in Harris.

In the excess of her grief, Annie begged of her relatives to bury her body in the sea, that she might share the grave where her beloved slept. At length she died. There were great preparations for the funeral, as it was then customary in the Highlands to have a feast in honour of the dead; so hampers were packed with oat and barley bread, cheese, fowls, and beef, and a cask with some gallons of whisky was sent along with the provisions into one boat, whilst the coffin was taken into another, manned only by the kinsmen of the dead maiden. They set sail for Rodel, where she was to be buried, and where a large company was to

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join them. The distance to Rodel was only twelve miles, and it was a fine day, with just a nice, comfortable breeze of fair wind. They were not, however, far away when a perfect hurricane blew fierce and furious; their sails were torn to ribbons, and stalwart as the Hebrideans were, they could make no headway with the oars in that awful sea. They gave themselves up for lost, and each began earnestly to pray, when, to their horror, one of them declared he saw the phantom form of the pretty Annie amid the waves, scowling angrily. Soon another, and then a third, said he saw her also, and then they called to remembrance her frequently expressed command as to her being buried in the sea, and all concluded that the dead body was the Jonah for whose sake the tempest had arisen, and that unless they committed her to her desired grave, her spirit would never rest, and they might all perish in the attempt to disobey her.

Her kinsmen then, with great difficulty, got the coffin thrown out into the sea; three times it rose on the wave and tried to be back into the boat, as if bent upon their destruction, but they forced it back from them with the oars, and the cold clay of the fair girl sank to "the deep's untrodden floor," and her angry spirit was appeased. The storm immediately abated, the billows fell, and the terrified and weary men, unable to row, hoisted plaids for sails, and got ashore next morning near Dunvegan, in Skye, so weak as to be unable to walk unsupported to a house where they were hospitably entertained, and some days passed before they were able to return home from this unparalleled funeral.

MARY MACKELLAR.

DESTITUTION IN THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A.

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Part III.

The remedies for the immediate relief of the distressed have been most effectually applied. No sooner did famine begin to show itself among the rugged hills and romantic glens of the Highlands, than the British nation bestirred itself with laudable promptitude to arrest the progress of this ghastly assailant of life, and to rescue the dejected Highlanders from falling victims to its merciless assault. The liberality of the English nation in particular, evinced as it has been so forcibly, during the currency of the bygone season, surpassed the bounds of admiration and praise. While appeals could be made to no nation more alive to generous impulse, or more ready to give ear to the cry of distress, such appeals were made by a gentleman* than whom the afflicted Highlanders could find

* Rev. Dr Norman Macleod, of St Columba's, Glasgow, father of the late Rev. Dr Norman Macleod, of the Barony, Glasgow.

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none more devoted to their cause, none possessed of more varied and extensive knowledge of their manners and character as a people, none imbued with a higher sense of their integrity, loyalty, and many redeeming qualities. Of this people he boldly affirmed "that there were none in his Majesty's dominions more peaceable, more honest, or more loyal to their king and country." For their benefit he relinquished for a time not only the ordinary duties of the clerical office, but also those high and important duties which devolved upon him as Moderator of the Church of Scotland. Himself a genuine Highlander, it was his delight to call forth his utmost energies in behalf of a people for whose advancement in moral and religious knowledge he had ever exerted himself with much success.

In his tour to England he was fortunately accompanied by a gentleman* who, though no Highlander by birth, was notwithstanding possessed of Highland characteristics to a high degree—a gentleman who always displayed a zeal for the Highlander's welfare and improvement—and who went out on this mission of charity at the sacrifice of private interests and secular avocations.

The English nation, always liberal in a good cause, was thus appealed to by the eloquence of these gentlemen, furnished as they were with minute reports from the quarters in distress, and their appeals, instead of being slighted or overlooked, were immediately responded to by the nation at large. The British capital, aroused by feelings of charity and benevolence, displayed a sympathy which was instantaneously shed abroad throughout the counties and corners of broad England! The coffers of the wealthy were speedily opened, and thousands impressed with feelings of brotherly love came forward, and vied with each other in supplying the means which were opportunely attained to relieve the distressed, and to pour the elements of life into the almost countless hamlets and cottages of those who were just on the verge of yielding to the fell attack of famine. By means of the benevolent Committees so prudently organized in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and in various other quarters, the local committees in the Highland parishes were furnished with supplies of meal and other necessaries, at regular and timely intervals; and these supplies were dealt out with a care and economy which neither induced supineness or inactivity on the part of the distressed, nor even tempted them in the least degree to habits of idleness.

It is unnecessary even to attempt to give a picture of the misery and wretchedness which existed in most Highland districts during the late seasons of distress. While the nation in general was so strongly moved, and made alive to the amount of suffering which then existed, even by feeble accounts of it, the feelings of such as were daily eye-witnesses of the reality may be easier conceived than described.

The afflictions of the distressed arose, not only from want of food, but, owing to the wetness of the seasons, it was out of their power to secure their wonted supplies of peat or turf for fuel, and therefore in this respect they greatly suffered. While they had no seed fit for sowing, from its damaged condition, they were in this also most liberally supplied.

* John Bowie, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh, Commissioner for Lord Macdonald of the Isles.

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Besides the quantities awarded to them from the subscription funds, several local proprietors came forward with their private supplies, amongst whom the Right Honourable Lord Macdonald eminently distinguished himself. That noble lord, and most indulgent proprietor, imported many hundred bolls of excellent oat-seed into the different parishes on his estates, which proved an inestimable boon to his tenantry, not only for the present season, but will also do so for years to come.

Now that the Highlanders have been relieved from their late calamity —that they have been rescued so humanely from the ravages of an impending famine—may they never forget the great debt of gratitude which they owe to their benefactors, in general; but to the English nation, in particular, whose generosity, zeal, and humanity have gained it immortal credit. May they also tender, with heart-felt thankfulness, their grateful acknowledgements to the office-bearers of the London Committee, whose industry, anxiety and exertions in their behalf were of no ordinary description. The duties which these honourable gentlemen took upon themselves, without any pecuniary reward, were most laborious and difficult in their nature. Exposed, on the one hand, to the gibings of ignorance and prejudice, and, on the other, to the hostile invectives of such as were enemies to the cause, their situation was, in consequence, of high responsibility, and such as could only be endured from the firm conviction that they were acting on humane and Christian principles. Yet, though far removed from the localities for whose benefit they toiled, and though, no doubt, perplexed at times by contradictory intelligence in reference to the nature and amount of distress, they have now the pleasing reflection that their labours have been attended with a success which reflects upon them the greatest credit, and that their devotedness and energy in the good cause have gained them the esteem and admiration of every well-principled man.

The ultimate means to be pursued to prevent the recurrence of similar destitution now remain to be taken deliberately into consideration.

From the various causes, already more or less alluded to, which led to the late distress, one striking corollary seems to be clearly and fairly deducible, and that is, that the recurrence of similar distress can only be guarded against, and the real condition of the people permanently ameliorated, by

An extensive and well-regulated emigration. To anyone who has considered with some degree of attention the various circumstances connected with the Highlands, in as far as they regard the comforts, the means, and the capacities of the people, it must be sufficiently apparent that the precarious nature of their means of livelihood, and their liability to become the victims of such appalling visitations as the late calamity, take their origin entirely from an excess of population. Let that excess, therefore, be done away with, either by a judicious interference on the part of Government, or by the application of means otherwise provided, until the population be reduced to a wieldy community, and thus rendered fit subjects for a variety of subsequent improvements. It is humbly suggested that this desirable end can only be effected by emigration, at an expense foreign to the people themselves, for if left to be ac-

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complished by such as are otherwise fit subjects for it, the consequence will be that it never will take place. Whatever might have been done in the way of voluntary emigration, at their own expense, some years ago, such is now quite impracticable. Should they have the will, they want the means, in consequence of a series of adverse seasons. Granting even that a few families were to leave each parish in this way, it is a palpable fact that by so doing no relief whatever would be given to the country, under the present system of management. Some new aspirants, otherwise unprovided for, or such as remained in a single state, for an opportunity to get "helps meet for them," would immediately grasp at the deserted possessions, and would speedily multiply to a degree incompatible with the means of support afforded from their new possessions. While emigration, therefore, must be resorted to on an extensive scale, new modes of management must necessarily be adopted, to prevent in future the wonted evils arising from an over-accumulating population.

It is true that emigration has been carried on to a certain extent from the Western Isles, in the course of last summer, but that was done under a most erroneous system, which should be carefully avoided in future. The emigrants were selected with care, and were restricted to certain ages, beyond which none would on any account be taken. Intended, as no doubt this system was, for the benefit of the country, the effects of it tended only to increase the evils which Government was anxious to alleviate. Were it to be continued until the population would be reduced to that degree which circumstances so loudly call for, every Highland district and estate would be left peopled with a helpless group of aged men and women, afflicted for the loss of their friends, and unable from years and infirmity to provide themselves with those necessaries of life which were wont to be furnished in whole or in part by their dutiful sons and daughters, then banished for ever from their view. But should this system be attended with no such effects, it is characterized by a degree of cruelty (which was undoubtedly unforeseen by the promoters of it, who intended everything for the best), which renders it revolting to the nicer feelings of a civilized public. It breaks asunder the most endearing ties of relationship, and with a fiat nearly as peremptory as that of death itself, it separates for ever the aged parents from their tender and dutiful offspring. It deprives the country of its strength, and of its working population, and though most advantageous to the land of the emigrant's adoption, it becomes ruinous to the land of his nativity. Nothing is wanting to render the system both good and effective but that, instead of making breaches in families, by selecting from among them the young and able-bodied members as emigrants, the said families be removed *en masse* to the colony intended for them.

The Highlanders, like all others brought up amid the romantic scenery of towering hills, expansive plains, and placid lakes, are a most patriotic people. To whatever clime they go, they ever cherish in hallowed remembrance their dear old mother country, and still would fondly call it "home." A people, therefore, possessed of such feelings should be gently dealt with, and weaned away from the land of their birth by means founded on humane and patriotic principles, otherwise they will take a dislike at the most prudently devised schemes for their ultimate good.

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Many of the parting scenes, rendered doubly distressing by the nature of the system lately acted upon, were enough to make the poor people shudder at the very name of emigration, and to cause them to live contentedly in poverty on their native soil, however barren, rather than leave with sorrowful heart their aged friends, unprotected, behind them.

With considerable accuracy it may be stated that by the two emigrant ships which sailed in course of last season, from Skye to Australia, viz., the "William Nicol" of Glasgow, and the "Mid-Lothian" of Leith, 609 souls were embarked for that distant colony, of whom 203 were under seven years of age. Of this number, 459 souls were from the different parishes in Skye, and the remaining 150 from the adjacent coasts of the mainland. Those who emigrated from Skye left 264 individuals behind them, who were their nearest relatives, and members of the same families, of which number 103 were parents or aged sisters, who are now thrown entirely upon their own resources, having lost their chief stay and support Besides the two ships now mentioned, a third has sailed since for the same colony, from Tobermory, in the Island of Mull, having about 320 emigrants on board.

This statement in reference to the emigrants from Skye, furnishes a proof sufficiently striking, that the mode of emigration thus practised, can bestow no benefits, but quite the reverse, on the poor Highlanders. It is therefore earnestly suggested, that in future measures for their relief, an extensive scheme of emigration will be pursued, founded on more beneficial principles. Should emigration take place to any of her Majesty's colonies, other than Australia, say to New Brunswick or Upper Canada, it would be essentially necessary to provide the emigrants not only with provisions, and a free passage, but also with a supply of substantial clothing. From the high prices of wool for some years back, and from the smallness of their possessions, having few or no sheep of their own, many are miserably destitute as to the article of bed clothes, and wearing apparel. The people in general seem more inclined to be conveyed to the British colonies in North America than to Australia, and should measures to that effect be condescended upon, they could no doubt be executed at less expense than Australian emigration, even including a liberal supply of clothing for the cold American winters.

This predilection for America arises solely from the people's ignorance of Australia. Most of them until lately never heard that such a colony existed, and such as did hear, knew it only by the name of Botany Bay, which they considered a wild place, and only suited as a region of punishment for rebels and convicts. All means should be used, by such as have influence over them, to do away with this prejudice, and to make them acquainted with the climate and natural resources of this excellent colony.

After thus disposing of the surplus population of the country by emigration, local remedies must be effected, and such causes of destitution as over which the people themselves had a direct control, must forthwith be discontinued.

Early and improvident marriages should be discouraged, and eventually checked; not, however, by the enforcement of any positive enactments for that purpose, but by the total removal of such inducements as may directly or indirectly lead to an untimely entrance on the marriage

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state. For this purpose the young should be instructed not only in the different branches of useful industry, but likewise in the fields of moral, religious, and scientific knowledge, and that, too, to a degree suited to their various capacities, and calculated for their ultimate good. The diffusion of general knowledge among them would make them think differently of themselves, and would wipe away those traits of improvidence wherewith they are presently characterised. The young Highlanders are frugal, careful, and most kindly disposed, yet it must be acknowledged that they are destitute of that ambition or keen desire which should stimulate them to emulation, and thus enable them to see that their condition is less independent than it might be.

For the attainment of the general advantage spoken of, many changes must be brought about; and one local remedy, in particular, is indispensably necessary, without which all others will be to no purpose; and that is, that as speedily as possible the lotting system, or the continued subdivision of lands, must be universally checked, and for ever discontinued. To the small allotments of land, and the craze for making them still smaller, are attributable most of the hardships incidental to the Highland population. From this source alone arise the desire and the opportunity for early marriages. From it arises, in consequence, an undue increase of population, with a want of means to support them. It proves a total check to every improvement. It gives direct rise to abject poverty, and precludes even a wish for amelioration. It is not enough for securing the ultimate comforts of the people, and for opening a field sufficiently wide for agricultural improvement, that emigration reduce the number of families to an equality with that of the original undivided lots and crofts. These lots and crofts were decidedly too small for the due maintenance of a family, and for enabling that family to live entirely on the profits of their possession, without having recourse to chance employment in distant countries. This only mode of remedying the evils complained of, when once condescended upon, should be acted upon judiciously, but determinately, avoiding at the same time all measures which tended to harass, or to an unnecessary disturbance of the people's peace and happiness.

From the adoption of such beneficial measures many happy results would necessarily ensue. The rising generation, no longer allured by the shadowy prospects by which they were formerly chained down to poverty, and no more fettered within the bounds of a possession too contracted for their support, would direct their attention to other pursuits, and would engage themselves in the prosecution of those various arts, handicrafts, and professions which never fail to secure a comfortable livelihood almost anywhere. In this respect a proper subdivision of labour would take place, and would prove advantageous to all parties. Habits of industry would get a new stimulus, and would be practised under a new light. The deeply rooted improvidence of former times would give place to a general taste for improvement, from a sense of the numberless comforts which would flow from it. The chances of suffering from such occurrences as the late visitation of providence would be infinitely diminished, and the population would at once be raised from a state of indigence and toil to the happier and more enviable condition of an independent, intelligent, and well-instructed people.

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THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, *COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE.*

By the Editor.

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[Continued.]

Mr Maclennan describes the cause of *Coinneach's* doom almost in the same terms as Mr Macintyre; the only difference being, that while the former has the young ladies amusing themselves on the green outside, the latter describes them having a grand dance in the great hall of Brahan Castle, after which he gives the following account of the prophet's end:—

In terms of her expressed resolution, Lady Seaforth, some days after this magnificent entertainment, caused the Seer to be seized, bound hand and foot, and carried forthwith to the Ness of Chanonry, where, despite his pitiful looks and lamentable cries, he was inhumanly thrown, head foremost, into a barrel of burning tar, the inside of which was thickly studded with sharp and long spikes driven in from the outside. On the very day upon which *Coinneach* was sent away from the castle to meet his cruel fate, Lord Seaforth arrived, and was immediately informed of his Lady's resolution, and that *Coinneach* was already well on his way to the Chanonry, where he was to be burnt that very day, under clerical supervision and approval. My lord, knowing well the vindictive and cruel nature of his Countess, believed the story to be only too true. He waited neither for food nor refreshment; called neither for groom nor for servant, but hastened immediately to the stable; saddled his favourite steed with his own hands (Lairds were not so proud in those days), and set off at full speed, hoping to reach Chanonry Point before the diabolical intention of her ladyship and her religious (!) advisers could be carried into effect. Never before nor since, it is said, did Seaforth ride so furiously as he did on that day. He was soon at Fortrose, when he observed a dense smoke rising higher and higher from the promontory below. He felt his whole frame giving way, and a cold sweat came over his whole body, for he felt that the foul deed was, or was about to be, perpetrated. He, however, pulled himself together with fresh energy and redoubled vigour, and spurred his steed, which had already been driven beyond its powers of endurance, to reach the fatal spot in time to save the Seer's life. Within a few paces, however, of where the smoke was rising the poor brute could endure the strain no longer, and it fell down under him and died on the spot. Still determined, if possible, to arrive in time, he rushed forward, on foot, crying out at the height of his voice to those congregated at the spot, to save their victim. It was, however, too late, for whether Seaforth was heard or not, the victim of his lady's rage and vindictive nature had been thrown into the burning barrel a few moments before his intended deliverer had reached the fatal spot.

The time when this happened is not so very remote as to lead us to suppose that tradition could so grossly blunder as to record such a horrible

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and barbarous murder by a lady so widely and well-known as Lady Seaforth was, had it not taken place.

It is too much to suppose, that if the Seer had been allowed to die a peaceful and natural death, that such a story as this would have ever originated; be carried down and believed in from generation to generation; and be so well authenticated in many quarters as it now is. It may be stated that a large stone slab, now covered under the sand, lies a few yards east from the road leading from Fortrose to Fort-George Ferry, and about 250 yards north-west from the lighthouse, which is still pointed out as marking the spot where this inhuman tragedy was consummated, under the eyes and with the full approval of the highest dignitaries of a corrupted Church.

Having thus disposed of the Seer himself, we next proceed to give in detail the fulfilment of the prophecies regarding the family of his cruel murderess. And we regret to say that the family of Seaforth will, in this connection, fall to be disposed of finally and for ever, and in the manner which *Coinneach* had unquestionably predicted. As already remarked, in due time the Earl returned to his home, after the fascinations of Paris had palled, and when he felt disposed to exchange frivolous or vicious enjoyment abroad for the exercise of despotic authority in the society of a jealous countess at home. He was gathered to his fathers in 1678, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the fourth Earl. It is not our purpose to relate here the vicissitudes of the family, which are unconnected with the curse of *Coinneach Odhar*, further than by giving a brief outline, though they are sufficiently remarkable to supply a strange chapter of domestic history.

The fourth Earl married a daughter of the illustrious family of Herbert, Marquis of Powis, and he himself was created a Marquis by the abdicated King of St Germains, while his wife's brother was created a Duke. His son, the fifth Earl, being engaged in the Rebellion of 1715, forfeited his estate and titles to the Crown; but in 1726 his lands were restored to him, and he, and his son after him, lived in wealth and honour as great Highland Chiefs. The latter, who was by courtesy styled Lord Fortrose, represented his native county of Ross in many Parliaments about the middle of last century. In 1766, the honours of the peerage were restored to his son, who was created Viscount Fortrose, and in 1771, Earl of Seaforth; but those titles, which were Irish, did not last long, and became extinct at his death, in 1781. None of these vicissitudes were foretold in the Seer's prophecy; for, in spite of them all, the family continued to prosper. That ruin which the unsuccessful rising in 1715 had brought upon many other great houses, was retrieved in the case of Seaforth, by the exercise of sovereign favour; and restored possessions and renewed honours preserved the grandeur of the race. But on the death of the last Earl, his second cousin, descended from a younger son of the third Earl and his vindictive Countess, inherited the family estates and the chiefdom of the Mackenzies, which he held for one short year, but never actually enjoyed, being slain at sea by the Mahrattas, at Gheriah, in the south of India, in 1783, after a gallant resistance. He was succeeded by his brother, in whom, as the last of his race, the Seer's prophecy began to be accomplished.

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Francis Humberstone Mackenzie was a most remarkable man. He was born in 1754, and although deaf, and latterly dumb, he was, by the force of his natural abilities and the favour of fortune, able to fill an important position in the world. It would have been already observed that the "Last of the Seaforths" *was born* in full possession of all his faculties, and that he only became deaf from the effects of the severe attack of scarlet fever, while a boy in school, which we have previously noticed in connection with his extraordinary dream. He continued to speak a little, and it was only towards the close of his life, and particularly during the last two years, that he was unable to articulate—or perhaps, unwilling to make the attempt, on finding himself the last male of his line. He may be said to have prior to this fairly recovered the use of speech, for he was able to converse; but he was totally deaf, and all communications were made to him by signs or in writing. Yet he raised a regiment at the beginning of the great European war; he was created a British peer in 1797, as Baron Seaforth of Kintail; in 1800 he went out to Barbadoes as Governor, and afterwards to Demerara and Berbice; and in 1808 he was made a Lieutenant-General. These were singular incidents in the life of a deaf and dumb man. He married a very amiable and excellent woman, Mary Proby, the daughter of a dignitary of the Church, and niece of the first Lord Carysfort, by whom he had a fine family of three sons and six daughters. When he considered his own position—deaf, and formerly dumb; when he saw his three sons all rising to man's estate; and when he looked around him, and observed the peculiar marks set upon the persons of the predicted four contemporary great Highland lairds, all in accordance with *Coinneach's* prophecy—he must have felt ill at ease, unless he was able, with the incredulous indifference of a man of the world, to spurn the idea from him as an old wife's superstition.

However, fatal conviction was forced upon him, and on all those who remembered the family tradition, by the lamentable events which filled his house with mourning. One after another his three promising sons were cut off by death. The last, who was the most distinguished of them all, for the finest qualities both of head and heart, was stricken by a sore and lingering disease, and had gone, with a part of the family, for his health, to the south of England. Lord Seaforth remained in the north, at Brahan Castle. A daily bulletin was sent to him from the sick chamber of his beloved son. One morning, the accounts being rather more favourable, the household began to rejoice, and a friend and neighbour, who was visiting the chief, came down after breakfast full of the good news, and gladly imparted them to the old family piper, whom he met in front of the Castle. The aged retainer shook his head and sighed—"Na, na," said he, "he'll never recover. It's decreed that Seaforth must outlive all his three sons." This he said in allusion to the Seer's prophecy; thus his words were understood by the family; and thus members of the family have again and again repeated the strange tale. The words of the old piper proved too true. A few more posts brought to Seaforth the tidings of the death of the last of his three sons.

At length, on the 11th January 1815, Lord Seaforth died, the last of his race. His modern title became extinct. The chiefdom of the Mac-

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kenzies, divested of its rank and honour, passed away to a very remote collateral, who succeeded to no portion of the property, and the great Seaforth estates were inherited by a white-hooded lassie from the East. Lord Seaforth's eldest surviving daughter, the Hon. Mary Frederica Elizabeth Mackenzie, had married, in 1804, Admiral Sir Samuel *Hood*, Bart., K.B., who was Admiral of the West India station while Seaforth himself was Governor in those islands. Sir Samuel afterwards had the chief command in the Indian seas, whither his lady accompanied him, and spent several years with him in different parts of the East Indies. He died while holding that high command, very nearly at the same time as Lord Seaforth, so that his youthful wife was a recent widow at the time, and returned home from India in her widow's weeds, to take possession of her paternal inheritance; so that she was literally a white-hooded lassie (that is, a young woman in widow's weeds, and a Hood by name) from the East. After some years of widowhood, Lady Hood Mackenzie married a second time, Mr Stewart, a grandson of the sixth Earl of Galloway, who assumed the name of Mackenzie, and established himself on his lady's extensive estates in the North. Thus, the possessions of Seaforth may be truly said to have passed from the male line of the ancient house of Mackenzie. And still more strikingly was this fulfilled, as regarded a large portion of these estates, when Mr and Mrs Stewart Mackenzie sold the great Island of Lews to Sir James Matheson.

After many years of happiness and prosperity, a frightful accident threw the family into mourning. Mrs Stewart Mackenzie was one day driving her younger sister, the Hon. Caroline Mackenzie, in a pony carriage, among the woods in the vicinity of Brahan Castle. Suddenly the ponies took fright, and started off at a furious pace. Mrs Stewart Mackenzie was quite unable to check them, and both she and her sister were thrown out of the carriage much bruised and hurt. She happily speedily recovered from the accident, but the injury which her sister sustained proved fatal, and, after lingering for some time in a hopeless state, she died, to the inexpressible grief of all the members of her family. As Mrs Stewart Mackenzie was driving the carriage at the time of the accident, she may be said to have been the innocent cause of her sister's death, and thus to have fulfilled the last portion of *Coinneach's* prophecy which has yet been accomplished.

Thus we have seen that the last Chief of Seaforth was *deaf and dumb;* that he had *three sons;* that he survived them all; that the four great Highland lairds who were his contemporaries were all distinguished by the peculiar personal marks which were predicted; that his estates were inherited by a *white-hooded lassie from the East;* that his great possessions passed into the hands of other races; and that his eldest daughter and heiress was so unfortunate as to be the cause of her *sister's death.* In this very remarkable instance of family fate, the prophecy was not found out after the events occurred; it had been current for generations in the Highlands, and its tardy fulfilment was marked curiously and anxiously by an entire clan and a whole county. Seaforth was respected and beloved far and near, and strangers, as well as friends and clansmen, mourned along with him the sorrows of his later years. The gradual development

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of the doom was watched with sympathy and grief, and the fate of Seaforth has been, during the last half century of his life, regarded as one of the most curious instances of that second sight for which the inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland have been so long celebrated. Mr Stewart Mackenzie, the accomplished husband of the heiress of Seaforth, after being for many years a distinguished member of the House of Commons, and a Privy Councillor, held several high appointments in the Colonial Dominions of the British Crown. He was successively Governor of Ceylon and Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and died, universally beloved and lamented, in the year 1843.

(To be Continued.)

GAELIC COMPETITION.

The annual Gaelic competition in connection with the Gaelic Society of Inverness, took place within the Schoolhouse at Drumnadrochit on Saturday, 3d March. The competition was open to all schools in the united parishes of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, and the parish of Kiltarlity. Four schools were represented—Drumnadrochit, Blairbeg, Balnain, and Invermoriston. Mr Grant, Drumnadrochit, presented eight pupils, and the other teachers one each—the number presented being thus only eleven. The subjects for competition were—(1) An essay, in Gaelic, written on the spot; (2) Reading and spelling in Gaelic from any of the four Gospels; (3) Translating any portion of the four Gospels to English, and English to Gaelic; (4) Dictation, the passage to be chosen from any source; (5) An essay in Gaelic, written at home, on "La paidheadh a' mhail;" (6) An essay, also to be written at home, and in Gaelic, on "Togail nan creach;" (7) Singing—a prize to the boy who would sing the song by the Glenmoriston Bard, "Mo bheannachd do gach sean a's òg tha'n Coire Mhònaidh thamh," and to the girl who would sing best the Strathglass Jacobite song—"Mo rùn geal òg." A prize was also offered to the competitor who would come the longest distance.

Besides these prizes, Mr Burgess, factor, Glenmoriston, offered, on the spot, a first prize to the competitor who would sing best any Gaelic song whatever, and Major Grant offered a second and third prize in the same competition. The examiners representing the Society were—Major Grant, Glen-Urquhart; Mr William Mackenzie, of the *Free Press*, Secretary to the Society; and Mr John Whyte. The other gentlemen representing the Society were—Mr Burgess, factor, Glenmoriston; Mr William Mackay, solicitor; Mr Chas. Mackay, builder; Mr Jas. Fraser. Rev. Mr Cameron, Glen-Urquhart, presided.

The examination began about eleven o'clock, and was not finished till about four o'clock. For the reading and spelling all the pupils competed, and the excellence of the work was such that the examiners had the utmost difficulty in making their awards. The reading was exceedingly good, and the spelling far beyond the expectation of any. The passage for dictation was chosen from Mackenzie's History of Scotland (Gaelic), and though the children had not seen the passage before, they were marvellously correct. The first boy had only three errors in half-an-hour's writing, whilst the succeeding three had only five each. To decide the tie between the 2d, 3d, and 4th, another trial had to be given to those three, the passage being chosen from the current number of the *Gaidheal*. When the slates were examined it was found that one of the boys had committed one error, whilst the other two were absolutely correct. The first and fourth prizes having been decided, another trial had to be given to settle the second and third. The translations were very well done. Of the four subjects named by the Society, the examiners chose "*Oidhche Shamhna*" (Hallo'een). Seven pupils competed in this competition, and the work was highly creditable to them all. Considering that the children were not trained to sing Gaelic songs, their rendering of several Highland melodies was remarkably good. The Society offered upwards of £6 in money prizes; Mr Noble, bookseller, gave three copies of the Rev. Angus Mackenzie's "History of Scotland"; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Lodge, three Gaelic Testaments; Mr Wm. Mackay, two copies of Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry;" the Editor gave the *Celtic Magazine* for a year; Mr Charles Mackay gave 20s; Mr Burgess, 10s; Mr James Fraser, 10s 6d; and Major Grant, 7s 6d.

The prizes having been distributed to the successful competitors, the Chairman spoke highly of the efforts of the Gaelic Society to promote the literary interests of the Highlands, and called for three cheers for the Society and the Secretary, which was cordially awarded. Mr Mackenzie, in reply, regretted that more had not come forward, but complimented the competitors on the general excellence of their work, and remarked that, not expecting anything so good, he was greatly surprised.

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THE CLEARING OF THE GLENS.

By Principal Shairp, St Andrews University.

—o—

CANTO SEVENTH.

THE TALE OF THE CLEARINGS.

I.

That night, as October winds were tirling
The birchen woods down Lochiel's long shore,
The wan, dead leaves on the rain-blast whirling,
A low knock came to our cottage door.
"Lift the latch, bid him welcome," cried my sire.
Straight a plaided stranger entered in,
And we saw by the light of the red peat fire,
A long, lank form, and a visage thin.
We children stared—as tho' a ghost
Had crossed the door—on that face unknown;
But my father cried—"O loved and lost!
That voice, my brother, is thine own."
Then each on the other's neck they fell,
And long embraced, and wept aloud;
We children stood—I remember well—
Our heads in wondering silence bowed.
But when our uncle raised his head,
Gazing around the house, he said—
"I've travelled down Glendessaray bare,
Looked on our desolate home to-day,
But those my heart most longed for, where?
Father and mother, where are they?
For them has their own country found
No home, save underneath the ground."
"Too truly has your heart divined,"
My father answered him, "for they
Came hither but not long to stay—
With the fall o' the ear away they dwined,
Not loth another home to find,
Where none could say them nay.
Above their heads to-night the sward
Is green in Kilmallie's old kirkyard.

II.

In vain for him the board we strewed,
He little cared for rest or food—
On this alone intent—to know,
Whence had come the ruin and woe.
"Tell me, O tell me whence," he cried,
"Hath spread this desolation wide;

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What ministers of dark despair—
From nether pit or upper air—
On the poor country of the Gael,
Have breathed this blasting blight and bale.
By lone Lochourn, too, I have been,
And Runieval in ruin seen ;
I know that home is desolate—
Tell me the dwellers' earthly fate."
"Ah, these are gone, with many more,"
My father said, "to a far-off shore,
By some great lake, whereof we know
Only the name—Ontario.
They tell us there are broad lands there,
Whereof whoever will may share,
Great forests—trees of giant stem—
Glen-mallie pines are naught to them.
But of all that we nothing know,
Save the great name, Ontario."
"But whence came all this ruin? Tell
From whom the cruel outrage fell,
On our poor people." With a sigh
My father fain had put him by ;
"A tale so full of sorrow and wrong,
To-night to tell were all too long,
Weary and hungry thou need'st must be—
Sit down at the board we have spread for thee!"
I wot we had spread it of our best.
But for him our dainties had little zest ;
Nor would he eat or drink until,
Of that dark tale he had heard his fill.

III.

"Since then it must be, I will try,
Rehearse that cruel history,"
My father said, "but why remount
Up to the first full-flowing fount,
Of misery? From whence it came,
That ruin, or with whom the blame,
These things I know not—only know
It fell with crushing weight of woe,
And broke in twain those hearts for grief,
Who would have died for King and Chief.
Is inborn loyalty that could keep,
Its troth to death, a thing so cheap—
Clan-love and honour, that would give
Their life-blood that the Chief might live—
So vile a growth, so little worth,
That men do well to sweep from earth,
Or trample under careless feet,
The truest hearts that ever beat,

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As though they were of count no more
Than sea-weed on the wreck-strewn shore?"

IV.

Rememberest not how brightly burned,
Our beacon-fires when the Chiefs returned?
When clansmen hailed Clanranald's lord,
  Glengarry, and our own Lochiel,
As fathers to their own restored—
  All wrongs to right, all wounds to heal?
They dreamed again 'neath Chiefs as kings,
  To live lives happy and secure—
They knew not that old form of things,
  Had perished on Culloden Moor.
Like lairds or English squires—no more,
  As fathers of their people—they
Handed their kindly tenants o'er,
  To factors' grinding sway,
And left their castles and lone glens,
To dwell as dainty citizens,
And 'mid the smiles of court and town,
Air their high names of old renown;
While we with ceaseless toil and moil,
  Hard-struggling, scarce could win,
From drenching skies and niggard soil,
  Enough to keep life in.
Claymore and targe forever cast
  Behind them, foray and raid—
Their thoughts were changed, their days were passed
  'Mid mattock, plough, and spade.
Launched sudden on the industrial race
  'Gainst lowland thrift and trade,
If chance they sought the factor's face,
  For guidance, counsel, aid,
As well they might to the rocks have turned,
So rudely from his presence spurned,
Our people home with taunts were sent,
'Ye are idle, idle—rent, more rent.'

V.

At length, poor souls, in their despair,
They looked around for help elsewhere.
There chanced, that very season, come
Back to Lochourn and Knoydart some
Old clansmen of Glengarry, who
Had fought American battles through,
And then had wandered north away,
Through wild forests of Canada;
And now brought tidings of a land,
Whose plains lay open at command

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Of whoso wished them—and no rent.
That word fell on the discontent,
As on March heather falls the fire,
And far and near spread strong desire,
Factors and rents to leave behind,
And seek a land where life would be,
Free and unchartered as the wind,
That blows from Knoydart to the sea.
I wot that good Glengarry's Chief,
Looked on and saw with helpless grief,
From their old hòmes his people going.
But all his grief no more could stay,
The current strong that set that way,
Than keep the Atlantic tide from flowing.
All Knoydart and Glengarry sent
Macdonalds, hastening to be gone
To that far land—Loch Arkaig lent,
Many a trusty Cameron,
To swell the gathering at that bourne,
The trysting-place by lone Lochourn,
Where two great ships at anchor wait,
The coming of their human freight.
Ah me! that evening as I stood
Beside Lochourn's wan, glimmering flood,
What sights I saw! Down the mountains hoar
Small groups were coming—along the shore,
In front, strode on the strong and young,
About their necks old people clung,
And wept and wailed, and wept, as though
They ne'er would let their dear ones go,
Till all the shore of Barisdale
Was loud with multitudinous wail.

VI.

From that wild scene of passionate grief,
In pain I turned, and sought relief,
Where Runieval's lone cottage lay,
Beneath the promontory grey.
But lo! there floating close in shore,
A fisher's boat—and from the door,
The old folk going. Sore lament,
And bursts of weeping, as they went
Down the path I could overhear;
Behind them soon I saw appear
Young Muriel, and close the door
Which they had left for evermore.
That done, I watched her shoreward tread,
Calm step, and earthward drooping head,
And face how pale! but firmly set,
Tears to restrain and self forget,

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And make, by calm devotion mild,
Father and mother reconciled,
To this great sorrow. A moment more,
I stood beside them, ere an oar
The water touched. I need na' tell,
How lovingly we bade farewell.
When all were in their seats, and now
The boat was floating, from the bow
Muriel leaning in my ear
Low whispered, 'Tell thy brother dear,
Though to-day be dark, to-morrow dim,
Through all worlds I am true to him.'
I watched that small boat cleave the tide,
I saw them climb the tall ship's side,
And mingle with the emigrant crowd,
And heard the weeping wild and loud.
Far down the loch I watched the sail,
Round the last headland disappear,
But long the pibroch's moaning wail—
Knell of the broken-hearted Gael—
Came back upon my ear,
Echoing to crag, and cave, and shore,
'We return no more—return no more.'

VII.

Three summers more went by—the third
Brought to our glen the warning word,
That from their homes at Martinmas,
The tenants, every man, must pass—
Must leave the glen their fathers held,
As clansmen, from an unknown eld,
To make room for some Sassanach loon,
Who, from the Borders coming soon,
With flocks of long-woolled sheep would fill
The emptied country, glen and hill.
Nor less dismayed Glenkingie heard—
Glen-Pean, too—that startling word,
And all the lesser glens that hide
Down long Loch Arkaig, either side.
Then 'gan our men, in sore dismay,
Look each in other's face, and say—
'What have we done that we should reap,
For all that's past but this reward?
Is it that we have failed to keep,
All service due to our liege lord?
Is it because o'er seas abroad,
We sent for years a second rent,
To succour our dear Chiefs outlawed,
And pining lone in banishment?
Was it for this our beacons burned,
So brightly when Lochiel returned?'

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VIII.

But when November, bleak and wan,
With moaning winds wound up the year,
Then rose the dim and dripping dawn,
That saw our people disappear—
Saw thirty families close their door,
And leave the Glen for evermore.
Ah! then the grief, long inly pent,
From many a breaking heart found vent,
In one wild agony of lament;
Old men, and bairns of tender years,
Mingling their crying and their tears,
The wail of a forlorn leave-taking,
As though an hundred hearts were breaking,
And love and hope the world forsaking.
By afternoon our people crept,
Past Achnacarry slow, and wept.
Lochiel was gentle and humane,
As all his race before—
To see aught living suffer pain,
It grieved his kind heart sore.
And he, the Chief, was by that day,
As our poor people wound their way
Down the Pass called 'The Darksome Mile;'
And when from out the deep defile,
The sounds of men and cattle brake,
He to the factor turned and spake—
'Whose lowing kine are these I hear?
What means this bleating in mine ear?'
But when the factor answered, 'They
Are the people from Glendesseray,'
Lochiel, though mild, with anger burned,
And on the factor sternly turned—
'You told me they were abjects all,
Leading a squalid, hopeless life—
I never paupers knew withal,
Have store of sheep and kine so rife;
Would that I ne'er thy face had known,
Ere thus with all the past I broke,
And drove from homes that were their own,
These leal and simple-hearted folk!
This deed, which you have made me do,
Until my dying day I'll rue.'

IX.

Well might he rue it, he had driven,
Forth from the homes to which they clave,
Without a home or hope but heaven,
Two hundred hearts that would have given,

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Their lives his life to save.
Sad thoughts that night were with the Chief,
But these the people could not know—
They only knew that no relief,
Came to their utter woe.
Our fate was fixed, the deed was done,
Nor Chief nor factor could repeal;—
We wandered on—that setting sun
Sank o'er Loch-Linnhe and Lochiel,
As we that night, on cold shore bare,
Encamped beneath the frosty air.
To all who would were crofts assigned—
Small, meagre crofts of moory lea—
Within this narrow marge confined,
Between the mountains and the sea.
But all the strong, who would not brook,
That day of ruin and rebuke—
Whose sturdy souls could not endure,
To sink down 'mid the helpless poor,
They spurned the crofts, and launched away,
To seek new homes in Canada—
The flower of all the glens they bore,
Unwilling to that unknown shore,
Hearts warm with Highland love and lore,
There with home-yearnings sad to beat,
Such hearts as here no more we meet.

X.

But we—our parents all too frail,
Too overdone with age to sail
On that far voyage—were constrained,
To take the refuge that remained
Hard by, and on this croft to raise
A rooftree o'er their latest days.
Not long they needed it—soon they found,
A surer shelter, safely laid
Within yon ancient kirkyard ground,
'Neath the old beech trees' shade.
While we, poor remnant, left behind,
Like the last leaves which autumn wind,
Spares when it strips the forest bare—
We still to poor Lochaber cling,
Content if ceaseless toil and care,
Scant living from these rocks may wring.
Confined to this lean strip of shore,
The mountains free to range no more,
All gone—our goats and bonny kye,
That were so bounteous to supply
Alike the children's wants and ours;

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We drudge through late and early hours,
And for our toiling hardly win,
Of fuel, food, and raiment thin,
Enough to keep this poor life in.
How different from the easeful wealth
Of mountain-living, those old days,
When we drank freedom, joy, and health,
High on Glendesseray braes!
But that dear Glen, as thou hast seen,
To-day is silent as the grave,
No songs at the high shealings green,
No voices in the valley, save
The bleating of the thousand sheep,
Which o'er our fields and gardens feed,
That Lowland drover thence may reap,
O'erflowing gain to glut his greed.
The floors on which we kneeled in prayer,
The hearths round which we wont to meet,
Lie roofless and forsaken—bare
To Saxon shepherd's careless feet.
Enough of this! why linger o'er,
Old homes gone back to wilderness?
A heavenly home lies on before—
Thereto we'll forward press."

XI.

Not many days my father's roof
That soldier-brother could retain;
To wander to far lands aloof
His heart was on the strain.
But while within our home he stayed,
He turned him every day,
To where, in sombre beech trees' shade,
His parents both are lowly laid,
'Neath mountain flag-stone grey.
The last time that he lingered there,
Some moss he gathered from the grave,
The one memorial he could bear,
Where'er his wandering feet might fare,
Beyond the western wave.
And then he left my father's door,
And bidding farewell evermore
To dwellers on this mountain shore,
He set his face to that world afar,
On which descends the evening star.
We never knew what there befell—
Some said that he found Muriel,
With her old parents yet alive,
Where still Glengarry clansmen thrive,

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And there, on great Ontario's side,
He led her home, his wedded bride.
But others whispered 'twas not so—
That ere he came her head was low,
And nothing left him but to keep,
Far in primeval forest deep,
Watch o'er his loved one's lonely sleep,
And her poor parents' age to tend,
Till they should to the grave descend.
Authentic voice none o'er the sea
Came, telling how these things might be—
His fate in that far land was dumb,
And silent as the world to come.
We only know such fervent thought
Of all the past within him wrought,
That, ere he sailed, he turned aside,
That dreary moor to wander o'er,
Where the last gleam of Albyn's pride
In blood went down to rise no more;
And while the bark on Moray Firth,
That bore him from his native earth,
Waited the breeze to fill her sail,
This coronach, this woful wail,
He breathed for the down-trodden Gael.

1

The moorland wide, and waste, and brown,
Heaves far and near, and up and down—
Few trenches green the desert crown,
And these are the graves of Culloden!

2

What mournful thoughts to me they yield,
Gazing with sorrow yet unhealed,
On Scotland's last and saddest field—
O! the desolate Moor of Culloden!

3

Ah me! what carnage vain was there!
What reckless fury—mad despair!
On this wide moor such odds to dare—
O, the wasted lives of Culloden!

4

For them laid there, the brave and young,
How many a mother's heart was wrung!
How many a coronach sad was sung,
O, the green, green graves of Culloden!

5

What boots it now to point and tell,
Here the Clan Chattan bore them well,

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Shame-maddened, yonder Keppoch fell—
Lavish of life on Culloden.

6

Here Camerons clove the red line through,
There Stuarts dared what men could do,
Charged lads of Athole, staunch and true,
To the cannon mouths on Culloden.

7

In vain the wild onset—in vain,
Claymores cleft English skulls in twain—
The cannon fire poured in like rain,
Mowing down the clans on Culloden.

8

Through all the glens, from shore to shore,
What wailing went! but that is o'er—
Hearts now are cold, that once were sore,
For the loved ones lost on Culloden.

9

Now strangers come to pry and peep
Above the mounds where clansmen sleep—
But what do we, their kinsmen, reap,
For our sires' blood shed on Culloden?

10

The Highlands all one hunting ground,
Where men are few, and deer abound,
And desolation broods profound
O'er the homes of the men of Culloden.

11

Our small farms turned to deserts dumb,
Where no homes smoke, no people come,
Save English hunters—that's the sum
Of what we have reaped for Culloden.

12

A few, as gillies tendence dree
On southern lords for hireling fee,
But the old breed, far o'er the sea,
Look mournfully back on Culloden.

13

That, too, will pass—the hunter's deer,
The drover's sheep will disappear,
But when another race will you rear,
Like the men that died at Culloden?

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CUMHA.

KEY B FLAT. *Slow and with feeling.*

m	:-.r	:m	| m	:-.r	:d		r	:-.m	:r	| r	:-.d	:l,	
Och	nan	och	leag	iad	thu,		och	nan	och	thog	iad	thu,	
m	:-.r	:m	| m	:-.d	:l,		s,	:-.l,	:d	| r	:—	:d	
Och	nan	och	leag	iad	thu,		'm bealach		a'	ghar	-	aidh,	
m	:-.s	:m	| m	:-.r	:d		r	:-.m	:r	| r	:-.d	:l,	
Leag	an	t-each	barr -	fhionn	thu,		thog	an	t-each	barr-fhionn		thu,	
m	:-.s	:m	| m	:-.d	:l,		s,	:-.l,	:d	| r	:—	:d	
Leag	an	t-each	barr -	fhionn	thu,		's thog	an	t-each	blar		thu.	

Is mise 'bhean mhuladach,
'Giulan na curraice,
O'n chuala gach duine,
  Gur ann 'na mhullach bha 'm fabhar.

'S i maideann ro dhubhach,
Nach fhainichear tuilleadh mi,
O'n taca so 'n-uiridh,
  O'n la chuireadh am fainn orm.

'S mis' tha gu tursach,
'S trie snidh air mo shuilean,
'S mi' 'g ionndrainn an fhiurain
  Marcaich ur 'nan steud aluinn.

Am fion bha gu d' bhainnis,
'S ann chaidh e gu d' fhalair,
Gur mise bha galach,
  'N am 'nan gallan a thraghadh!

Cha teid mi gu bainnis,
Gu feill no gu faidhir,
Gur ann toiseach au earraich,
  Fhuair mi an t-saighead a chraidh mi!

Gur mise tha tursach,
O'n chuir iad 'san uir thu;
Thoir mo shoraidh le durachd,
  Gu tur nan clach arda!

Mo cheist air mo leannan,
Fiuran a' chuil chlannaich,
Bu chubhraidh no'n canal,
  Leam anail do bhraghaid.

Dhannsadh tu comhnard,
'N nan seinneadh iad ceol dhuit,
'S cha lubadh tu 'm feornan,
  Fo shroin do bhroig arda!

Mo cheist air do phiuthair,
Bean og a' chuil bhuidhe,
Gur maith 'thig dhuit rughadh,
  'Tighinn o shiubhal do bhraighe!

Sealgair an fheidh thu,
'S a bhric' air an leumnadh,
'S choillich dhuibh air bharr geige,
  'S gu'n reubta 'n t-eun ban leat!

Marcaich' an eich leumnaich dhuibh!
Leumnaich dhuibh! leumnaich dhuibh!
Marcaich' an eich leumnaich dhuibh!
  Reub! an t-each ban thu!

Eodhain Oig! leag iad thu!
Eodhain Oig! leag iad thu!
Eodhain Oig! leag iad thu!
  'M bealach a gharaidh!

Eodhain Oig! thog iad thu!
Eodhain Oig! thog iad thu!
Eodhain Oig! thog iad thu!
  Gu'n fhios domh 's mi laimh riut!

NOTE.—The verses given above are those usually considered in Inverness-shire as the words of *Cumha Mhic an Toisich*. In Ross shire, tradition says that the piece was composed on one of the Mackenzies of Gairloch, who was accidentally killed whilst going to be married to a daughter of Macleod of Cadboll, in Easter Ross. The air above given is the one I always heard in Ross-shire, where it is a favourite lullaby with mothers and nurses. *Cumha Mhic an Toisich*, as usually played, is different from the above; and further, the words here given cannot be sung to the air as known to pipers. The verses are sung to the music given in the first four lines, and after each verse the whole refrain is sung. The rhyme of the verses is sometimes not very smooth, but any singer who can enter into the spirit of the song can easily get over that difficulty. I should be glad if any of the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* would throw more light on the question of the authorship of this beautiful *Cumha*—whether it was composed on a Mackintosh or a Mackenzie, and by whom?—W. M'K.

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ON GAELIC AND ITS TEACHING IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.

(A Paper delivered before the recent Educational Congress in Aberdeen.)

By A. C. Cameron, A.M., Fettercairn.

—o—

[Continued.]

I will now quote from Professor Blackie, whose untiring energy in the cause of Gaelic is unparalleled:—"Evidently," he says, "it appears to me that the idea of bringing up Highland children without teaching them to read their Gaelic Bibles, and to sing their Gaelic songs, and of teaching them English by throwing the mother-tongue overboard is so absurd, unnatural, and preposterous, that it never could have occured to any sane person, except for the following reasons:—(1) The ignorance, prejudice, and indifference of the upper and middle classes with regard to the true spirit of Highland culture. (2) The ignorance of schoolmasters with regard to the most effective methods of teaching languages. (3) The habit of appointing schoolmasters to Gaelic parishes, who are ignorant of Gaelic. (4) The indifference of the people to the higher culture, and their eagerness to learn only what will advance their worldly interests in active life. (5) The misfortune that, in many parts of the Highlands, the best element of the population has been banished, and nothing but a feeble, depressed, and degraded remnant remains."

Much more in the same strain, and from the same sources, I could adduce; but I proceed to remark that, in spite of all this undoubted apathy and indifference to Gaelic, my returns show that a decidedly large majority of those who reply are in favour of Gaelic teaching in Highland schools, even to the extent of making children able to read their Bibles, and using the language for intelligently acquiring a knowledge of English. For the figures indicate that those who would have it made a subject of specific instruction are as 70 to 22; while, if certain modifications of the code were allowed, 84 per cent. wish all Gaelic-speaking children to become good readers of their mother tongue; and as many as 76 per cent. would approve of Gaelic reading before, or at the age of, 10; and 23 of the 76 would commence the exercise at 5, or the beginning of the school course.

Again, as to the training of teachers, 56 per cent. advocate a regular and systematic training under Normal School lecturers, or the proposed Celtic professor. And on the question of teachers' salaries, there are few who would not see liberal provision made in return for the additional labour. One rev. gentleman replies that "if Highland schoolmasters would but teach Gaelic properly, they ought to have one-half more salary than their Lowland brethren." Mr A. Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine* makes the following pointed suggestions:—"A Gaelic-speaking teacher would earn ten times more, teaching Gaelic as a Special Subject, than he would teaching Latin, or any other foreign language, to a Gaelic-speaking child. He would thus secure an additional income to his school, and would, in con-

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sequence, be worth a larger salary, for he, to that extent, would save the ratepayer. This would help to put a teacher in the Highlands on a level with his south-country brother. Indeed, were Gaelic made a special subject, Gaelic-speaking teachers would be a necessity in the Highlands, and they could then command better salaries. They could so secure a *status* in their own country, and gain a position which could not be assailed with any chance of success by their southern brethren." Many of the most eminent and learned men in the Highlands, I find, are of the same opinion, and one of these is Mr William Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools, Mr Jolly is one of the few men who, without a knowledge of Gaelic, hold enlightened views on the subject of its teaching. And but for reasons which I need not explain, he would have been with us here to take, as on former occasions, an intelligent and active part in our proceedings, beneficial alike to ourselves and the cause of education. In this category I may include our friend Professor Black, who, when he held the office of Inspector, won golden opinions among Lowland and Highland teachers. Two years ago, he delivered to the Celtic Society of the Aberdeen University a very elaborate and exhaustive lecture on the subject of "Gaelic Teaching in Highland Schools," and I find from the printed report of it that his views coincide very much with those of the gentleman above-mentioned, and he states that "the earning of specific grants for Gaelic is one way at least in which Government might well show special liberality to the Highlands." An able and accomplished teacher in the West Highlands writes, "That Gaelic as a Specific Subject might be made educationally as valuable as half the Specific Subjects of the code taken together"; and another is of the opinion "that the language, if properly and thoroughly studied, may be made as valuable to train the mind as either Greek or Latin."

Notwithstanding, however, that it appears from the evidence thus adduced that the teaching of Gaelic as a Specific Subject would meet the necessities of the case, I hold that, in most districts of the Highlands, it would only do so very partially, unless it were made a condition in the code, like as Domestic Economy is now with girls, to take it up before any of the other specific subjects. And even if it were thus treated, a very large proportion of Highland children would derive no benefit, as, from various causes, they do not reach the stage (Standard IV.) at which Specific Subjects may be taken. To get Gaelic made one of the many Specific Subjects, and with no special condition, as above indicated, is only "to get it theoretically inside the schools, after many years of disgraceful exclusion; and that instead of having Gaelic placed within the reach of ninety-nine out of a hundred, it would be placed merely within reach of one in a hundred, as most Highland boys leave school to earn their bread long before they reach the stage of specific subjects." I hold this statement to be sufficiently strong, but, to do full justice to the Highlands, Gaelic ought to be made a fourth "R" in all the Standards, and each pass per child paid for, as for passes in the other three subjects of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Let it be assumed that 20,000 passes were made annually, and that Government were to grant 2s per pass. This would require only £2000—not a large bounty for the Highlands. "Or if Government," to use Professor Blackie's words, "as a conclave of

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red tape educational *doctrinaires* in mighty London, and delighting in the monotony of a central rule, will not recognize local feelings or local rights, or such a vulgar thing as a Gaelic Bible or a Gaelic song book; why should not Gaelic Societies set apart annually a portion of their funds to increase the salaries of schoolmasters who teach Gaelic, and for prizes to the best Gaelic readers." It could be easily done, and it is to be hoped that many School Boards will second the effort, and substantially assist in carrying out the scheme, if such be ever attempted.

The Churches of the land ought to be up and doing, unless they wish very soon to see pulpits without preachers, and Gaelic-speaking congregations without Gaelic-speaking ministers. The fact is, that some Gaelic-speaking charges are now without ministers, and without any prospect of being soon supplied, because the number of Gaelic-speaking divinity students is steadily on the decrease. Let not the Churches wait for the total extinction of Gaelic, as, in the meantime, souls will perish for lack of knowledge. But other facts have come recently to light, and have revealed the evil at its root. The late entrance examinations to the Normal Schools show that Education in the Highlands is becoming more and more elementary; that, from its poverty, Gaelic-speaking students are being gradually eliminated, and that, unless some counteracting influence be immediately applied, the supply of Gaelic-speaking teachers will come to a speedy and sudden end. Can it be that the native Highlanders, for a generation or two, are to be benighted, and that to them the lamp of light and knowledge is to be denied?

I shall now notice three methods which appear from my returns to have been more or less practised throughout the Highlands in the school education of Gaelic-speaking children, and to state briefly my own opinions regarding those methods:—

I. That of teaching them to read and speak English without any aid from their mother tongue. This is the only one available for teachers ignorant of Gaelic, and of whom there are now a large number in Highland schools, and in the returns I find it very generally condemned. One man quaintly remarks "that it is hard for him to be obliged to teach his children English, just as Robinson Crusoe taught his 'Friday';" and another "That his pupils can readily repeat the sounds, and read quite well, like the boy that can read a Latin passage without understanding a word of it." This method may succeed anywhere in the hands of a teacher of unexceptionable ability, but, as a rule, it should not be adopted except in school districts where one-half, at least, of the children attend from English-speaking homes.

II. That of teaching children to speak and read English, using their Gaelic for explanation. This method seems to be most in favour, and indeed, under the present code, is the one most likely to succeed, although it is not the best in purely Gaelic-speaking districts. It finds many advocates, who maintain its sufficiency, if the Specific Subject grant were allowed for Gaelic. But even with a suitable grading of the subject in the years of the 4th, 5th, and 6th Standards, it is to be feared that, as already stated, the great majority of Gaelic-speaking children would never reach the point of Gaelic reading, while the art of reading English, but

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necessarily imperfect, aequired by them in the lower standards, would prove to be only reading and little else. I therefore maintain that this method can never be the most successful, except in districts where there is a large admixture, perhaps one-fourth, at least, of the children of English-speaking parents.

III. That of teaching children first to read easy Gaelic narratives, and then taking up the reading of English, with continual translating from the one language to the other. This was the method adopted by the different Societies for schools in the remoter districts of Scotland and Ireland, where Gaelic was the only spoken language. It proceeds upon the principle acknowledged in all primary teaching, that the unknown can be best learned through the known, and that the child should not be compelled to acquire its first knowledge of letters in a foreign tongue. From the fact that a Gaelic-speaking child can be taught to read Gaelic in a few months, it will be found easier and shorter to teach him first to read his own language, and then, through it, to read and understand English. That this is the wisest and best course to adopt with children of this class, I doubt not, for, however early they leave school, they have the advantage of knowing at least one language. Here, however, the code admits of no time being spent at this stage upon the sole teaching of Gaelic. Were the code so modified as not to require individual examination so early as the age of 7, especially in the Highlands, the intelligence of children in the subsequent years of their school course would be promoted by such extra training in the stages of infancy. One or two eminent men maintain in their replies to me that children educated according to this method retain the nasal and guttural pronunciation peculiar to the Gaelic tongue. It may be so, but I can, on the other hand, produce the evidence of those who stoutly maintain the contrary. Much will depend upon the teacher. Good teaching can eradicate that just as it does our Lowland provincial peculiarities of utterance. If it be true that in the town of Inverness the people speak purer English than anywhere else in Scotland, does it not prove that Gaelic provincialisms are more easily eradicated than those of Lowland broad Scotch. And my own experience confirms me in this opinion.

The wisdom of teaching Highland children, wholly ignorant of English, first to read their own language, is upheld by eminent authorities—by Sheriff Nicolson in his reports of the Gaelic Society's schools, and many others. "When we first went to school," writes the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, "we knew not a single word of English, and there no English was to be taught until we were able to read the Gaelic Testament, after which we had to translate our Bible lesson on alternate mornings and evenings from English into Gaelic, and from Gaelic into English." He goes on to say that some other schools in the parish did not follow this rule, that forty or fifty of the boys taught in his school have raised themselves to good social positions, both at home and abroad, and that the great majority of those educated on the system now most in fashion have forgotten all they learned, and are content with a miserable existence at home. "Twenty-eight years practical experience," I quote at liberty from the reply of Mr Mackintosh, late teacher, Poolewe, "enables me to speak

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and write with the utmost confidence of the General Assembly's rule, the teaching of Gaelic first, of whose existence I did not know till I saw it in your queries, but according to which I acted with the most beneficial results as to mental cultivation and progress." His children, he adds, were generally able to read the Gaelic Bible tolerably at the close of their first year's attendance, when English was begun, but Gaelic was continued till thoroughly mastered. That after three or four years at school, the learning of the two languages became a pleasure, the English reading book was translated *verbatim* into Gaelic, and *vice versa*, and that children, now grown up in that parish, who began with Gaelic are the more correct speakers and writers.

Under the present Code regulations it is necessary to begin a child at once to learn English, and after he is able to read tolerably, let him begin Gaelic reading in any of the easy primers published, continuing with an occasional lesson until he can read the Bible well. This exercise, along with oral translation from the very first, will amply repay the teacher in the increased intelligence of his scholars; but teachers cannot be expected to change their present system until they be paid for teaching Gaelic; nor can we look for much improvement until Government sanction a few changes upon the code. Children in the Highlands ought to be "infants" till the completion of their eighth year; a pupil teacher ought to be allowed for the first 40 scholars, and one for every 30 additional. School Boards should be obliged to appoint at least one Gaelic-speaking teacher in every school, and a majority of the pupil teachers should have Gaelic as a prescribed exercise. An extended system of bursaries at schools and colleges ought to be established by subscription, and be held by the best scholars and pupil teachers. Inspectors, or their assistants, should have a competent knowledge of Gaelic, and I may also remark here, that all doctors, lawyers, procurators, sheriffs, judges, and all others besides, whose calling leads them to have intercourse with Highlanders, would find themselves placed on sure vantage ground, were they able to speak and write the good old language of ancient Alban.

If, in this attempt, I have stated any facts, or made any suggestions, that may help onward the cause of Gaelic, and of its teaching in Highland schools, that may stimulate the lovers of our ancient language to promote its culture, and advance the welfare of our countrymen in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, my labours shall have been well spent.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—"Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum," by Alexander Mackintosh Shaw; "Pre-historic Names of Weapons," by Hector Maclean; "Sonnets descriptive of Lochawe," by Evan MacColl; and "An Echo of Celtic Etymologies," by Donald Macgregor, will appear in our May number.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—"The Oranaiche" (Second Part); by Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow; and the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness,"

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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THE LAST SCENES OF FLORA MACDONALD'S LIFE, WITH A VARIETY OF COLLATERAL INCIDENTS.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A.

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The qualities and virtues of female life have not been so frequently developed as those of the opposite sex. This arises from the circumstance that the sphere in which Providence has more immediately appointed them to occupy is of a more domestic character. The virtues of female private life have seldom any record beyond that which is left in the esteem and affection of relatives and friends. Many of the most estimable, and perhaps the most valuable and worthy, of women have acquired no wide fame. Contented to fulfil their duties humbly, though ardently, their difficulties, their struggles, their devotedness, and their usefulness have been known but to comparatively few. Their unobtrusive virtues, however venerated in their own circle, have made but comparatively little claim upon public attention, and hence the world has but little acquaintance with their simple yet instructive history.

To this, however, there are many honourable exceptions. Not a few of the fair sex have distinguished themselves in science, literature, the fine arts, and various other walks of life. Even of the positive heroic we have the brave, masculine deeds of the celebrated "Maid of Orleans"—a lady whose natural enthusiasm, if not rather wild fanaticism, carried her far beyond the bounds of legitimate duty.

The subject of the present narrative was distinguished for her earnest and faithful devotion to the duties which she considered herself called upon to perform; and these duties she did perform amid severe trials and imminent perils. Her prudent measures, patient endurance, and active fortitude never appear to have forsaken her, nor did the hazard of her own life, from the cause which she had espoused, render her for a moment indifferent to the purpose which she had in view, or chill her benevolent exertions in the behalf of her fellow sufferers.

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The various hardships which fell to the lot of this gallant lady, in rescuing the unfortunate Prince, are already well known. Her subsequent trials, on account of the part which she took in the interest of the Royal fugitive, were no doubt such as have seldom fallen to the lot of an unprotected female to endure. She was brought to London (as will be afterwards described), where she was kept as a State prisoner for nearly twelve months. An Act of Indemnity was eventually passed, by means of which the brave heroine was set at liberty, and permitted to return to her native Highland hills. Greater attention could not be paid to any distinguished lady than was paid to her by all classes of the nobility, in the Metropolis and elsewhere; yet her gentle heart longed for the homely welcome which she knew awaited her from her friends in Skye, and in the Long Island. She was, as expressed by the bard of Ledaig,—

'G iarraidh dh' ionnsuidh sneachd nan ard-bheann,
'S creagan corrach tir a' cairdeis,
Ged tha cluaintean Shasuinn aillidh,
'S mor gu'm b'-fhearr 'bhi measg nan Gaidheal.

'S iomadh buaidh tha, 'luaidh, riut sinte,—
Buaidhean nach gabh dhomhsa innseadh;
Buaidhean pearsa, buaidhean inntinn,
Buaidhean nach gabh luaidh no sgriobhadh.

Nadur fiachail, fialaidh, finealt',
Ann am pearsa chuimir, dhirich;
Cridhe blath, le gradh air 'lionadh,
'S caoimhneas tlath do dh'ard 's do dh'iosal!

Of these beautiful lines the following free version may be given:—

'Mid the pomp of huge London her heart still was yearning
For her home in the corrie, the crag, and the glen;
Though fair be the daughters of England, the fairest
And stateliest walks in the land of the Ben.

What poet may praise her! her virtues to number,
Would baffle the cunning of pencil and pen
Though fair be the casket, the jewel is fairer,—
The best of true hearts, for the best of good men.

She is comely and kind, and of gracefulest greeting,
Erect and well-girt, as a Lady should show,
And a heart with warm blood, and a pulse ever beating,
With loving reply to the high and the low!

Before Flora was taken from Skye to the great Metropolis, she had many difficulties to encounter. In a brief space of time the various movements of the Prince through Skye, Raasay, and other adjacent localities soon became public; and the fact of his having been harboured by friendly parties in those quarters soon aroused the energy and zeal of the Government

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officials against all who were known to give the least aid to the Prince for effecting his escape. Flora was considered the chief actor in this hazardous adventure. She had, however, a great number of stern coadjutors, and faithful accomplices. Among these were Clanranald and his lady,—Donald Roy Macdonald, brother of Hugh Macdonald of Baileshear, in North Uist,—Donald Macleod of Galtrigal in Skye,—Malcolm Macleod, —old Kingsburgh, and several others. Of all the Prince's friends, none could be more sincere and true to him in his misfortunes than the said Donald Macleod of Galtrigal. He was a shrewd and ingenious man, and capable of carrying out with great caution, whatever scheme he might have devised for the great object which he had in view. Hence, the more eager was the desire of the Government officers to get him captured, that he might stand trial for his offences. This was accomplished by a countryman of his own, Major Allan Macdonald of Knock, in Skye, an officer who had more opportunities than others of ferreting out Donald Macleod's movements. Major Allan, commonly called "Ailean a' Chnoic," was reputed to be a stern, cruel-hearted man, who had but few favourites in his native Isle. He treated the poor Jacobites in the Western Isles with uncalled-for severity, so that he was literally detested by most of his acquaintances, and particularly so by such as had embraced the Prince's cause. A certain priest in Uist, who cherished of course no brotherly love towards Major Allan, composed some verses to him of the most cutting and satirical description possible. Of these severe stanzas a few lines may be given for the amusement of Celtic readers. This pungent satire ran as follows :—

Ciod i do bharail air Ailean a' bheist?
Cha teid e o'n bhaile gu'n iul as a dheigh,
Bithidh claidh' air tarsuing, mar gu'n deanadh e tapadh,
B'e sin cuinneag a' mhaistridh, is ceis phaisgte nam breug!

Tha dubh-phuill uir Ailean a' Chnoic,
'S ait leam a chluinntinn air Ailean a' Chnoic,
'S gu'm bheil an dubh-phuill air a sparradh gu grinn,
'S gur ait leam a chluinntinn air Ailean a' Chnoic.

Donald Macleod was made prisoner in Benbecula by the said Major Allan Macdonald, and conveyed to London. On his release in June of the following year, he was presented by Mr John Walkinshaw of London, with a handsome silver snuff-box, beautifully chased and gilt. It remained, and likely still remains, an heirloom in the possession of his descendants. Donald Macleod was one of those well to-do farmers in Skye, who lived comfortably on their comparatively small tenements of land, and paid then from £30 to £60 of rent. This class of respectable farmers is now all but extinct. They were reckoned as gentlemen, and contrived to give good education to their children, by clubbing together, and employing tutors from the south to give instruction in all useful branches. Hence arose the fact that Skye, of all other localities in the Highlands furnished more officers for the army, and more to fill other high offices under Government, than any other province of its extent in the kingdom.

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When it became known for a certainty that Prince Charles had succeeded in making his way to the mainland, and in ultimately arriving in France, the Royal Forces scattered over the Western Isles became much excited that the object of their research had thus escaped. Greatly annoyed at the failure of their vigilance in guarding the sea-coasts of these rugged Islands, the commanders by sea and land became doubly aroused to make their best of an expedition now all but hopeless. They became determined to wreak their vengeance, if possible, upon the various actors in the stratagem by which the Prince had eluded their grasp. Kingsburgh's guilt in this great affair was discovered by the captain of one of the Government ships. That venerable old gentleman was consequently arrested, sent prisoner to Fort-Augustus, and thence to Edinburgh Castle, where he was treated with painful severity and cruelty for a whole year. All his precautions and plans for concealment proved abortive from an incidental circumstance that took place at the time. Two days after the Prince had left Kingsburgh, Captain Ferguson of the Government warship, sailed across from the Long Island, as the rumour had spread that the Prince had escaped to Skye, and he cast anchor at the *Crannag*, a harbour close by the Chamberlain's residence. He went ashore for the purpose of procuring some fresh provisions, and other requisites. He met a dairymaid attending some cattle in an adjacent field, and entered into conversation with her, as he did with all parties with whom he came in contact, in expectation of eliciting something relative to the subject of his search. The unsuspecting maid let fall some expression that arrested the Captain's attention as being something important, or might lead to it. He asked her if she had ever seen a man-of-war, and in the blandest terms, induced her to go on board the ship, to inspect all that could there be seen. The maid was treated with very much kindness, and was flattered by several nice presents. Captain Ferguson spoke Gaelic, and the young woman thought him the nicest and kindest gentleman she had ever seen. All the country news were asked, and every thing relative to her master,—his name, his occupation, his family,—the name of the place, and such like familiar matters were freely discussed. The poor girl, ignorant of who her entertainer was, told him, with an air of pride, that she had seen Prince Charles, that he was a night at her master's house, and that his appearance pleased her much, but that he did not appear to her to be so kind as he himself was. She stated farther, that the Prince's shoes were all torn, and that he wore a *cota-clo*, that is a kelt coat, that belonged to Mr Allan, her master's son. This was all that Ferguson wanted, and by means of this imprudent disclosure, the Government officials obtained the first direct proof of the Prince's motions, and of the manner in which Kingsburgh had acted.

On the day that the Prince left Kingsburgh House for Portree, the old gentleman, apprehending danger, crossed the hill to the east side of the Island, but his pursuers soon discovered him at a place called *Lealt*. Young Allan, however, managed all along to escape the researches of the Government officers, and consequently was never made prisoner, although active as any in the Prince's cause. Flora, on the other hand, with her natural gallantry, made no attempts to conceal herself, although she was well aware that she was diligently sought after. After having parted with

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the Royal fugitive at Portree, she went to spend a few days with her mother at Armadale, and then made the best of her way to her brother's residence at Milton, in the Long Island. She had been but a few days there, when she received a summons to appear for examination before Macleod of Talisker, in Skye, a Captain of Militia, to answer to all the grave charges against her. Her friends became much alarmed for her ultimate safety, and earnestly importuned her to disregard the summons, and to secret herself for a season amid the mountain fastnesses of her native Isle, as her Prince had already done. This she peremptorily and indignantly refused to do, and said, with her natural magnanimity of soul, as she had done nothing of which she either repented or felt ashamed, she would appear at any tribunal or before any Government official, and answer whatever charges might be brought against her. Unprotected and alone, she set out for Talisker, and Captain Macleod having satisfied himself by committing to writing the various statements which he had elicited from the gentle culprit before him, with whom he was previously well acquainted, he permitted her to go to visit her mother at Armadale. On her way, she accidentally met with her stepfather returning home from the Long Island, and before evening she was seized by a party of soldiers, who conveyed her a prisoner on board the *Furnace* sloop of war, commanded by Captain Ferguson. General Campbell, who happened to be on board, treated the amiable rebel with great kindness. He allowed her to land at Armadale under an escort of soldiers, to bid farewell to her mother, to replenish her wardrobe, and to procure a servant, a Skye girl, named Kate Macdonald. Meantime her stepfather, the officer of militia who granted passports to Flora, Betty Burke, and the others, to cross from the Long Island to Skye, became afraid that he might be implicated in the plot, deemed it prudent to retire to a place of concealment. Had not this officer granted the requisite passports, the gallant Flora could never have conducted the Prince from Uist to Skye. These passports were the hinge on which the success of the whole adventure turned.

Flora, now a State prisoner of great importance, was conveyed from Skye on board the *Furnace* to Dunstaffnage Castle, in Argyleshire, where she was confined for about ten days, under the charge of Mr Niel Campbell, the Governor of that ancient Castle. Dunstaffnage is a place of note in the early history of our country. It was once a royal residence of the Kings of Scotland. It is situated on a rocky promontory that juts out into Loch Etive, and is one of the most romantic and secluded places that Nature, in all the picturesque beauty of those regions, can present. It is true that the ancient magnificence of the palace had passed away long before the gallant Flora had become an inmate of its walls, for rescuing from captivity and death, the last of the Stuart race—a Prince whose forefathers had long reigned with royal dignity in that sequestered region. Speaking of the many beauties of that locality, a modern writer says that the tourist will be charmed "to see the waters of Loch Etive leaping, thundering, and flashing over the reef, just as they did when Ossian and the warriors of Fingal watched them from the self-same shore."

General Campbell addressed the following note to the Governor:—

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Horse Shoe Bay, 1st August 1746.

Dear Sir,—I must desire the favour of you to forward my letters by an express to Inverary; and if any are left with you, let them be sent by the bearer. I shall stay here with Commodore Smith till Sunday morning, If you can't come, I beg to know if you have any men now in garrison at your house, and how many? Make my compliments to your lady, and tell her that I am obliged to desire the favour of her for some days to receive a very pretty young rebel. Her zeal, and the persuasion of those who ought to have given her better advice, have drawn her into a most unhappy scrape, by assisting the young Pretender to make his escape. I need say nothing further till we meet; only assure you that I am, dear Sir, your sincere friend. and humble servant,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

P.S.—I suppose you have heard of Miss Flora Macdonald?—J.C.

To Niel Campbell, Esq., Captain of Dunstaffnage.

About ten days thereafter, General Campbell addressed another brief note to the same Governor, in the following terms:—

Wednesday Evening.

Sir,—You will deliver to the bearer, John Macleod, Miss Macdonald, to be conducted in his wherry. Having no officer to send, it would be very proper you send one of your garrison alongst with her.—I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

To the Captain of Dunstaffnage.

During our heroine's short stay at this fortress, the Governor's lady and other friends, paid every possible attention to their fair prisoner. All of them felt much interest in her on account of her accomplished manners and humble deportment. Her society was courted and duly appreciated by all the respectable families in the neighbourhood, who had been privately invited to meet with the distinguished state prisoner.

When John Macleod and his wherry arrived, it was late in the evening, but next morning the preparations for departure were made. After an early breakfast, the Governor's lady, with tears in her eyes, handed Flora into the boat. The sails were immediately set, and the frail craft, before a stiff breeze, glided swiftly down Loch Etive towards the Sound of Mull, and soon disappeared.

It is probable that John Macleod and the Dunstaffnage officer conveyed Miss Flora to Glasgow, as some days thereafter our fair captive was put on board the *Bridgewater* in Leith roads, which vessel was commanded by Commodore Smith. During the detention of the *Bridgewater* at this port for nearly three months, the fame of our heroine had spread far and near, and she became the object of much public interest. On board this ship Flora met with Captain O'Neal, and several others of her countrymen who had been arrested like herself, and for the same cause. The Commander and all the inferior officers of the ship vied with each other in offering civility to their interesting prisoner. Although she was not permitted to leave the vessel, yet parties of every rank, clerical and lay, and of all shades of politics, were freely allowed to go on board to visit her. Day after day hundreds of the aristocracy of the metropolis flocked to see the spirited young lady, and many valuable gifts were made to her, as tokens of their esteem. Among these distinguished visitors, the clergymen of Edinburgh and Leith of almost all denominations paid their respects to her. Bishop Forbes was very attentive—as also Lady Mary Cochrane, Lady Bruce, and Lady Clark. The latter, in her

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enthusiasm to do honour to the modest Highland maid, who enabled Prince Charles Edward to elude his foes, was "willing to wipe her shoes." Lady Cochrane asked as a favour to be permitted to stay all night on board, which was granted. Her Ladyship stated that she had made this request that she might be enabled afterwards to say that she had passed a night with Flora. The quiet demeanour of our heroine during the vessel's stay at Leith was admired by all who had seen her. The Episcopal clergyman of the place described Flora, and the scenes on board, in the following terms:—"Some," said he, "that went on board to pay their respects to her used to take a dance in the cabin, and to press her much to share with them in the diversion, but with all their importunity, they could not prevail with her to take a trip. She told them that at present her dancing days were done, and she would not readily entertain a thought of that diversion till she should be assured of her Prince's safety, and perhaps not till she should be blessed with the happiness of seeing him again. Although she was easy and cheerful, yet she had a certain mixture of gravity in all her behaviour, which became her situation exceedingly well, and set her off to great advantage. She is of a low stature, of a fair complexion, and well enough shaped. One would not discern by her conversation that she had spent all her former days in the Highlands, for she talks English easily, and not at all through the Erse tone. She has a sweet voice, and sings well; and no lady, Edinburgh-bred, can acquit herself better at the tea-table, than what she did when in Leith Roads. Her wise conduct in one of the most perplexing scenes that can happen in life,—her fortitude and good sense—are memorable instances of the strength of a female mind, even in those years that are tender and inexperienced."

On the 7th November 1746, the *Bridgewater* weighed anchor amid the display of flags, and the cheers of thousands, to carry the fair prisoner and the other rebels to London, to stand their trial on a charge of treason. On reaching the great Metropolis, the Government of the day discovered that so deeply was the sympathy of the nation excited in behalf of the fair heroine, that it would not be prudent to commit her to a common jail; and, further, that it would not conduce to their own popularity to visit a young lady with the stern inflictions of the law,—and more particularly so, as her guilt consisted only in one of the most generous actions of humanity, and an action too, the performance of which exposed her own life to the most imminent danger. After a short confinement in the Tower, along with many others from the Western Isles, who had been engaged in the Prince's cause, she was placed under the custody of some friends who stood responsible to Government for her appearance when demanded. In this mitigated imprisonment Flora remained a State prisoner in London for nearly twelve months, until in 1747 the Act of Indemnity, already alluded to, was passed, which set our heroine free!

During her long imprisonment, if it may be called so, she maintained a cheerful temper, an easy, elegant, and winning address, and appeared most agreeable to all her visitors. A subdued and modest gravity on her part, deepened the interest excited by her simple artless character. When she had received her freedom, she became the guest of Lady Primrose of Dunnipace, where she was visited and loaded with honours by distin-

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guished personages of all ranks and classes of the nobility. All admired the dauntless part which she had acted, and her case excited so much interest, that she had the honour of a visit from Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of King George the Third. His Royal Highness put the question to her, how she dared to assist a rebel against his father's throne? She replied, with great simplicity but firmness, that she would have done the same thing for him had she found him in like distress. The Prince was so struck with her artless manner, that he interested himself to procure for her every requisite comfort. Meanwhile, the street in which Lady Primrose lived was, day after day, thronged with the carriages of such as desired to see the deliverer of Prince Charles. Artists waited upon her to procure her portrait, others to award their gifts; and altogether Flora could not comprehend how such a simple act of humanity should produce so much excitement, or confer upon her such unmerited celebrity.

When her liberation was announced, and when made aware that she was freely privileged to return to her native Highlands, she respectfully solicited one important favour, and that was, that her fellow-prisoners from the Western Isles would receive the same liberty as herself. She particularly interested herself in behalf of Old Kingsburgh, who was made a State prisoner in Edinburgh for sheltering the Prince in his house. This hospitable gentleman acted all along, as he thought himself, in a very cautious manner, in reference to the Royal fugitive. He was not personally much inclined to interfere in this dangerous enterprise, but being at the time Sir Alexander Macdonald's Chamberlain, Lady Margaret, who had a warm feeling for the Prince, brought her influence to bear upon Kingsburgh, and did all in her power to induce him to do his best under the trying emergency of the case. Flora, however, succeeded in procuring this gentleman's freedom, as also that of Donald Macleod of Galtrigal, *Calum Mac Iain Mhic Iain*, who went in the capacity of guide to the Prince from the Island of Rasaay to Kilmorie, in Strathaird, and also of Niel Macdonald, her servant, commonly called *Nial Mac Eachain Mhic Sheumais* (Niel the son of Hector, the son of James), who subsequently followed the Prince to France, and was the father of Field-Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, one of Napoleon's ablest generals. All these, and others, were liberated by means of Flora's solicitations at head-quarters. When matters were fully and successfully arranged, our heroine, together with the faithful *Nial Mac Eachain*, left London in a coach and four for the Scottish Metropolis. During this journey of several days, the exuberance of Niel's spirits could hardly be restrained within proper limits. He was naturally an active, lively, and manly youth, who was possessed of considerable wit, and no small share of poetic genius. He, as well as most of his companions in guilt, never expected to return. On the contrary, they were fully prepared for falling victims, on account of their grievous offences, to the laws of their country. It is said that Old Kingsburgh himself, despairing of ever again seeing his family and home, made a hasty will of all his effects before he was removed from Skye. The gallant Flora herself was of all others the most hopeful that no injury would befal her, and that her personal safety stood in no danger. She reasoned in this way, that she had done nothing wrong, and that all her

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actions in that great tragedy of her life were based, not on political principles, but on the Scriptural law of humanity and kindness. But to return for a little to her servant, *Nial Mac Eachain*, it may be interesting to the Gaelic readers of the *Celtic Magazine* to lay before them a few verses composed by him after his liberation :—

Thugadh, Ochan! air falbh mi bho Eilean mo ghraidh,
Gu dol suas dh'ionnsuidh Lunnain gu'm chrochadh gu'n dail;
Air son gu'n d'thug mi furtachd do Thearlach an aigh,
Gus am faidheadh e ann an tearuinteachd 'null thar sail!

Bha Fionghal Nighean Raonuill a' daonan rim' thaobh,
Chum mo stiuireadh le gliocas, 's le misnich ro threin;
Bha i deas agus dileas a dhionadh an laoich,
Bha gun charaid co dian rith' 'n ait' eile fo'n ghrein!

A nis fhuair sinn ar saorsa o dhaorsa na truaigh,
Chum gu'm pill sinn air 'n ais dh'ionnsuidh Eilein ar breith;
'S thugadh cliu do'n Oigh mhaisich nach comas a luaidh,
Leis an fhilidh a's ealant' gu seinn as a leth!

Chaidh sinn cuideachd air falbh, 's thain sinn cuideachd air ais,
Ann an carbad ceithir-chuidh'leach 's da chaigeann each,
Is tha aoibhneas, a's gleadhraich, 's ceol-fhuaim nach' eil tais,
'A toirt suaimhneis is spionnaidh do'n chridhe aig gach neach!

Thug am Prionnsa an Fhraing air, ach chithear e ris,
Dhruideadh mach as an tir e, ach leanar a cheum;
'S biodh Nial Mac Eachain Mhic Sheumais a ris fo chis,
Mar grad-ghreas e gu Tearlach, 'na ruith is 'na leum.

Ochan! Fhionghail Nighinn Raonuill, b' eutrom do cheum,
'Dhol a dh'fhaicinn do Thearlaich air ardach' mar righ,
'Sa chur failt air 'da luchairt, le 'chrun-oir nan seud,
Is e 'riaghladh na rioghachd, le ciuineas 's le sith!

(To be Continued.)

BRIGADIER MACKINTOSH OF BORLUM.

THE reader of history, in studying the progress of great revolutions or the actions of a troublous time, not unfrequently feels a strong desire within him to leave events for a while, and apply himself more particularly to the individuals engaged in them. The feeling is a natural one, for when, by reason of the events being past and over, all ground for the excitement arising from the conflict of hope and fear as to their issue has disappeared, the mind is set at rest as regards results, and mechanically turns to the investigation of causes, which in their turn are generally to be traced to individuals. "The proper study of mankind is man;" the human mind will always feel a deeper and closer interest in the workings of the minds and in the actions of men, than in the actual changes which they wrought or attempted. Thus it is that we have now-a-days so many biographies and so few histories. From the histories which have been written, we know what general results were effected by certain men, and by what means they were effected; but in coming to the knowledge of all this, we are naturally imbued with a human, personal interest in the men themselves, and with a desire to know them more intimately than is possible from the mere sketches and outlines of the historian. Who

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that has read in histories of Montrose's wars and of the Rising in 1745, has not sought out and read the Lives of Montrose and Prince Charlie, and in so doing has not found himself continually losing sight of the results of the great events in which these played their parts, and concentrating all his interest on the struggles and sufferings of the men themselves?

Again, as in a drama it often happens that our interests and sympathies are awakened on behalf of a character of subordinate importance, the hero of a minor drama going on within and with the main piece, so on the stage of history we are accustomed to see actors, occupying a subordinate place in reference to the main action, whose individual stories by themselves contain elements fully as romantic, exciting, and tragic as that of the general event in which they are performers. Of such minor historical personages we have perhaps only detached glimpses, but these are of a nature to make us desire to have closer and more continuous views.

William Mackintosh of Borlum is one of these minor characters of history of whom the writer has often desired to know more than is recorded in the ordinary accounts of the Rising of 1715. The part which he played on that occasion, in leading a body of troops across a hostile, or at all events a not friendly, country, in marching into England, and in falling with his followers into captivity there, is all that history tells us of him, with the exception of the fact that he escaped from prison on the night before he was to be tried for high treason. In telling us this, history does not trouble herself to enquire concerning his antecedents, but brings him suddenly upon the stage, invested with all the dignity of a historical personage, relates his doings in that character, and finally leaves him outside the Newgate from which he had broken, without letting us know what afterwards became of him. Having done his part in the one scene in which he was a somewhat prominent character, he makes his exit, and history calls him on no more, In the belief that many would be glad to know more of the man who flashes thus like a meteor across the face of our history, and in the hope that these pages may be the means of eliciting further particulars concerning him, I make known the results of my investigations into his career.

The Mackintoshes of Borlum were descended from William, second son of Lachlan Mor, 16th chief of Mackintosh, by his wife, Agnes Mackenzie of Kintail. The feu-right of Borlum was acquired by this William's grandson of the same name, but the lands were in the occupation of the family before his time, as were also the lands of Benchar and Raits (now Belleville), in Badenoch. In the Valuation Roll of the Sheriffdom of Inverness made in 1644, the value of the lands of Borlum, in Dores Parish, is set down as £666 13s 4d Scots, that of Benchar and Raits, in Kingussie Parish, as £500 Scots yearly, considerable sums in those days. The William who acquired the feu-right of Borlum married Mary, daughter of Duncan Baillie, and had five sons, the eldest of whom was William, the subject of this sketch. The youngest was progenitor of the family of Raigmore.

William, son of William of Borlum and Mary Baillie, was born about the year 1662, and at the age of ten years was entered at King's College, Aberdeen, together with his next brother, Lachlan, and Angus, son of

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Mackintosh of Killachie *(Fasti Aberdon.* p. 491). Here he remained until he reached his fifteenth year. In the Degree Lists of 7th July 1677, we find him occupying the first place; "*lauream magisterialem adepti sunt juvenes quorum sequuntur nomina—Mr Gulielmus M'Intosh de Borlum, &c., &c.*" *(Fasti*, p. 528). After this we have no particular record of him for a period of some thirty-five years, until shortly before the '15; but there is reason to believe that after leaving Aberdeen he lived for some time in England. He himself, in a work presently to be noticed, speaks of his having been acquainted with, and often in the society of, the great and good Sir Robert Boyle, who died in 1691. As Sir Robert lived much at Oxford, and as William married into an Oxfordshire family, it is not unlikely that he was at Oxford University for the purpose of completing his education. In England he married an English lady, Mary Reade, one of the family of Edward Reade of Ipsden House, Oxfordshire, the representative of one of the old county families. By this lady he had two sons, Lachlan and Shaw—the latter of whom afterwards sold the feu-right of Borlum to his cousin—and three daughters, the eldest of whom married Mackenzie of Fairburn. After some years in England, he appears to have been employed in the French military service, in which he is said to have attained distinction, but the record of this part of his career is unfortunately at present wanting. It is not unlikely, however, looking to his consistent and active sympathies with the fortunes of the Stuarts in after life, that his leaving England and taking service under the flag of her rival were contemporary with, and in consequence of, the Revolution of 1688, which drove the Stuart dynasty from the throne.

He probably returned home before the close of the century, for in 1698 he is named (as William Mackintosh, younger of Borlum) in a commission of fire and sword, granted by the Privy Council to the Chief of Mackintosh against the Macdonalds of Keppoch *(Reg. Secr. Concil.-Acta*, 22 Feb. 1698); and in an Act of Parliament in 1704, he is similarly named a Commissioner of Supply for Inverness-shire. At this time he resided at Raits, where he set the example of planting. The Statistical Account mentions a fine row of elms which he planted along the old military road near the present Belleville House.

When next we hear of him, he is one of the band of agents employed by the exiled Chevalier de St George (James VIII) to communicate with the Highland chiefs, and to encourage and spread the principles of Jacobitism among his countrymen. In a letter preserved among the papers of the Duke of Montrose, dated 24th September 1714, it is stated that "Mr William Mackintosh of Borlum, who has come in March from Bar-le-Duc (the residence of the exiled King in France), is traversing the country from west to east, and has prevailed on the laird of Mackintosh to join the Pretender's cause"; also that the laird of Mackintosh had held a meeting of his kinsmen at the head of Strathnairn on the 11th April, after which arms had been diligently provided by the tenantry.

On the 6th September 1715, the Earl of Mar raised the standard of James the Third of England and Eighth of Scotland at Castleton of Braemar, and on the 13th, the Chief of Mackintosh, supported and encouraged by his kinsman William, younger of Borlum, "conveened his

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men at Farr, as was given out to review them; but in the evening he marched streight into Inverness, where he came by sun-rising with colours displayed; and after he had made himself master of what arms and ammunition he could find, and some little money that belonged to the publick, proceeded to proclaim the Pretender king" (*Lord Lovat's Account of the Taking of Inverness*, given at the end of Patten's *History of the Rebellion*, Edit. 1717). The proclamation at Inverness is usually, though erroneously, ascribed to Borlum younger. Mr Burton (*Hist. Scot.*, vol. viii., p. 263) says that he was deputed to perform the act; but although this may have been the case, he wisely allowed his chief, whose influence was more extended and attractive than his own in the neighbourhood, to take the lead in matters where such influence might be serviceable to the cause, while he himself undertook the not less honourable duty of managing such affairs as required actual work. He was in fact the moving spirit and real leader of the Mackintoshes and their allies on the occasion, a position to which his experience justly entitled him. He made a temporarily important move by seizing and garrisoning the Castle of Inverness, thus to some extent cutting off the Munros and other northern clans favourable to the Government. He also intercepted the post by which a commission as Commandant of Inverness was forwarded to Munro of Fowlis.

William was at this time about fifty-two years of age, and his father being still alive, not dying until the following year, he was properly Mackintosh *younger* of Borlum. He is so styled in the summons issued to him under the Act of 30th August 1715 "for encouraging loyalty in Scotland," as well as in other documents in 1715.

The Chief of Mackintosh, with his kinsman of Borlum and about seven hundred well-armed men, joined the Earl of Mar at Perth on the 5th October. This force was formed into a battalion of thirteen companies, of which the Chief received the command as colonel, John Farquharson of Invercauld, who had accompanied him with two hundred men, being made lieutenant-colonel. Besides William, three other sons of old Borlum were in the Rising, John, the third, being major, and Lachlan and Duncan, second and fourth, being captains in Mackintosh's regiment. Of the thirty-two officers of the regiment in Patten's list, twenty-seven bore names belonging to Clan Chattan.

We not uncommonly find mention of the "battalion of Brigadier Mackintosh." This is incorrect, the Brigadier having nothing to do with the battalion, except as having command of the entire force of which it formed a part in the expedition in the south of Scotland and in England. Thus Patten (p. 57), "The sixth regiment was called Macintosh's Battalion, a relation of the Brigadier's who is chief of that clan."

The great event of this unfortunate Rising was the campaign in the south of Scotland and in England, and in this the Mackintosh regiment took a prominent part. With the view of encouraging the Jacobites in England and on the Borders, Mar conceived the idea of despatching a force across the Firth of Forth to their assistance, he himself remaining at Perth with his main body until the clans which still held aloof should yield to his persuasions to join him. A more politic and soldierlike course

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would, no doubt, have been to move his whole force against the Duke of Argyle, who occupied Stirling, and who must in that case either have retired before him or have been beaten. Either result would have opened a way to the south, and at the same time would have brought the undecided chiefs flocking to the Jacobite standard. But it was not without reason that an aged chieftain at Sheriffmuir gave vent to the exclamation, "Oh! for one hour of Dundee!" Mar was no leader of men; and with such an army as his, the great Viscount would in all human probability have placed his master on the throne of Britain.

The detachment sent across the Firth of Forth comprised six regiments —Lord Strathmore's, Lord Mar's (composed of his own vassals, and some of the Farquharsons under Inverey), Logie Drummond's, Lord Nairne's, Lord Charles Murray's, and Mackintosh's—about 2500 men, and, except Strathmore's regiment, all Highlanders. The chief command was given to our hero, William Mackintosh younger of Borlum, as Brigadier; but whether he had assigned to him any precise orders, or any detailed plan of operations, does not appear. The nights of the 11th and 12th October were chosen for the passage of the Firth. All the boats that could be found along the coast had been pressed into the service, and kept in readiness at Pittenweem, Crail, and other places near. From these places the whole of the 2500 men set out accordingly at the appointed times on their perilous voyage of some eighteen or twenty miles, in crowded open boats, and with the unpleasant knowledge that some hostile men of-war were cruising near. One boat-load of forty men was captured, others were compelled to put back to the Fife coast, and the whole of the Strathmore regiment was forced into the Island of May. Only about 1500 men, including the whole of Mackintosh's Regiment, achieved the passage.

Collecting his scattered forces at Haddington and Tranent, the Brigadier marched direct on Edinburgh. In a letter of the 21st October to Lord Kenmure, Mar terms this march "an unlucky mistake"; and certainly no advantage came from it, though at the same time it involved no loss or apparent disadvantage. It is probable that the Brigadier had heard from friends in Edinburgh that he had a chance of seizing the capital, an acquisition which would have given vast *eclat* to his army and the cause, and at the same time would have supplied him with arms and money. But Lockhart of Carnwath and other leading Jacobites in the city were ignorant of the expedition, and the authorities, on hearing of the landing of the Highlanders, had at once lodged Lockhart himself in the Castle, and sent to Stirling for aid from the Duke of Argyle. On seeing the position of affairs, the Brigadier turned his back on the capital, and took possession of Leith, where he entrenched himself in a fort originally built by Cromwell. On the 14th October, Argyle appeared before the fort with some dragoons and militia, but only to receive a resolute defiance from its occupants, and to see that he must postpone an assault until he could obtain cannon. The Brigadier did not wait for this, however; he had no object in remaining near Edinburgh, and the same night he moved his force to Seaton House, the residence of Lord Wintoun. Here, on the 18th, he received orders from Mar to march towards England and form a junction with the forces of Lord Kenmure and Mr Forster.

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On Wednesday the 19th, the detachment left Seaton House on their march to Kelso, at which place they were received on the 22nd by the Scots and English forces. Patten (p. 38) thus describes their entry:—"The Highlanders came into the town with their bagpipes playing, led by old Macintosh; but they made a very indifferent figure, for the rain and their long marches had extremely fatigued them, though their old Brigadier, who marched at the head of them, appeared very well."

It is not necessary here to follow the Jacobite forces step by step on their fatal march into England; this can be done by the reader with the help of the ordinary histories of the Rising. The responsibility of this disastrous movement rests with Mr Forster and the English Jacobites; it was for some time strongly opposed by the Scots leaders, and only finally assented to by them on the assurance of their English allies that a general rising would take place in Lancashire on their arrival there, and that 20,000 men would immediately join them. No one was at first more averse to the movement than Brigadier Mackintosh, who strongly favoured the proposal to join the western clans under General Gordon, a step which, if taken, would doubtless have secured Scotland to the Jacobite army. It is said that when at last his reluctant consent was given to the proposed march into England, some of the Highlanders mutinied, and refused to go; on which the English horse, finding expostulation useless, threatened to surround them and compel them to march. But the Brigadier informed them "that he would not allow his men to be so treated; and the Highlanders themselves, despising the threat, gave them to understand that they would resist the attempt" (*Annals of the 2d year of George I.*, p. 128).

The movement southward once decided upon, the Brigadier went into it heart and soul, and used all his influence to prevail on the rest of the Highlanders to follow his example. A Merse officer, whose journal is quoted by Mr Burton (vol. viii., p. 301), relates a characteristic anecdote of him. Orders having been given for the march, "the Highlanders refused obedience. Their leader, Mackintosh, who had no prejudice against active service wherever it could be obtained, endeavoured, with all his eloquence and authority, to prevent their desertion; and by one who was sent from the army to know their final determination, he was found standing in the middle of the river Esk, endeavouring to stop them in their attempts to march northwards, and heard emphatically cursing the obstinacy of the mountaineers, and exclaiming with true professional zest, 'Why the devil not go into England, where there is both meat, men, and money? Those who are deserting us are but the rascality of my men.'" On the same authority, Mr Burton gives another anecdote, equally characteristic. During the debates which took place previous to the march into England, "Mackintosh, who was a practical man, and had seen abundance of savage fighting, became disgusted with all these councils and cross-marches. He heard that there was an enemy near (this was General Carpenter), and called on them to stop their consultations and fight him off-hand—a proposal which only made his more deliberate allies say that he saw nothing before him but starving or hanging."

(To be Continued.)

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SEVEN SONNETS, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE SCENERY OF LOCH-AWE, ARGYLESHIRE.

By Evan MacColl.

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I.

LOCH-AWE—SEEN FROM CROIS-AN-T-SLEUCHDAIDH.*

No time or tide can dim a genuine joy:
In thought I wander to that far-off day
When first upon my sight burst grand Glenstrae,
And from me forced Loch-Awe a sudden cry
Of ecstacy, as proudly to mine eye
It spread its glories. O! but now to be
Standing where, cross-crowned Innisfail to see,
The Celt, of old, his knee bent reverently.
Here kingly Cruachan, twin-topped, cleft the sky—
There, toward Ben-dòran's head above the cloud—
While on the lake's calm breast lay lovingly
Islets of which Elysium might be proud.
When fades that landscape from my memory,
Some friendly hand may quick prepare my shroud.

II.

THE PASS OF THE BRAAR.

See where the Awe sweeps with resistless force
Through yonder pass where once, in days of old,
Lorn's haughty chief would thwart his monarch's course,
And traitor dirks struck well for English gold.
It is enough to make one's blood run cold
To think what Scotland would have lost that day,
If, when through yonder gorge war's tide was roll'd,
And chief met chief in battle's stern array,
The Bruce's sword cleared not a ready way
Resistless through the thickest of the foe,
Leaving Macdougall baffled of his prey.
How few the pilgrims wandering by the flow
Of Bràar impetuous think, as there they stray,
How classic is the ground o'er which they go!

* *Crois-a-t-sleuchdaidh* (a term suggestive of Catholic times) is the name of that moorland ridge where the road from Inveraray to Dalmaly reaches its highest elevation, and from which the tourist, travelling northward, obtains his first view of Loch-Awe—its bosom adorned with a number of islands of great beauty. Chief among those more immediately in view are *Innisfail*, famed for its sepulchral crosses; *Innis-Druidhnich*, with its Druidical circle, and *Fraoch-Eilean*, no less distinguished by its stern, old, dilapidated keep, telling its own tale of times of feud and foray.

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III.

INNIS-DRUIDHNICH; OR, THE DRUID'S ISLE.

Fair Innis-drui'nich! though, in this our age,
Few, save the fisher, haunt thy sylvan shore,
Well worthy art thou of a pilgrimage
To him who would in thought the Past explore.
By nature sole instructed, here, of yore,
The Druid taught his votaries to see
In day's bright orb the great creative power
To which he oft, adoring, bent the knee
Beneath the branches of some old oak tree
Towering above yon circle of grey stones:
Grateful to God that better light have we,
Let us tread reverent o'er the Druid's bones,
And own, whate'er his faults, he judgéd well,
In choosing in this paradise to dwell.

IV.

KILCHURN CASTLE.

Lo! yonder veteran pile by Urchay's flow—
Kilchurn! proud home of many a warlike chief,
Seem'st thou there brooding o'er the long ago,
Like some worn warrior musing, in his grief,
On years that shall return not: Time, the thief,
Has robbed thee of thy ancient pomp and pride—
Leaving thee there, all hopeless of relief,
Nodding to thy own spectre in the tide.
Thy sole friend seems the ivy, spreading wide
Its dark-green mantle round thy aged form;
The owl loves well within thee to abide,
A lonely tenant, safe from all alarm;
While through the halls, where Beauty once enjoyed
The minstrel's song, oft howls the midnight storm.

V.

FRAOCH EILEAN.

Fraoch's lonely isle! if of a hermit life
I were enamoured, 'tis on thee I'd dwell,
Where all around, afar or near, seems rife
With grace and grandeur more than tongue can tell.
Yon time-worn keep would yield a ready cell;
My drink would be the lake's pure crystal tide,
My rod and gun with fish and fowl would well
An ample feast at any time provide.
If ever nature's face to bard supplied
True inspiration, 'twould, methinks, be here,
Loch-awe in beauty slumbering him beside—
The sound of distant torrents in his ear,
And every feature of the landscape wide
Speaking of God in language loudly-clear.

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VI.

GLENORCHY.

Talk not to *me* of Tempe's flowery vale,
With fair Glenorchy stretched before my view!
If of *its* charms he sung, I would right well
Believe the Grecian poet's picture true.
What were his boasted groves in scent or hue
To lady-birches and the stately pine,
The crimsoned heather and the harebell blue?
Be his the laurel—the red heath be mine!
No fawn or dryad here I care to see,
More pleased by far to mark the bounding roe
Sport with his mate behind the forest tree,
And see the rosy lass a-milking go,
Sing some simple native melody,
All hearts enchanting by its graceful flow.

VII.

A SUMMER MORNING AT DALMALLY.

'Tis morn: the lark is up in heaven's blue,
Flooding the air with melody divine;
A misty mantle made of morning-dew
Half hides the valley in its silky shine.
The bleat of lambs, the low of milky kine,
Come to my gladden'd ears from strath and hill;
The amorous blackbird in yon clump of pine
His feather'd harem rules with happy skill.
Here flows the winding Urchay, sweetly still,
As some fair fancy through a poet's brain;
There lifts it up its voice with stronger will
In fitful chantings—to yon shepherd swain
A sign of rain, perhaps ere day is o'er—
To *me*, a music glorious evermore!

EVAN MACCOLL.

TEACHING GAELIC IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.—The return moved for some few months ago by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., has just been issued. It was addressed to 103 Highland School Boards, each of which were requested to say—(1), Whether they were in favour of or against teaching Gaelic in their schools? (2), Whether or not qualified teachers could be obtained? and (3), The number of public schools and the number of children that would take advantage of any special provisions in favour of Gaelic. It appears from the return that 90 replies have been received, 65 of which are *in favour* of teaching Gaelic in Highland schools, while only 25 are against it, and 13 are devoid of sufficient courtesy, or a sufficient interest in their important public duties, to send any reply to the Department. In a future number we shall analyze the composition of Boards—those that are against, and those that have shown no interest in the question, when we hope to find, for the credit of our countrymen, that the foreign element is in the ascendant in these cases; and, if we can show this to be the case, we trust that at the next election a strong effort will be made to oust the objectionable members, and make room for men who will do their duty properly by their countrymen, and the children under their charge, of whom, according to the return, no less than 16,331 would take advantage of Gaelic teaching. We are free to acknowledge that the Boards, on the whole, have done well—far better than we anticipated.

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THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, *COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE.*

By the Editor.

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[Continued.]

An attempt was recently made to sell the remaining possessions of the family, but fortunately, for the present, this attempt has been defeated by the interposition of the Marchioness of Tweedale and Mrs Colonel Stanley, daughters of the present nominal possessor of the property. At the time a leading article appeared in the *Edinburgh Daily Review* giving an outline of the family history of the Seaforths. After describing how the fifth Earl, with the fidelity characteristic of his house, "true as the dial to the sun," embraced the losing side in "the Fifteen;" fought at the head of his clan at Sheriffmuir: how in 1719 he, along with the Marquis of Tullibardine, and the Earl Marischal, made a final attempt to bring the "auld Stewarts back again;" how he was dangerously wounded in an encounter with the Government forces at Glenshiel, and compelled to abandon the vain enterprise; how he was carried on board a vessel by his clansmen, conveyed to the Western Isles, and ultimately to France; how he was attainted by Parliament, and his estates forfeited to the Crown; how all the efforts of the Government failed to penetrate into Kintail, or to collect any rent from his faithful Macraes, whom the Seaforths had so often led victorious from many a bloody conflict, from the battle of Largs down to the Jacobite Rebellions of 1715 and 1719; and how the rents of that part of the estates were regularly collected and remitted to their exiled chief in France, with a devotion and faithfulness only to be equalled by their own countrymen when their beloved "bonnie Prince Charlie" was a wanderer, helpless and forlorn, at the mercy of his enemies, and with a reward of £30,000 at the disposal of many a poverty-stricken and starving Highlander, who would not betray his lawful Prince for all the gold in England. The article continues:—But their (the Seaforths) downfall came at last, and the failure of the male line of this great historical family was attended with circumstances as singular as they were painful. Francis, Lord Seaforth, the last Baron of Kintail, was, says Sir Walter Scott, "a nobleman of extraordinary talents, who must have made for himself a lasting reputation, had not his political exertions been checked by painful natural infirmity." Though deaf from his sixteenth year, and inflicted also with a partial impediment of speech, he was distinguished for his attainments as well as for his intellectual activity. He took a lively interest in all questions of art and science, especially in natural history, and displayed at once his liberality and his love of art by his munificence to Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the youthful straits and struggles of that great artist, and by his patronage of other artists. Before his elevation to the peerage, Lord Seaforth represented Ross-shire in Parliament for a number of years, and was afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of the county. During the revolutionary war

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with France, he raised a splendid regiment of Ross-shire Highlanders (the 78th, the second which has been raised among his clan), of which he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant, and he ultimately attained the rank of Lieutenant-General in the army. He held for six years the office of Governor of Barbadoes, and, by his firmness and even-handed justice, he succeeded in putting an end to the practice of slave-killing, which at that time was not unfrequent in the Island, and was deemed by the planters a venial offence, to be punished only by a small fine.

Lord Seaforth was the happy father of three sons and six daughters, all of high promise, and it seemed as if he were destined to raise the illustrious house of which he was the head, to a height of honour and power greater than it had ever yet attained. But the closing years of this nobleman were darkened by calamities of the severest kind. The mismanagement of his estates in the West Indies involved him in inextricable embarrassments, and compelled him to dispose of a part of his Kintail estates—"the gift-land" of the family, as it was termed—a step which his tenantry and clansmen in vain endeavoured to avert, by offering to buy in the land for him, that it might not pass from the family. He had previously been bereaved of two of his sons, and about the time that Kintail was sold, his only remaining son, a young man of talent and eloquence, the representative in Parliament of his native county, suddenly died. The broken-hearted father lingered on for a few months, his fine intellect enfeebled by paralysis, and yet, as Sir Walter Scott says, "not so entirely obscured but that he perceived his deprivation as in a glass, darkly." Sometimes he was anxious and fretful because he did not see his son; sometimes he expostulated and complained that his boy had been allowed to die without his seeing him; and sometimes, in a less clouded state of intellect, he was sensible of his loss in its full extent. The last *Cabarfeidh* followed his son to the grave in January 1815, and then—

Of the line of Fitzgerald remained not a male,
To bear the proud name of the Chiefs of Kintail.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with this sorrowful tale, is the undoubted fact that, centuries ago, a Seer of the Clan Mackenzie, known as Kenneth Oag *(Odhar)*, predicted that when there should be a deaf and dumb *Cabarfeidh* (Staghead, the Celtic designation of the chief of the clan, taken from the family crest), the "gift-land" of their territory (Kintail) would be sold, and the male line become extinct. This prophecy was well known in the north long before its fulfilment, and was certainly not made after the event. "It connected," says Lockhart, "the fall of the House of Seaforth not only with the appearance of a deaf *Cabarfeidh*, but with the contemporaneous appearance of various different physical misfortunes in several of the other great Highland chiefs, all of which are said to have actually occurred within the memory of the generation that has not yet passed away." The story was firmly believed, not only by Scott, but by Sir Humphrey Davy, who mentions it in one of his journals; and Mr Morritt testifies that he heard the prophecy quoted in the Highlands at a time when Lord Seaforth had two sons, both alive and in good health.

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On the death of his lordship, his estates, with all their burdens and responsibilities, devolved on his eldest daughter, Lady Hood, whose second husband was James Stewart Mackenzie, a member of the Galloway family, and whose son has just been prevented from selling all that remains of the Seaforth estates. "Our friend, Lady Hood," wrote Sir Walter Scott to Mr Morritt, "will now be *Cabarfeidh* herself. She has the spirit of a chieftainess in every drop of her blood, but there are few situations in which the cleverest women are so apt to be imposed upon as in the management of landed property, more especially of a Highland estate. I do fear the accomplishment of the prophecy that, when there should be a deaf *Cabarfeidh*, the house was to fall." The writer concludes thus :—"Scott's apprehensions proved only too well founded. One section after another of the estates had to be sold. The remaining portion of Kintail, the sunny braes of Ross, the church lands of Chanonry, the barony of Pluscarden, and the Island of Lewis—a principality itself—were disposed of one after the other, till now nothing remains of the vast estates of this illustrious house except Brahan Castle, and a mere remnant of their ancient patrimony (and that in the hands of trustees), which the non-resident, nominal owner has just been prevented from alienating. *Sic transit.*"

Leaving these extraordinary prophecies with the reader, to believe, disbelieve, or explain away on any principle or theory which may satisfy his reason, his credulity, or scepticism, we conclude with the following

LAMENT FOR "THE LAST OF THE SEAFORTHS."

By Sir Walter Scott.

In vain the bright course of thy talents to wrong
Fate deaden'd thine ear and imprison'd thy tongue,
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
The glow of the genius they could not oppose ;
And who, in the land of the Saxon or Gael,
Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail ?

Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve ;
What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell ?
In the spring time of youth and of promise they fell !
Of the line of MacKenneth remains not a male,
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

And thou Gentle Dame, who must bear, to thy grief,
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a Chief,
Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have left,
Of thy husband and father and brethren bereft,
To thine ear of affection, how sad is the hail
That salutes thee—the heir of the line of Kintail !

Since the preceding pages were in type, Mr Maclennan supplies the following additional prophecies and explanations :—

The Seer, one day, pointing to the now celebrated Strathpeffer mineral wells, said :—"Unirviting and disagreeable as it now is, with its thick crusted surface and unpleasant smell, the day will came when it will be

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under lock and key, and crowds of pleasure and health seekers will be seen thronging its portals, in their eagerness to get a draft of its waters."

Regarding the "land-grasping" Urquharts of Cromarty, *Coinneach* predicted "that, extensive though their possessions now are in the Black Isle, the day will come—and it is close at hand—when they will not own twenty acres in the district." This, like many others of his predictions, literally came to pass, although nothing could then be more unlikely, for, at the time, the Urquharts possessed the estates of Kinbeachie, Braelangwell, Newhall, and Monteagle, and at this moment their only possession in the Black Isle is a small piece of Braelangwell.

On page 60, vol. II., we stated our inability "to suggest the meaning of the first six lines of the second stanza." Mr Maclennan sends the following:—"I have been hearing these lines discussed since I was a boy, and being a native of Rosehaugh, I took a special interest in everything concerning it. The first two lines, I was repeatedly informed, referred to a pious man who lived on the estate of Bennetsfield, opposite Craigiehow. when *Seumas Gorach* (Foolish James), referred to in the third line, was proprietor of Rosehaugh. This godly man, who was contemporary with Foolish James, often warned him of his end, and predicted his fate if he did not mend his ways; and as he thus *cut* his bounds for him, he is supposed to be the 'diminutive lean tailor.' He is still in life. We all knew 'Foolish James.' The fourth line refers to James Maclaren, who lived at Rosehaugh most of the time during which the last two Mackenzies ruled over it, and only died two years ago. He was an odd character, but a very straight-forward man; often rebuked 'Foolish James' for the reckless and fearless manner in which he rode about, and set bounds before the 'foolish' laird, which he was not allowed to pass. Maclaren was, on that account, believed to be the 'measurer' referred to by the Seer. The fifth and sixth lines are supposed to apply to the wife fancied by Mackenzie in a 'dancing saloon,' who was always considered the 'wild colt,' at whose instigation he rode so recklessly and foolishly." We wish these suggested realizations of our prophet's predictions were a little less fanciful.

Referring to the Kilcoy prophecy on page 93, vol. II., our correspondent says:—"The second and last line of the first stanza refer to the following story—Towards the latter end of the seventeenth century a large number of cattle, in the Black Isle, were attacked with a strange malady, which invariably ended in madness and in death. The disease was particularly destructive on the Kilcoy and Redcastle estates, and the proprietors offered a large sum of money as a reward to any who should find a remedy. An old warlock belonging to the Parish agreed to protect the cattle from the ravages of this unknown disease, for the sum offered, if they provided him with a human sacrifice. To this proposal the lairds agreed. A large barn at Parkton was, from its secluded position, selected as a suitable place for the horrid crime; when a poor friendless man, who lived at Linwood, close to the site of the present Free Church manse, was requested, under some pretence, to appear on a certain day. The unsuspecting creature obeyed the summons of his superiors, and he was instantly bound and dirembowelled alive by the horrid wizard, who dried

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the heart, liver, kidneys, and pancreas, reduced them to powder, and ordered a little of it to be given to the diseased animals in water. Before the unfortunate victim breathed his last, he ejaculated the following imprecation:—'*Gum b' ann nach tig an latha 'bhitheas teaghlach a Chaisteil Ruaidh gun oinseach, na teaghlach Chulchallaidh gun amadan*' (Let the day never come when the family of Redcastle shall be without a female idiot, or the family of Kilcoy without a fool)." It appears from this, not only that this wild imprecation was to some extent realised, but also that the Brahan Seer, years before, knew and predicted *that it would be made*, and that its prayer would be ultimately granted.

Having placed before the reader all we know, or were able to discover, of the prophecies of the Brahan Seer, it may not be out of place, in conclusion, to say a few words about second-sight and predictions in general, and at the same time give a few well-authenticated instances where men of education and intelligence record cases which occurred within their own knowledge, and, as to which, they had the evidence of their senses of sight and hearing. The most curious, and perhaps the most extensive work on second-sight which ever appeared, is that by "Theophilus Insulanus" (Donald Macleod, of Hammer, in the Isle of Skye), published in 1763, and now very scarce. It will appear remarkable in the present day to find that such a work was professedly written to impress the reader with the certainty of the existence of a Supreme Being and a world of spirits, and to refute the sceptical and materialistic views said to be at the time of its publication rife among the people.

Noticing this work, Dr Armstrong, the author of the Gaelic Dictionary and Gaelic Grammar, says:—"I have seen a work on the second-sight by one who styles himself 'Theophilus Insulanus,' wherein is recorded a great variety of cases where these visions were exactly fulfilled, and in so satisfactory a way, that many of the Highland clergy became believers in the existence of this faculty. Either Dr Beattie must not have been aware of the circumstance, or he threw out a galling sarcasm when he said that none but the most ignorant pretended to be gifted with the second-sight.

"These cases of shadowy prediction will enable the reader to balance the conflicting opinions entertained on the curious subject of the second-sight; the one by Dr Beattie, of Aberdeen, and the other by the celebrated Dr Samuel Johnson. The former ascribes this pretended faculty wholly to the influence of physical causes on superstitious and uninstructed minds. He thinks that long tracts of mountainous deserts, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather, narrow valleys, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents, the mournful dashing of waves along the firths and lakes that intersect the country, the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape, by the light of the moon, must diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude; that it is not wonderful if persons of a lively imagination, immured in deep solitude, and surrounded with the stupendous scenery of clouds, precipices, and torrents, should dream (even when they think themselves

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awake) of those few striking ideas with which their lonely lives are diversified, of corpses, funeral processions, and other objects of terror; or of marriages, and the arrival of strangers, and such like matters of more agreeable curiosity; that none but ignorant people pretend to be gifted in this way, and that in them it may be nothing more, perhaps, than short fits of sudden sleep or drowsiness, attended with lively dreams, and arising from bodily disorder, the effects of idleness, low spirits, or a gloomy imagination. Nor is it extraordinary, he observes, that one should have the appearance of being awake, and should even think one's-self so, during those fits of dozing, that they should come on suddenly, and while one is engaged in some business. The same thing happens to persons much fatigued, or long kept awake, who frequently fall asleep for a moment, or for a long space, while they are standing, or walking, or riding on horseback, add but a lively dream to this slumber, and (which is the frequent effect of disease) take away the consciousness of having been asleep, and a superstitious man may easily mistake his dream for a waking vision. Beattie disbelieves the prophetical nature of the second-sight, and does not think it analogus to the operations of Providence, nor to the course of nature, that the Deity should work a miracle in order to give intimation of the frivolous matters which were commonly predicted by seers; and that those intimations should be given for no end, and to those persons only who are idle and solitary, who speak Gaelic, or who live among mountains and deserts.

"To these objections it has been powerfully replied by Dr Johnson, that by presuming to determine what is fit, and what is beneficial, they presuppose more knowledge of the universal system than man has hitherto acquired, and therefore depend upon principles too complicated and extensive for our comprehension, and that there can be no security in the consequence when the premises are not understood; that the second-sight is only wonderful because it is rare, for considered in itself, it involves no more difficulty than dreams, or perhaps the regular exercise of the cogitative faculty; that a general opinion of communicative impulses or visionary representations has prevailed in all ages and nations; that particular instances have been given with such evidence as neither Bacon nor Boyle have been able to resist; that sudden impressions, which the event has verified, have been felt by more than own or publish them; that the second-sight of the Hebrides implies only the local frequency of a power which is nowhere totally unknown; and that where we are unable to decide by antecedent reason, we must be content to yield to the force of testimony. By pretension to second-sight, no profit was ever sought or gained. It is an involuntary affection, in which neither hope nor fear are known to have any part. Those who profess to feel it, do not boast of it as a privilege, nor are considered by others as advantageously distinguished. They have no temptation to feign, and their hearers have no motive to encourage the imposture."*

(To be Continued.)

* We may be excused for suggesting that, perhaps, this opinion of the celebrated Dr Johnson is just as valuable, in whatever sense we may view it, as his more famous opinion as to the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossian.

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PRE-HISTORIC NAMES OF WEAPONS.

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In the Journal of the Anthropological Institute, October 1876, is a paper by Mr Hyde Clarke, M.A.I., on Pre-historic Weapons. Of this subject, Mr Hyde Clarke, speaks as follows:—

"The extraordinary way in which weapons are distributed among the ancient and modern races of the world, caused me to suggest the desirability of an inquiry into the relations of the names, and to publish a note on the connection of a name for arrow between India and Africa. No one has yet followed up the subject, for which the materials are scarce, and have to be collected from works not readily accessible."

Mr Hyde Clarke has traced the names of weapons to so many roots, under which he has grouped them. To find names for weapons in widely separated regions of Asia, Africa, and America, traceable to common roots, is truly astonishing. In the following lists, Gaelic names of weapons, evidently derived from the same roots, are compared with the names given in Mr Hyde Clarke's paper.

Root, KB—Gabhla, a spear or dart. Arrow: Asia—Gyarung, kipi; Khari Naga, takaba. Mnuor Toung of Burmah, qwai. Africa—Houssa, kebia; Goali, kawi. N. and S. America—Itenes (S.), kiva; Alaska (N.), kio; Cabecar (C.), ukawo; Darien (C.), cheekwa; Bribri (C.), kabut. Knife: Africa—Houssa, takobi; Fulah, kafahi; Wolof, paka; Fulup, gewa. N. and S. America—Skwali (N.), khaw; Watlala, ughkhan; Chinook, khawckhe; Pujuni, kiai. Queensland (Australia)—kuburra. Sword: Africa—Houssa, takobi; Fulah, kafahi; Nufi, chukwo; Anan, akowo; Gobaru, takobahe; Boko, takuwo? Gajaga, kafa. Spear: Africa—Butta, kubi; Filham, kabai; Nki, kebi. S. Australia—kyah. Crow (N. America), kaabe.

Root, BN—Bonnsach, an arrow or dart. Arrow: Asia—Burmese, pen Malay, pana; Javanese, pana; Sanskrit, banah. Africe—Mandingo, benyo; Bambarra, bien; Ashantee, eben; Kanyop, punon. N. America—Mimmi, wepenna. Knife: Asia—Khond, penju; Telugu, banamu. Africa—Kiriman, mbene. Sword: Africa—Kra, pano; Polynesia (bow), panna. Spear: Africa—Mandingo, benyo; Curma, gbani.

Root, KN—Cnarr, a spear; Coigne, a spear; Gen, a sword. Arrow: Asia—Tharu, kando; Madi, kani. Africa—Fanti, egandna; Tene, &c., kuni. Australia—kinnee, koön. Axe: Asia—Tamil, kanei; Chinese, chien; Tibet, chen. Africa—Bornu, kaniri; Fulup, &c., kuneb; Gbandi, kuno, kona. Sword: Africa—Ekamtulufu, nekono, ekon. S. America—Curib, kengye. Spear: Africa—Mose, kande; Wun, kanyake. Knife: N. America—Cayuga, kainana.

Root, KL—Cail, a spear; Cailc, a shield; Colg, a sword; Gaillian, a dart; Welsh Cyllell, a knife. Spear: Africa—Jelana, kala; Mandingo (bow), kallo; Muntu (knife), mukalu. Australia—Victoria (boomerang), kallum kallum.

Root, SK—Sgian, a knife. Knife: Asia—Arab, sakin. Africa—Houssa, aska. C. America—Tiribi, sogro. Axe: Africa—Ashanti, sukare. N. America—Blackfoot, koksakin.

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Root, KS—Ceis, a lance or spear. Arrow: Europe—Basque, geuezi. C. America—Brunka, tunkasa. Spear: Africa—Opanda, kasa; Tene (sword), kese; Mbarike (axe), gesum.

Root, BR—Beara, a spear; Brod ot Braid, a goad-prick, a sting, &c.; Brodainn, a spear; Welsh Bêr, lance, pike, spit. Arrow: Asia—India, bara. Africa—Basa, puro. S. America—Carib, parau. Spear: Asia—Laos, lempur. Africa—Landoro, mboro, gbara; Musu, pere; Pulo, baboro; Legba, agbare. Axe: Africa—Fulah, gembiri; Baga, abera; Kisikisi, berai; Ebo (sword), baruke; Gbandi (knife), mbura; Toma, &c. (knife), boro, bora. C. America—Cabecar, taberi. S. America—Moxos (bow), parami; Itenes (bow), pari.

Root, DR—Tradh, a lance; Treagh, a spear; Tuiriosg, a saw; Tuirisce, a file; Tora, an augre. Arrow: Asia—Dhimal, tir; Gondi, tir. Africa—Ashantee, adere; Anfue, aturo. Spear: Australia, darah. Knife: Africa—Mandingo, terang; Murundo, direndi. Sword: Africa—Soso, deremai; Landoro, daruma. Axe: Africa—Biafada, dira; Yula, doro. Australia—Victoria, tharinga, thurang; Queensland, durree.

Root, KR—Carr, a spear; Caoirle, a club; Corc, a knife; Garnadh, a spear; Greillean, a dagger; Welsh Cêr, tools. Arrow: Asia—Dhimal, Africa—Fulah, kurral; Pulo, &c., kure. S. America—Carib, werakure; khar. Moxos, chere. Australia (throwing-stick), korree (axe), korrie. Spear: Africa—Jelanas, kar; Krebo, gheradr; Tene, geresos; Egba, &c., ogokure. C. America—Bribri, kiru. Sword: Africa—Wolof, karre; Anfue, kerante. Knife: Ebo, ogari; Biafada, kerani; Ekamtulufu, ekore.

Root, KT—Gath, a spear, dart, or sting; Goithne, a lance. Arrow: Asia—Tharu, khando; Chenstu, kandu. Africa—Filham, katan; Fanti, egandua; Bini, &c. (sword), agada. Australia—Victoria (boomerang), katum-katum. C. America—Honduras (axe), keedak.

Root, BL—Biail, an axe; Welsh, Bwywell. Arrow: Asia—Naga, pela; Garo, bala. Africa—Nki, bole; Kisi, belendor. S. America—Carib, pulewo. Knife: Asia—Siam, pla. Africa—Kabenda, bele. Sword: Asia—Niksbar, bol. Africa—Houssa, yambol. Spear: Coptic, gebel; Mampo, bal. S. Australia (throwing-stick), nyarimbal.

Root, MR—Muireann, a spear. Arrow: Asia—Gondi, murre; Kolami, murre; Burman, mra. Africa—Meto, muro; Bola, omeri; Kandin, amur; Legba, nyimere. Knife: Bambarra, muri; Mandingo, &c., muru, muro, mere. Spear: Coptic, mereh, merh. Australia—Queensland, mura. Sword: Africa—Nala, moreh.

Root, MN—Meanadh, meanaidh, an awl; Welsh Minawyd. Knife: Africa—Bayon, menye; Okam, imana. N. America—Yankton, meena; Alaska, mina; Omaha (spear), mandehi. Sword: Africa—Momenya, menyi.

Root, DL—Duillean, a spear. Arrow: Asia—Naga, tel. Axe: Africa—Vei, tiele. Australia—Victoria, toola. Dart: Africa—Houssa, gatali. Spear: Australia—N. S. Wales, tulu.

With regard to the geographical distribution of cognate names of metals, and the results of his own researches in this scientific field, Mr Hyde Clarke observes:—

"Further investigation will give us a mass of information, and enable us to throw more light on the comparative chronology of weapons. It

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becomes possible to ascertain what names are ancient by the study of their distribution. When we find allied names in Asia, Africa, Australia, and the Americas, we know this distribution must have taken place at a most remote and early epoch. Thus distribution in space become a measure of time, because ages are required to produce such results."

Mr Hyde Clarke has ascertained that the names for stone, axe, and knife, are either identical or cognate in many African languages, which he considers a strong linguistic testimony in support of the opinion that Africa has passed through a stone age, although stone weapons are rare on that continent.

In some of the languages of India, the name for arrow and bone are closely allied. In four African languages—Bambarra, Mandingo, Ashantee, and Yarriba—the names for arrow are respectively bien, binni, eben, owo; and for horn the same, viz., bien, binni, eben, owo. The first three of the names for horn would seem to be cognate with the Gaelic *beann* (horn), and *bonnsach* (arrow), is apparently derived from *beann* (horn), and *sath* (to thrust).

On the relations between the names of weapons and stone in primitive language, Mr Hyde Clarke make the succeeding highly interresting remarks :—

"In the Mandingo dialects, the word for stone being kurn, it is differentiated for knife, as muro.

"What is understood as Grimms' Law does not necessarily imply vocal degeneracy, as is supposed, because the permutations of the sounds or letters was in pre-historic times used for differentiation (see Tylor, and my 'Pre-historic Comparative Philology'). It is possible, and even probable, that as different meanings were differentiated, so the differential words were distributed among tribes, and have been propagated without any reference to Grimms' Law.

"In Songo, the word for stone is bitamba, and that for axe, simpu; a differentiation, but the word for hoe is bitamba. The cause of this relationship between the naming of stone and of tools and weapons is not to be sought for. In our times stone has rather a relation to building, but not so with people who lived in caves and trees. The flint and obsidian chiefly attracted their attention for knives, axes, hatchets, swords, spears, arrows, hoes, and other cutting purposes. Thus the name of stone for other uses was merely secondary, while the widespread use of stone weapons affected the early stage of language.

"As a comment on the use of the word stone for weapons and tools, and as a contrast, the word for boat is obtained in Africa from calabash, oa from tree. In Africa a boat is got up from two calabashes. The dug-out being less used, tree is a less common equivalent for boat. The Indian names, including the Sanskrit, conform to the African.

"One point of interest in connection with this relationship is its bearing on the questions of a stone age, and on that age at an early epoch. The philological evidence obtained from the infancy of language is to the effect that the words relate to a period in which stone, wood, bone, and teeth, were used as tools and weapons, and in precedence of the discovery and application of metals. Another matter of archæological bearing, as

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Colonel Lane Fox has pointed out, is that it is an indicator of facts, where we have not got material evidence. Thus, as he says, African stone weapons are rare, while the linguistic testimony is strong as to a stone age, and, indeed, we cannot doubt that Africa must have passed through such an epoch."

The Gaelic names of weapons wonderfully bear out the views expressed in this passage.

Cnarr (a spear) may be derived from *cnaimh* (bone). *Cail* (spear) and *cailc* (shield) are probably cognate with *clach* (stone). *Gaillian* (dart) would appear to come from *gall* (rock), and *cyllell*, the Welsh name for knife, is, there is much reason to believe, allied to *cellt*, the Welsh name for flint. There is seemingly a near relationship between *carr* (spear), *carraig* (rock), *carragh* (a large stone set on end), and *carrach* (rocky). *Cruaidh* (steel) is evidently cognate with *cruad* (stone). *Tuagh* (axe), *tuca* (rapier), and the Welsh *twca* (knife), may be reasonably supposed to claim kinship with *tuc, tecc* (bone). *Ruibh* (brimstone) would seem to be the etymon of *ruibhne* (lance). *Laighean, laighne* (spear), *luibhne* (dart), and *luibhne* (shield), in all likelihood may claim kin with *liag* (a large stone) and *leac* (a flat stone).

HECTOR MACLEAN.

BALLYGRANT, ISLAY,

AN ECHO OF CELTIC ETYMOLOGIES.

—o—

IN dealing with this subject, there is no pretension to any extensive acquaintance with it—indeed, it is a topic which one should almost shrink from handling altogether. Seeing the great intellects, especially among those profound and all absorbing Germans, who have so elaborately demonstrated its immense range and puzzling difficulties, I shall, for my part, merely glance at a few characteristic points of the subject, involving a degree of interest brought home to the humblest capacity.

A glance through the pages of the comprehensive work of Dr Nicholas, "The Pedigree of the English Language," suffices to awaken the deepest interest in the inquiry, and it is to be regretted that so few can devote the time and study requisite for its completion—considering the great importance of the knowledge of Etymology, upon which an adequate knowledge of our language so intimately depends; and here I may observe that the words of our language differ in import in our conception of their meaning, just in proportion to our knowledge of their etymological origin and signification.

Most assuredly the man of cultivated knowledge who in uttering every word in the language, is familiar with its derivation—knows its history and its changes in form and meaning through the lapse of time—must enjoy, so to speak, the "pleasures of speech" in a far greater degree than the mass of human speakers, who know nothing more of the words they use than they find in our ordinary dictionaries. One man speaks from

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and with the *mind*, like a god; the other only with the tongue, if not merely like the parrot, at any rate only as one scarcely knowing what he says.

A few common instances will suffice, in this short notice, to show the pleasure derivable from the knowledge of etymology only in connection with the Celtic elements of our language, besides the other sources.

There is the household word *bacon*, which we all have uttered with a smack of delight some time or other. Now that word is true Welsh and Irish, in the former *bacwn*, in the latter *bogun*; but it is only in the German that we find the true origin of the word, directly fixing its meaning, namely, the German *bache*, signifying a wild sow—in plain words, a hog.

We frequently use the strange word *balderdash*; if we were asked the meaning of it, when we apply it to something trumpery in discourse, some of us might be naturally puzzled to know where the word came from; and yet, when we know its origin, we not only see that it is a proper word in every way, but most expressive of the meaning attached to it. *Balderdash* is pure Welsh—namely, *baldorddus*, that is, "babbling" like that of infants.

Crockery is another common word. It is from the Welsh *crochan*, and the Gaelic *croc*, a hollow vessel or pot. I remember, when a boy, of a courting event that happened in my father's house (Moy, in Lochaber), that reminds me that the word *croc* is well-known in Lochaber. One of our dairymaids fell in love with the shepherd; when breakfast was called, the love-sick maiden, entering the kitchen, would say, "*Tha bainne chibeir sa chroc bhan*" (the shepherd's milk is in the white vessel or *croc*); which eventually was discovered to contain the primest cream of the dairy, carefully put aside as a delicacy for her beloved sweetheart, the young shepherd. The tailor of the valley, having heard the story, immortalized the affair in a song, known in Lochaber, "*Croc Bhan a' Chibeir.*"

Dainty is a pretty word. We all remember the nursery rhyme, "the dainty dish put before a king." Well, the derivation is true to the letter, it is the Welsh *dantaith*, meaning a feast, but derived from *daiot*—a tooth—obviously assimilating the word to that other nice vocable of ours, *toothsome*, applied to sundry nice dishes, or duly appreciated flesh pots.

The nursery term, *doll*, is the same as the Welsh *dull*, meaning *form, image*—that is, image of a human being in little—the microcosmic biped.

Hiccup is rather a queer word to introduce—very expressive of the thing itself, and so is its etymology. It is from the Welsh *hic*, meaning *hitch*, or *snap*, together with the word *cough*, which is commonly retained in the spelling of the word, so that *hiccough* means a *hitch cough*, or a *snap cough*.

Maggot is not the nicest of words, yet it is also true to its origin. It comes from the Welsh *magri*, to breed or nourish; or the Cornish *maga*, to feed.

Whilst it is natural that we should find the greatest influence of the

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Welsh language—that of the ancient Britons—exerted upon the southern vernacular, and that of the Gaelic upon the northern, nevertheless some of the primitive or home words of both are identical, but, indeed, this is true with regard to almost all the languages derived from that of the primitive Aryans and the Sanskrit. We have—

English.	Gaelic.	Irish.
Tongue	Teanga	Teanga
One	Aon	Aon
Two	Dha	Do
Three	Tri	Tri
Eight	Ochd	Ochd
Nine	Naoidh	Naoi
Brother	Brathair	Brathir
Mother	Mathair	Mathir
Child	Paisde	Pauste

Thus the similarity between the Gaelic and the Irish is very striking, indeed they may be taken as having been originally from the same stock —that of the ancient Gauls of France, who warred so fiercely with Julius Cæsar, and transmitted their chivalry, courage, pluck, and enterprise to their brave descendants of benighted Erin, and enlightened Caledonia.

With regard to the class of words bearing a similarity, I may remark that there are two remarkable differences, showing the source of their adoption. For instance, there are the two homely words *sister* and *son*. The English language has derived them from the Saxon, Scandinavian, or Teutonic—namely, *schwester* and *sohn*; whilst the Celtic everlastingly sounds with patromymic force in the Gaelic *Mac*, designating the sons of the Scottish Highland clans in their immemorial traditional integrity.

Thus numerous Celtic words are found in the living dialects of England, as Dr Nicholas observes, in the "Nooks and Corners," aye, and over wide plains of country are tens of thousands of people whose scanty vocabulary contains hundreds of vocables which the columns of no dictionary have ever contained, and among these are numerous remains, pure and genuine as chips of diamonds, of the ancient Celtic tongue. Admirable is the unconscious fidelity of these sons of toil in handing down from father to son these precious memorials of the past.

Indeed, it may be said that the Celtic words now found in the standard English and its dialects form a vital portion of the people's speech. They entwine themselves around the most cherished customs, and are the familiars of our most sacred associations. They have the air of belonging as much to the soil as the peasantry which loves to articulate them, or even the oak of the forest. Surely they are not there as sole memorials of their first owners; they are but audible companions of the now undistinguishable Celtic blood, which throbs in the veins of those who have them on their tongues, Ah! in truth, the words of a language are undying—everlasting; these monuments of the past infinitely more enduring than monuments of brass or stone, and infinitely more truth-telling and more significant of a nation's origin, history, struggles, glory, and advancement, throughout all time.

DONALD MACGREGOR.

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THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

By Alastair Og.

—o—

[Continued.]

Tha mi coma nise, arsa Coinneach, ge da dh' innsean duibh, mas a maith leibh sgeulachd,

FREICEADAN A CHOIRE-DHUIBH.

Bha uair-eigin ann an Lochaber, fear dha'm b'ainm, Domhnull Mac-Dhomhnuill Duibh,—duine crosda, agus taghadh a mheirlich, agus bha brathair aige, ris an canadh iad Iain Geal Donn, agus cha robh meirleach feola ann an Alba a b'fhearr na e ach an dara mac do Mhac Dhomhnuill Duibh. Chuir Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh fios gu tighearna Ghearrloch—am fear sin diubh ris an can sinn ann a seanna chainnt ur n-aithrichean "Alastair Breac"—gun tugadh Mac Dhomh'uill Duibh creach uaithe, agus neor-thaing dha. Se sin do bhrigh 's gun do dh'fhairtlich air a toir uaithe roimhe. 'S ann a chuir Alastair Breac an sin fios air duine cho treun 's air an cual e iomradh anns na tri Siorrachdan, agus be sin am fear ris an abradh iad, Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh, ann a Strath-Oicill, talamh 'bha na luidhe eadar Cat-thaobh agus Ros, gu bhi na cheannard Freiceadain aige, mun tugadh na h-Abraich a spreidh bho chuid tuatha, cuide ris na tharadh e fhein a dheanamh chobhair ris. Se sin do bhrigh 's gun robh spagairean do dhaoine neo-umhailleach aige fhein ann an Gearrloch a dheanadh cobhair ri Alastair. Smuainich Iain Geal Donn a nise, le deichnear dhaoine agus e fein, a dhol gu tuath, cho fad ri aite ris an canair, gus an latha 'n diugh, an Amailt; agus mar tha 'n sgeulachd ag innse, thog na meirlich Abrach, as a sin, aon mhart diag agus tarbh; agus choisich iad leis a chreich troimh mhonaidhnean Rois, agus choisich iad troimh aite, ris an canair, gus an latha 'n duigh, Stra-bhathaich; agus chaidh iad a steach air Stra-chonnan, a cumail air an aghart, ach an d'thainig iad agus gun do stad iad air an oidhche aig aite ris an can iad gus an latha 'n diugh, a Sgaird-ruadh; agus 's iad fhein a thug an t-ainm air an aite anns an do stad iad, do bhrigh 's gun do chuir iad na bruidean thuige cho mor, 's gur e fuil a bha iad a cur uatha dar a stad iad air an oidhche.

Uaithe so a mach rothais Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh, ceannard freiceadan tighearna Ghearrloch, gun robh a meirleach mor—Iain Geal Donn—air tighinn a steach an tir, le creach a Siorr'achd Rois; agus mar a thuit air a chuis a bhidh cho mi-chinnteach, thachair gur e gille Abrach, a bh'aig Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh; ach ghluais e gu socrach an deighe na feadail, agus, an am tuiteam na h-oidhche, bha fios cinnteach aig Alastair, gu stadadh na meirlich aig bothanan-airidh na Sgairde-ruaidhe; agus dar a dhorchnaich an oidhche, char Alastair Buidhe, gu seolta, anns a chromail air aruinn (fhaguisg?) nam meirleach; agus dar a bha iad mar uighe beagan astair dha na bhothan, chuir e'n gunna ri corp a ghille Abrach aige fhein, ag cuir mionnan air gum biodh e cho dileas ris fhein, air neadh gum biodh e marbh air ball. Mhionnaich an t' Abrach gum biodh, agus ghluais iad an sin, le cheile, air ionnsuidh a bhothain; agus chuir Alastair mionnan, a rithist air a ghille Abrach, 's e dha chur gu

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dorus a bothain, nach leigeadh e mach duine dheth na bha steach. Dar a rainig iad am bothan, bha na h-Abraich, gu neo-umhailleach, a rosdadh cuibhroinn dheth an tarbh. Thug an gille Abrach an dorus air, agus char Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh gu ceann a bhothain; thog e earball sgrathan, agus thug e suil gu de bha-sa deanamh steach. Bha Iain Geal Donn, gu neo-mhuladach, na sheasaidh, a deanamh garadh chul-chas air fhein ris an teine, Thionndaidh e ris na fir a bha mu'n cuairt do'n teine a rosdadh na feola, agus thubhairt e riu, "Fhearabh, seallaibh a mach, tha mise 'faighinn faladh fudair"; agus mun do thar e 'n ath fhacal a chantainn, bha 'n luaidhe troimh na chaoldruim aige, bho na ghunna aig Alastair Buidhe. Leig e sud thuige, 's thug e 'n dorus air, a chobhair an Abraich. Thainig na fir a bha steach a mach, agus cha do leig na fir a bha muigh duin' as duibh, ach aon fhear a fhuair as le altapadh; ach chuir iad sail na coise dheth an fhear sin fhein. Leun iad e ach an do ghabh iad sgios; ach cha d' rug iad air. Thill iad an sin a dh'ionnsuidh nam marbhan a bh'anns a bhothan agus dh'ith iad na bha feumail doibh do shithinn an tairbh; agus dar a dh'ith, rug iad iar Iain Geal Donn, na mharbhan, agus dh'fhuaigh iad e ann a seiche 'n tairbh agus chur iad an cabar rosdaidh, bh'aig na h-Abraich, tarsuinn na bheul. Dh'fhag iad mar sud e fhein, sa chompanaich, marbh; agus dh'fhalbh Alastair Buidhe Macaoidh, an latha na mhaireach, gu tighearna Ghearrloch, agus dh'innis e dha mar a thachair. Chord a sheirbhis, ro mhath, ri Alastair Breac; 's cha luaithe' fhuair e 'n naigheachd, na chuir e gille-ruithe do Bhrathainn, a dh'innse do Mhac-Choinnich, gun deach a leithid a dheanamh, air a leithid so do dhuine. Dar a rainig an sgeula MacChoinnich, mar bha 'n gnothuich iongantach, co thuit air a bhi cuide ris aig a dhiathad, ach gum be Mac Dhomh'uill Duibh. Dar a leugh MacChoinnich litir tighearna Ghearrloch, thilg e null gu MacDhomh'uill Duibh i; agus thubhairt e ris, "Fuil oirbh thall a sin a mheirleachaibh." Mar bhun a chuis gu dosgainneach ri Mac Dhomh'uill Duibh, cha d'fhuirich e ris an diathad na b'fhaide. Dh'fhalbh e da Lochaber; agus chuir e gillean gu ruige braighe Sthrath-chonnan, gu bothanan-airidh na Sgairde-ruaidhe, agus thug iad Iain Geal Donn leo, gu Corpach Lochabar; 's tha carn-cuimhne air ann an sin gas an latha 'n diugh.

Dar a fhuair MacDhomh'uill Duibh air a dhoigh ann an Lochabar, 's ann a smuanaich e cur gu cruaidh ri tighearna Ghearrloch, agus creach a thoir dheth a chuid fearainn. Dar a chual tighearne Ghearrloch so, thional e beagan (ceithir fichead fear) dheth a chuid daoine, gu cumail nan Abrach air an ais. Bha iad cuide ris fhein fad na h-oidhche ann an seann tigh an Teampuill, mar theirte ris. Dar a thainig a mhaduinn, dh'fhalbh na fir, agus ma dh'fhalbh, gu dearbh bha'm prasgan gle neo-sgeadachail, ach bha iad calma, neo-sgàthach. Cha b'fhada gus an d'rainig iad Coire Dubh Liaghaich, mar theireas ris gus an latha 'n diugh, agus mar a bha chuis gun chinnte, bha bothanan-airidh air urlar a Choire, agus cha robh fios aig na Gearrlaich nach robh na h-Abraich nan luidhe anns na bothanan, ri foill folaich. Cha robh fios co a reitheadh a rannsachadh an robh iad unnta gus nach robh; ach thubhairt fear treun, tapaidh, dheth na bha anns a chuideachda, ris an cainte Alastair Ros, dheth an Lonmhor "Theid mise ann." Ged a bha Alastair gle neo-sgeadasach na chruth, cha robh easbhuidh misneachd air. Dar a rainig e 'm bothan, thubhairt e,

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an aird a ghuth, "Ma tha thu steach an so, a mhic diolain a choin, bi mach a so"; ach ma thubhairt cha d'fhuair freagar. Mar bha chuis gu math air taobh nan Abrach, cha d'thainig iad air an aghart; agus fhuair na Gearrlaich sgeula gur ann mar so a bha, bho mhuinntir Coire Mhic-cromail, ann an Toireardan, aig an aon am ag innseadh dha na Gearrlaich, nan d'thainig na h-Abraich, gur iadsa na fir a dheanadh còbhair ri muinntir Ghearrloch. Nuair a chual' iad mar a bha, thill am prasgan neo-sgeadasach, gun phrois, gun ghealtachd, air an ais a Ghearrloch, agus chaith iad an oidhche ann an tigh an Teampuill, aig tighearna Ghearrloch, ag ol, sa ceol, sa 'g aidhir. Dar a bha iad a tighinn dachaidh, troimh cheann Loch-iugh, co thachradh riu ach Ruairidh Breac, Mac Dhonnachaidh Bhàin, seann bhard a bha anns a Chromasag, ann am Braighe Cheann-Loch-iugh, 's rinn e 'n t-oran a leanas do "Fhreiceadan a Choire Dhuibh":—

TIGH-DIGE NAN GORM-GHLAC.

Oidhche dhomh 's an Tigh-Dhige
Mhearanach, fhuranach, rioghail,
Oidhche dh' onair mo shaoghail,
A chuir mo dhorain air di-chuimhn'.
Fuaim brollaich air piob ann,
Cainnteach, sgoileireach, gniomhach
Coinnleach, solusach, piobach,
Gheibhte solas, is fion ann ri ol,
Gheibhte solas, is fion ann ri ol.

Tigh-Dige nan Gorm-ghlac,
Far am biodh miadh air luchd-falbha,
Gheibhte piob agus orghan,
Urram, sith, agus seanchas.
Uisge, brigheil na tairgne,
Ga chuir am pisean do'n airgiod,
Uath na laochanaibh meanmnach,
Uath lamh mhaoinich an airgiod 's an oir,
Uath lamh mhaoinich an airgiod 's an oir.

Lionte lan iad gun amhuil,
Air deagh shlainte Mhic Iain,
A chraobh is airde ri h-amhare
Ann an garadh an abhuill,
'S i cho laidir na 'cathair,
'S nach dean failbheirt a crathadh,
Fasgadh 's blaths ris a chabhadh,
Do na thàrus i ghleidheadh fo meoir,
Do na thàrus i ghleidheadh fo meoir.

Mo na tharladh dhomh 'thighinn,
Do d' thigh-thabhairn-sa 'shuidhe,
Chon am bi m' ailleagan dibhe,
So do dheoch-slainte s' fhir chridhe

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Taghadh an oganaich chridheil ;
Cuirte doigh air an fhidheil,
Agus seol air an ruidheil
Is air dortadh na dibhe,
Sochair solais bu tighearnail oirne,
Sochair solais bu tighearnail oirne.

B'u ceann na filidh, 's fear-tighe,
'N am na feisde g'a caitheamh,
Bha thu treun anns gach rathad,
Ann an ceill, 's ann an tamail,
Ann am foghlum, 's an labhairt,
'S ann riut a dh' eisdeadh na maithean ;
Bu tu 'n dreagan nach athadh,
Nuair a dh' fheumadh tu 'n claidheamh na d' dhorn,
Nuair a dh' fheumadh tu 'n claidheamh na d' dhorn.

'Se do bhord a bhiodh rioghail
Ann am poite, na fiona,
'S lionmhor corn agus pise,
'N obair or-cheird bu daoire,
'S bhiodh na seoid air gach taobh dhiot,
A cumail coir riut, a's dh'fhaodadh,
'S nan tigeadh baoghall 's an rioghachd,
Bu tu sail-bhrollaich an t-Siphortaich oig,
'S tu sail-bhroillaich an t-Siphortaich oig.

'S tu 'n laoch furanach, fialaidh,
Bho fhrith mhullaich an fhiadhaich,
Dha 'm bi aidhean ga 'm biathadh
Agus greidheanan lionmhor ;
Chuir thu cisteachan iasgaich,
Air do bhuinneachan fiona.
'S iomadh urram thug Dia dhuit,
'S tu 'b 'urrainn g'an riaghladh a sheoid,
'S tu 'b 'urrainn g'an riaghladh a sheoid.

'S tu 'n laoch urramach, ainmeil,
Uath 'n tir fhuranaich, airmeil,
Nach d' fhuair di-meas, no garbheirt ;
Gach cis leat an Alba,
Ri linn aisith, no aimhreit,
Fhuair righ Shasuinn ort dearbhadh,
Nach bu dual duit bhi leanbaidh,
Nuair a dh' eireadh an fhearg air do shroin,
Nuair a dh' eireadh an fhearg air do shroin.

'S tu triath mheanmnach na h'eilid,
Do 'm bun beinn. do 'm bun coille,

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Do 'm bun iasg, do 'm bun eirear,
Do 'm bun fiadh, do 'm bun gaodhar,
Leat bu mhiann bhi g'an taoghal,
Le d' chuid giomhanach laghach,
Leis 'm bu mhiannach an adharc,
Ri an cliathaich 'ga faighinn,
'S gunna gniomhach fo 'n fhradharc,
Tolladh bhian far an taghail an ceo,
Tolladh bhian far an taghail an ceo.

Tha gach buaidh air do bhaile,
Le chuid bhuacaichean geala,
'S do chuid planigeadh ainneamh,
Treobhair ard air a h-earadh
Le fiodh, sgliat, agus balla;
Dearsaidh 'ghrian troimh na ghlaine,
Na do sheomraichean geala,
'S bi coin-chainnt nam meangan,
'Seinn ciuil duit air crannaibh,
'S gur leat iasgach air Cearraidh,
Agus fiadhach 's a bhaile-sa sheoid,
Agus fiadhach 's a bhaile-sa sheoid.

Thu 'theaghlach urramach, teisteil,
'S an cluinnte farum nam feadan,
'Sa fhuair barrachd am Breatuinn,
Air ceol is ealan bu deise,
Uath fhearabh nam fleasgach,
'S e do bhalla gu'm freagradh,
Fo mheoir Iain* g'a 'spreigeadh,
'S tu gun togadh le beadradh do sheoid,
'S tu gun togadh le beadradh do sheoid.

'N am bhi maoitheadh nan creachan
'Thoir a Gearrloch le cabhaig,
'S mise chunnaic do phrasgan,
'S cha be seorsa nan casag,
A bh' aig pola do bhrataich,
Ach na h-oganaich ghasta,
Do 'm bu chnodach am breacan,
Osan gearr fo na ghartan,
Agus brogan an astair,
'S gunna comhradh nan glasan,
'S claidheamh mor a chinn-aisnich nan dorn,
'S claidheamh mor a chinn-aisnich nan dorn.

(Ri leantainn.)

* John Mackay, the celebrated blind piper of Gairloch.

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THE ORIGIN OF THE MACKENZIES.

—o—

THE following correspondence has recently appeared in the *Inverness Courier*:—

SIR,—As the origin of the "Mackenzies of Kintail" means that of the whole Clan Kenneth, in writing on the subject it is better to use the above title than the one adopted in the *Celtic Magazine*, especially in these latter days. A late article in that periodical seems to consider the northern origin of the Mackenzies better authenticated than the usually received one from the Fitzgerald family; but this has not been the opinion of those who have perhaps given most study to the subject, who hold that the stronger evidence is in favour of the Fitzgerald derivation, which rests on a class of tradition less liable than the northern story to invention and alteration. It is a matter of taste, perhaps, to prefer for one's ancestor an original Celt or Scandinavian, some terrible black or red savage of a northern clime—a shorter cut, anyhow, to the Darwinian ape—to the warrior from the south; but I venture to suggest that "the MS. of 1450" may not be an irreproachable authority, and to say that I for one am on the side of the Fitzgeralds.

Being away from all my books, MSS., and papers, I am unable now to quote authorities on which others have founded the same belief, but being here I have lighted upon evidence that there does not exist in Europe a house of nobler antecedents, of greater or more illustrious antiquity than that of Fitzgerald. I have before me an Italian work, Gamurrini's "Istoria Genealogica delle Famiglie Nobili Toscane ed Umbre," a standard work published in Florence in 1671, in which much space is devoted to prove, what may be new to many people, that the Fitzgeralds who came to Ireland in A.D. 1140 issued from the ancient Tuscan family of Gherardini, one of the most honoured in Florence—whose pedigree is given from known church deeds and other instruments from the year A.D. 910, anterior to which period the family is known to have been one of honour and nobility first in Arezzo (Arretium in Etruria) as far back as A.D. 800, and then in Siena before settling in Florence. In this book the Gherardini are spoken of as a "*famiglia antichissima è nobilissima*," in the early days ranging on the Guelphic or popular side, and enjoying frequently the chief honours of the State. In 1140 the Gherardini of the day had six sons, of whom, during civil dissensions in the town, three, Maurice, Thomas, and Gerard (or Gerald), left Florence for France, where they entered the service of King Louis le Jeune, and afterwards of his son Philip II. This King being asked by Henry II. of England to find him some Italian officers *(Comandanti)* to assist him in the prosecution of his Irish wars—"not wishing to trust either English or French"—sent to him the three brothers Gherardini, who to show their parentage from Gherardini, or as it was also written Geraldino, had adopted the Norman prefix of Fitz; their name appearing always in English chronicles as Fitzgerald, and continuing the same ever after. Maurice Fitzgerald is chiefly mentioned as the knight who assisted Strongbow in his successes in Ireland, and it is certain that to the services of the Fitzgeralds King Henry was in great measure indebted for the conquest of that country, effected in 1172. Nor was he ungrateful, for very large possessions were bestowed upon the brothers, two of whom became Earls of Kildare and of Desmond; and during succeeding reigns various members of the family were Viceroys of Ireland. At the present day their ancient house is worthily represented by the noble houses of Leinster, Lansdowne, and Waveney, and by the Knights of Kerry and Glyn.

The Italian historian is evidently very proud of the success of that branch of the Gherardini which flourished in Ireland, and takes much pains to prove their common origin. He relates how in 1413 a member of the Fitzgerald family came from Ireland to Florence, to find out any relatives who might be still living there, and how his claims were recognised by certain Gherardini in the town. He told these that the deeds, valour, and acquisitions of the three brothers were recited in the "Cronica Rossa" (probably "the Roll of Rous or de Ros," which I should be glad to see), in the city of Limerick, and that the family had since multiplied into many gentlefolks and barons with a great number of dependants. There is also given an interesting letter written in 1507 by Gerald, Earl of Kildare, and Viceroy of Ireland, under Henry VII., to his "beloved brother of the family of Gherardini, living in Florense," showing that an intimate correspondence existed between them, and telling them how his predecessors had passed from Florence to England and Ireland, and had by their sword *(per forza di spada)* obtained great possessions and performed great deeds of arms, and were at that time multiplied into various families. Other Italian historians confirm Gamurrini.

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The only link which seems wanting is the connection between 1172 and 1263, from the Conquest of Ireland to the Battle of Largs, a period of about 90 years; to show the actual relationship of "Colin" Fitzgerald to the three knights of Florence: in all probability he was the great-grandson of one of them. I have here no materials for tracing the family, and shall be very glad if this slight memoir invite some one at home to work out the problem. Then shall we possess a clear list of the Mackenzie family for one thousand years, and I cannot but think that most of the clan will prefer the "Old Roman" derivation to that of the "Noble Savage." I should add that the arms of the Gherardini of Florence are, *on a field gules three bars azure*; and some of them bore, *on a field azure a lion rampant or*, and *four crosses or*.

I have written, perhaps, at two great length already, but I should like to call attention to the rapid acquisition of territory and power by the Mackenzies, as denoting an energy more devouring than might be expected in mere children of the soil, and to the nature of the deeds ascribed to Colin Fitzgerald and his successors, which are very much in the style of their predecessors in Ireland, while there is a strong savour of Roman salt in many of their doings. Kenneth Ivlair (query, na Blar) is a regular Roman in his strategy; in his brutal treatment of his wife, daughter of the great Earl of Ross, whom he scorns and thus outrages for a fancied slight, forsooth, at the wedding at Balcony; and in his cool theft of Lovat's daughter for a new wife; nor, it is possible, would his papal license for this second marriage have been got but through friends in that southern court. It occurs to me that among the prophecies of *Coinneach Odhar* there is one that some member of the family of the last Seaforth "*Shall go back to Ireland* in a black boat."—I am, your obedient servant,

JAMES D. MACKENZIE.

Florence, February 1877.

[We are obliged to Findon for his interesting communication. The descent of Maurice Fitzgerald, as traced by Gamurrini, is differently given in the history of the Earls of Kildare, by the present Duke of Leinster. It is there stated, not that Maurice was a son of the Gherardini of the day in 1140, but that he was the great-grandson of a certain Dominus Otho, said to have been one of the Gherardini, and who was an honorary baron of England in 1057. Otho must have been a powerful baron if he possessed all which is assigned to him, namely, three lordships in Surrey, three in Buckinghamshire, two in Berkshire, four in Middlesex, nine in Wiltshire, ten in Hampshire, three in Dorsetshire, and one in Somersetshire. His son, Walter, is mentioned in Domesday Book, as living (1078) in possession of his father's estates. Otho's grandson, Gerald Fitz-Walter, was appointed by Henry I., Constable of Pembroke Castle. He married Nesta, the daughter of the Prince of South Wales. and had (besides two other sons and a daughter), Maurice, who helped Strongbow to subdue Ireland, and was made Baron Offaley, from whom the Earls of Kildare descend in direct line. Maurice's third son, Thomas, was ancestor of the Earls of Desmond, the White Knight, the Knight of Kerry, and the Mackenzies. Maurice died at Wexford in 1137.]

Sir,—In your last issue Captain Mackenzie of Findon writes from Florence regarding a short sketch of the history of the Clan Kenneth, which was embodied in the "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer," now appearing in the *Celtic Magazine*. In that sketch the writer adopts the Highland origin of the clan, and agrees with Skene and other excellent authorities in believing that there is no foundation whatever for the Fitzgerald-Irish origin, beyond the unpatriotic partiality generally displayed by our Highland chiefs for a *foreign* origin. I have yet to learn that the ancient Highlander was a "more terrible black or red savage" in aspect, or "a shorter cut to the Darwinian ape," than his Irish contemporary. At any rate, it is *not* "a matter of taste," but a matter of general historical testimony and proof.

The history of the ancestors of the Fitzgeralds, as given by Findon, is most interesting; but "the link which seems wanting," "a period of about ninety years, to show the actual relationship of Colin to the three knights of Florence," is enough, I am afraid, to cut the connection between the Fitzgeralds and the Mackenzies. Captain Mackenzie says, referring to the article in the *Celtic Magazine*, that the writer "seems to consider the northern origin of the Mackenzies better authenticated than the usually received one from the Fitzgerald family; but this is not the opinion of those who have perhaps given most study to the subject." Well, here is one good, if not the best authority, and one who will be readily admitted to have studied the question, perhaps more so than any other. Mr W. F. Skene, in his "Highlanders of Scotland," vol. ii., pp. 233-235, says—"The Mackenzies have long boasted of their descent from the great Norman family of Fitzgerald in Ireland, and in support of this origin they produce a fragment of the records of Icolmkill, and a charter by Alexander III. to Colin Fitzgerald, the supposed progenitor of the family, of the lands of Kintail. At first sight these documents might

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appear conclusive, but, independently of the somewhat suspicious circumstance, that while these papers have been most freely and generally quoted, no one has ever yet declared that he has seen the originals, the fragment of the Icolmkill record merely says, that among the actors in the battle of Largs, fought in 1262, was 'Peregrinus et Hibernus nobilis ex familia Geraldinorum qui proximo anno ab Hibernia pulsus apud regem benigne acceptus hinc usque in curta permansit et in præfacto prœlio strenue pugnavit,' giving not a hint of his having settled in the Highlands, or of his having become the progenitor of any Scottish family whatever; while as to the supposed charter of Alexander III., it is equally inconclusive, as it merely grants the lands of Kintail 'Colino Hiberno,' the word 'Hibernus' having at that time come into general use as denoting the Highlanders, in the same manner as the word 'Erse' is now frequently used to express their language; but, inconclusive as it is, this charter cannot be admitted at all, as it bears the most palpable marks of having been a forgery of later times, and one by no means happy in its execution.

"How such a tradition of the origin of the Mackenzies ever could have arisen it is difficult to say; but the fact of their native and Gaelic descent is completely set at rest by the manuscript of 1450, which has already so often been the means of detecting the falsehood of the foreign origin of other clans. In that MS., the antiquity of which is perhaps as great, and its authenticity certainly much greater, than the fragments of the Icolmkill records, the Mackenzies are brought from a certain Gilleon-og, or Colin the younger, a son of 'Gilleon na h'Airde,' the ancestor of the Rosses. The descendants of Gilleon na h'Airde we have already identified with the ancient tribe of Ross, and it follows, therefore, that the Mackenzies must always have formed an integral part of that tribe."

This is a most interesting subject, and I shall esteem it a favour if you will, by the insertion of this letter in the *Courier*, aid in the solution of the question raised.—I am, sir, yours, &c.,

EDITOR, *Celtic Magazine.*

Inverness, 19th March 1877.

Sir,—In Findon's absence from the country, allow me to add a few lines to the correspondence in your columns on the above subject.

The evidence in favour of the Geraldine and of the ancient Highlander theories respectively, is in either case of the slightest, and in the mind of him who weighs it, the balance may perhaps be sometimes turned by a predilection on the one hand for ancestors of historic name, or on the other for those of ancient Highland descent. Even the critic who can discard the influence of such matters of taste, has still a delicate task to perform, having to deal with authorities of disputed authenticity, and to rely largely on what may be called circumstantial evidence, derived from the history of the times during which the Mackenzies rose so rapidly to power and fame in the Highlands.

On such a question, most of us are glad to accept the opinions of those who have devoted special attention to it, and it was natural, therefore, that Mr W. F. Skene should be brought forward in support of the ancient Highlander theory. But if I am not mistaken, the book quoted (which I have no opportunity of consulting) was a prize essay composed when Mr Skene was only eighteen or nineteen, and though a most ingenious work, its author's experience must be exceptional, if he has not had occasion in the course of a long life of research to modify many of the judgments formed at the early age when it was written.

I have no means of knowing who are the "best authorities" referred to by Findon in his letter to you from Florence, but the expression must have recalled to the memory of most of your Ross-shire readers the late Mr Lewis Mackenzie of Findon, a learned and devoted antiquary, who gathered a mass of material for a history of the Mackenzies which he intended to write, and which, but that his purpose was frustrated by his sad and lamented death, would now probably have been the leading authority on the subject. It was no secret that the conclusions reached by him were in favour of the Geraldine theory.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

K. S. M.

SIR,—In your last issue "K. S. M.," evidently sympathising with those who claim an Irish origin for the Mackenzies, writes regarding W. F. Skene's "Scottish Highlanders," quoted by me in a previous communication, "that it was a prize essay composed when Mr Skene was only eighteen or nineteen, and though a most ingenious work, its author's experience must be exceptional if he has not had occasion in the course of a long life of research to modify many judgments formed at the early age when it was written." It is quite true that the foundation of the work was an essay written by Mr Skene in answer to an advertisement by the Highland Society of London, and that he

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carried away the prize against all comers for the best history of the Highland Clans. Before the work was published, however, in its present form, the original plan was entirely re-cast, and important additions made which added greatly to its value. Although it is probably true enough that Mr Skene has had to modify some of his earlier judgments, I am not aware of any indication he has as yet given of any modification in his views as to the origin of the Clan Kenneth. In his forthcoming work, Vols. II. and III. of "Celtic Scotland," he may do so; meanwhile permit me to give another authority, which will be admitted to have considerable weight. In the "Origiaes Parochiales Scotiæ," published by the Bannatyne Club in 1855, vol. ii., pp. 391-2, we find the following:—"The lands of Kintail are said to have been granted by King Alexander III. to Colin, an Irishman of the family of Fitzgerald, for service done at the battle of Largs. The charter is not extant, and its genuineness has been doubted." In a foot-note, "its terms, as found in a copy of the 17th century, said to be in the handwriting of the first Earl of Cromarty," is given in Latin, and then follows:—"*If the charter be genuine, it is not of Alexander III., or connected with the battle of Largs* (1263). *Two of the witnesses—Andrew, Bishop of Moray, and Henry de Balliol, chamberlain, would correspond with the 16th year of Alexander II.* The writers of the history of the M'Kenzies assert also charters of David II. (1360) and of Robert II. (1380) to 'Murdo filius de Kintail,' but without furnishing any description or means of testing their authenticity. *No such charters are recorded.*" There is no *authentic* record of Mackenzies or Fitzgeralds in Kintail before 1463. "In 1342 (nearly a century later than the supposed charter to Fitzgerald), William, Earl of Ross, the son and heir of the deceased Hugh, Earl of Ross, granted to Reginald, the son of Roderick (Ranald Rorisoune) of the Isles, the ten davachs (or ten pennylands) of Kintale, in North Argyll. . . . About the year 1346, Ranald was succeeded by his sister Amie, the wife of John of Isla. Between the years 1362 and 1372, William, Earl of Ross, exchanged with his brother, Hugh of Rosse, lord of Fylorth, and his heirs, his lands of all Ergill, *with the Castle of Elandonan*, for Hugh's lands in Buchan." "In 1463 the lands of Kintail were held by Alexander Mackenzie."

The charter said to have been granted in favour of Fitzgerald *must* have been written, if genuine, when the witnesses to it were in existence in 1230—thirty-three years *before* the battle of Largs, and before Fitzgerald crossed the Irish Channel. And again, where were the Fitzgeralds for two centuries when Kintail was, according to authentic records, in the possession of those above mentioned, while we have no authentic trace of a Fitzgerald, or of a Mackenzie even, in the district?—Yours faithfully,

March 30, 1877. EDITOR, *Celtic Magazine.*

Literature.

AN T' ORANAICHE: or, THE GAELIC SONGSTER. Glasgow: Archibald Sinclair, 62 Argyle Street.

THE Second Part of this really excellent collection of Gaelic songs has now made its appearance. It is in all respects a worthy sequel to Part I., and reflects great credit both on the publisher and editor. In our notice of the First Part we, in a friendly way, criticised certain defects, and we are glad to find that our suggestions have not been thrown away on those concerned. We pointed out the serious defect in such a work of publishing songs without the names of the authors, and we find a notice issued with the present division intimating that "the suggestions made will be complied with when practicable," and that the publishers "will feel obliged to their patrons to assist them in the matter of preparing a complete index to the volume, and the various names of the authors can then be given." This will add considerably to the value and interest of the Collection.

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It will be remembered that we also suggested that "the Editor should spell the same words the same way throughout the work," at the same time giving several examples of this neglect in the Part then under notice. We have carefully gone over the Second Part, and here also we find a most decided improvement, for, with scarcely an exception, the Editor has attended to this important part of his work. One of the exceptions will be found on page 115, where we find *thugainn* spelt *h-ugainn;* also, on page 117, where we have *Cruaidh* spelt *Cruaigh.* We prefer *shireamaid* to *shireadhmaid, luidh* to *laidh,* and *Caoimhneas* to *Coimhneas.* These, and a few others, are very trifling blemishes, but it is because the work is, on the whole, so very well edited, and otherwise so creditable to the publisher, that we call attention to these shortcomings, solely with the view of securing a Gaelic publication as free from errors as it is possible, under present difficulties, to make it. There are two or three songs which the Editor might have kept out with advantage to the work, such as, "*Am Ministeir 's am Baillidh,*" a poor version of "*An T'Each Odhar,*" and perhaps, "*Moladh nan Laoch Gaidhealach.*" These, however, are the particles of dust which are made prominent only by the rays of the sun in and by which they attract a notice that, without the brilliant surroundings, they would never receive. The first song in the Collection is, "*Brathainn nan Steud,*" composed to Seaforth when, for the space of six years, he fought against his King. We also have "*Alein Duinn, shiubhlainn leat,*" referred to by Mary Mackellar in our April number, and which she was unable to procure in Harris; several specimens of John Campbell's muse; a few more of Dr Maclachlan's, of Morven, really good compositions; Dugald Macphail, and other modern Gaelic bards; while we have such well-known favourites as "*Ged tha mi gun Chrodh gun Aighean,*" "*An Gille Dubh cha treig mi.*" "*Muile nam Mhor-Bheann,*" "*Nighean Donn nan meal-shuilean,*" "*A Nighean Donn an t' sugraidh,*" "*Failte dhuit 's deoch slainte leat,*" "*Chuir iad an t' suil a Pilot Ban,*" "*Na Tulaichean,*" "*An Te sin air am bheil mi 'n geall,*" and "*Oran Chlann Ghriogair,*" most of which, with the music, will be found on another page. There is also a beautiful and sweet "*Luinneag,*" by Mary Mackellar, in which she melodiously sings of the sweetness and purity of the spring water of her native Highlands, and the scenic beauties of her native hills; but the gem of the whole of this part of the Collection is "*An T-Sobhrach Mhuileach,*" by Dugald Macphail, which will bear favourable comparison even with Burns' song, "To the Daisy," and is enough to establish Macphail as one of our first Gaelic bards, did he never compose another line.

We cannot conclude this short notice without expressing our own gratitude to Mr Sinclair for such patriotic labour, so well executed, and so worthy of his father's son. Quite apart from the merits of the work, he has a special claim upon his countrymen for support in this good cause. But we assure the reader that the "*Oranaiche*" is, on its own merits, the best executed work, and, with one exception, the best selected, and the best value both as regards the quantity and quality of its contents, as well as the excellence of the printing, that has hitherto issued from the Gaelic press.

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ORAN CHLOINN GHRIOGAIR.

KEY E FLAT. *Slow, and with feeling.*

: R .,m	l : r' : t .,l	s : r : R .,m	l : r' : t .,l	s : d
Mi am	shuidh-e 'n so	'm onar Air	oemhnard an	rath-aid,
Dh'fheuch am faic mi fear		fuadain, 'Tigh'nn o	Chruachan a'	cheathaich.

D.C.

: S .,m	s : l : m .r	d : d' : L .,s	m : r .d : r	m : r
Dh'fheuch 'm faic mi fear		fuadain, 'Tigh'nn o	Chruachan a'	cheath aich.
'Bheir domh sgeul air Clann		Ghriogair, No	flos cion a	ghabh iad.

'Bheir dhomh, &c.
'S iad bu chuideachda dhomhsa
Di-domhnuich so chaidh.

'S iad bu, &c.
Cha d' fhuair mi d' an sgeula
Ach iad bhi 'n de air na sraithibh—

Cha d' fhuair, &c.
Thall 's a bhos mu Loch-fine,
Ma 's a fior mo luchd-bratha;

Thall 's a bhos, &c.
Ann an Clachan-an-Diseart,
'G ol fion' air na maithibh.

Ann an Clachan, &c.
Bha Griogar mor, ruadh ann—
Lamh chruaidh air chul claidhimh.

Bha Griogar, &c.
Agus Griogar mor meadhrach—
Ceann-feadhn' ar luchd-tighe,

Agus Griogar, &c.
'Mhic an fhir a Srath-Arduil,
Bhiodh na baird ort a' tathaich,

'Mhic an fhir, &c.
'Bheireadh greis air a' chlarsaich
'S air an taileasg gu h-aighear,

'Bheireadh greis, &c.
'S a sheinneadh an fhidheal,
'Chuireadh fiughair fo mhnathan.

'S a sheinneadh, &c.
'S ann a rinn sibh 'n t-sithionn anmoch
Anns a' ghleann am bi 'n ceathach.

'S ann rinn sibh, &c.
Dh' fhag sibh an t-Eoin boidheach
Air a' mhointich 'n a laidhe;

Dh' fhag sibh, &c.
'N a stairsnich air feithe,
'N deigh a reubadh le claidheamh.

'N a stairsnich, &c.
'S ann a thog sibh ghreigh dhughorm
Bho luban na h-abhann.

'S ann a thog sibh, &c.
Ann am bothan na dige
Ghabh sibh dion air an rathad;

Ann am bothan, &c.
Far an d' fhag sibh mo bhiodag,
Agus crios mo bhuilg-shaighead.

Far an d' fhag, &c.
Gur i saidhead na h-araich
So tharmaich am shliasaid—

Gur i saighead, &c.
Chaidh saighead na shliasaid—
Crann fiar air dhroch shnaitheadh.

Chaidh saighead, &c.
Gu 'n seachnadh Righ-nan-Dul sibh
Bho fhudar caol, neimhe.

Gu 'n seachnadh, &c.
Bho shradagan teine,
Bho pheileir 's bho shaighead.

Bho shradagan, &c.
Bho sgian na roinn' caoile,
'S bho fhaobhar caol claidhimh!

Bho sgian, &c.
'S ann bha bhuidheann gun chomhradh
Di-domhnuich 'm braigh bhaile;

'S ann bha, &c.
'S cha dean mi gair eibhinn,
'N am eirigh no laidhe.

NOTE.—I am not aware that the above melody has ever been printed. It is one of our most popular airs, and more than one bard has wedded words to it. The set above given is the one known to me, and I heard it in several parts of the Highlands. Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, favours me with another version, which I subjoin, and which is the one commonly sung in his native Glen of Urquhart.—W. M'K.

: R .,m	l : r' : d' .t,l	s : r : R .,m	l : r' : d' .t,l	s : d
: L .,s	s : l .s : m .r	d : d' : L .,s	m : r .d : r	m : r
: D' .t,l	l : r' : d' .t,l	s : r : D' .t,l	l : r' : d' .t,l	s : d
L .,s	s : l .s : m .r	d : d' : L .,s	m : r .d : r	m : r

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XX. JUNE 1877. Vol. II.

HIGHLAND BATTLES AND HIGHLAND ARMS.

—o—

I.

As an ardent student of military history, and particuliarly of that branch termed tactics, I have always taken a great interest in the discussions as to the relative power of the musket and bayonet, the sword and target.

This discussion necessarily embraces the military history of the Highlanders from the period when they alone in Great Britain continued the use of the broadsword and target.

The controversy as to the relative powers of the weapons raged with great fierceness in the *United Service Journal* a long time ago, and was partially renewed within these few years.

The case against the bayonet was originally maintained almost single-handed by the late Lieutenant-General Mitchell, but if there was an overwhelmning amount of numbers and opinions against his views, yet facts and reasons seemed to me so clearly in his favour that from an ardent admirer of the weapon, I came to form rather a low estimate of its powers *per se* for hand-to-hand fighting.

There was nothing, however, in the whole course of the controversy brought forward to prove that if musketry were as destructive as it is formidable, or, in other words, that if musket bullets actually disabled as many men as they usually frighten, the bayonet might not still be the arm, *par excellence*, for close combat; for if adversaries, otherwise armed, were so completely brought to the ground that only a few scattered men remained alive, and in a condition to close, a compact and unbroken body of bayoneteers would, in all probability be able to give a good account of them, and it therefore would be no valid argument against the bayonet that its bearers suffered more in the act of cutting up their adversaries than they would have done had they been armed with a more efficient weapon. because all warlike experience has proved that in actual engagements even the best disciplined troops can never be relied on in the employment of two separate weapons, while the musket and bayonet quite admit of combined action, and may in this sense be termed the best hand-weapon.

The shaft admits of being formed into the most perfect hand missile ever yet devised, while the blade has the action of the lance or pike, which ranks in the first-class of weapons for close combat, and the butt forms a powerful club or bludgeon, which, although a primitive, is often a formidable instrument of war.

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On the other hand, it may be urged, with a slight modification of the old proverb, that although "Jack of all trades," it is only master of one. The shortness of the shaft or handle deprives it of the peculiar advantages of the pike, which delivers its thrust beyond the reach of any other weapon, while the arm of the blade, and its necessary outward curve, causes it to act at a great mechanical disadvantage in delivering its thrusts, and the form of the butt renders it unwieldy as a club.

Indeed, if an ill-balanced club, capable of holding a twisted pike-head at the narrow end, really forms the best hand-to-hand weapon possible, it seems difficult to imagine how such an invention could have escaped the science and ingenuity of the ancients.

The sword-bayonet, now so much in vogue, also is liable to the objection of being extremely ill-balanced, and acting at a mechanical disadvantage in consequence of its being fixed on the side of the handle. It is, besides, a species of weapon which does not seem to have recommended itself to the Greeks and Romans, who studiously rejected all two-handed weapons which require to be swung about, as they require too much room in their use to admit of properly combined action, and are very difficult to recover.

It is indeed a somewhat remarkable fact that the Greeks and Romans —the two greatest and most scientific military nations of antiquity—only used the single-handed cut and thrust sword and the spear for close combat in the most brilliant periods of their history.

Two-handed swords, axes, and all similar weapons, were only then employed by barbarians, or invented in the middle ages, when the true principles of discipline, and the science of combined action, had been greatly lost sight of, and individual prowess more relied on than was ever done by the warriors of Greece and Rome.

When discussing the relative merits of the bayonet, General Mitchell assumed, as a principle to be deduced from all previous experience, that the effect of musketry was slow, and that active, resolute, men, on open ground, might calculate on closing with their adversaries with comparatively small loss.

This position was in general overlooked by his opponents, or met by the assumption of what might be the case in future, when fearful destruction was anticipated from improved modes of manipulating Brown Bess.

Shortly after the introduction of the Enfield, an enthusiastic admirer of the new invention, a Colonel Wilberforce (I believe), traversed the country lecturing on the inefficiency of the poor old lady. In these lectures, the worthy Colonel completely demonstrated the correctness of General Mitchell's views, and, indeed, gave such lamentable accounts of the performances of the musket, as to render it astonishing that the weapon should be formidable to any one but an old wife.

The facts stated by Colonel Wilberforce were all, at least in their leading features, quite familiar to every student of modern military history, and it therefore seemed rather unaccountable to many such that they should have been hailed as novelties by admiring audiences.

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But, in point of fact, even a less efficacious fire-arm than Brown Bess will always be formidable so long as human nature remains as it is, nor will all the lectures in the world deprive it of that character, for the hand fire-arm possesses, above all missiles, the power of inflicting inevitable death, and that is to human instinct, or cowardice, if the truth be stated, the most dreadful mode of encountering the grim King of Terrors.

An arrow, a bullet from a sling, round shot from artillery, and all analogous missiles, can be seen, and men fondly think they can be avoided or parried, and this supposition, although in action generally found to be a mistake, gives a moral courage to face such weapons, which totally fails when brought in contact with the inevitable destruction produced by grape shot, and even ill-aimed musketry—for although it may be demonstrated to troops that but very few of them will be hit, yet every individual knows he may be one of these unfortunate few.

It therefore becomes a most important question to determine how far it is possible discipline, high moral courage, patriotism, self devotion, love of vengeance, naturally good nerves, and all those other aids by which poor human nature is bolstered up to overcome the natural instinct of self-preservation, have enabled men to face the invisible foe lurking in a hand fire-arm.

In the solution, therefore, of this difficulty, the great desideratum appears to be to determine what are the best weapons with which men, who have so overcome dread and danger, can encounter each other in hand-to-hand combat, and what light can be thrown upon these questions by preceding history.

These are all problems of intense interest to the military student, but they are generally treated either as foregone conclusions, or as quite subordinate to the great and inexplicable mysteries of strategetical combinations, which apparently assume that human beings with immortal souls and variable nerves are to be moved to death and destructien like so many chess men, by the will of a player confessedly often far from skilful.

Regarding the solution of the problem, in so far as the effect of the newly discovered fire-arm is concerned, it must be observed that from the earliest period every improvement in fire-arms has been hailed as the "ne plus ultra" of perfection, and after another improvement has been discovered, the performances of its predecessor have been ridiculed and vilified. The original matchlock and firelock were considered as unspeakable advances upon the bow—the flintlock upon the firelock—the iron over the wooden ramrod—the percussion over the flintlock; and after the discovery of the Enfield, the whole weakness of the system was developed by the ridicule thrown upon all previous weapons, in the shape of the abuse heaped on Brown Bess.*

But in a few years it has been discovered that the Enfield is but a piece of an old gas pipe, and the Needle gun, Snider, Chassepot, and Henry Martini, have consigned it to contempt.

What, however, are the actual effects of the modern weapons with

* After the invention of the matchlock, it was actually declared by some writers that hand-to-hand fighting would become impossible.

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reference to the solution of the problem, has not, as yet, been very definitely explained.

There is no doubt that the most appalling descriptions are given of withering volleys, and troops lying stretched on the ground in the order in which they were formed, and a new feature of horror has been added in the shape of fields whitened in a few minutes with cartridges, which would doubtless have made corpses of enemies had they only happened to hit; but at the same time there are stories of Garibaldi's volunteers, Souaves and Turcos, who, either from want of discipline or ammunition, have rushed forward and scattered their enemies at the point of the bayonet.

Now, to one ignorant of actual warfare, it certainly appears strange that the fact of men being destitute of discipline or ammunition should render them impervious to bullets, which would in other circumstances have struck them dead, and induces the suspicion that the destructive power of musketry has not yet reached such a point of perfection, as in every case to prevent active and determined men from trying the ancient conclusion of cold steel.

The most ardent admirer of hand-to-hand fighting must, however, admit that the mechanical advantages derived from the breech-loading and revolving system are such as to render it extremely probable that the wolf is now very fast approaching, and that the fire of musketry will speedily become so rapid, and so well directed, as to render it, in general, physically impossible for troops to close with each other. The only astonishing thing to a civilian is to see that some military writers object to breech-loaders, as inducing the men to fire too rapidly; but surely if there be a point of military duty which it is in the power of discipline to impart, it is that of learning troops to regulate their fire; and if it be alleged that when in action, they become so flurried as to fire without aim, that remark seems equally applicable to muzzle-loaders, and a rapid ill-directed fire must at least be more efficacious than a slow one equally ill-aimed.

Take it in any view, the muzzle-loading system is mechanically rude and imperfect, and it would be contrary to all experience to suppose that it can hold its ground against such a superior mechanical principle as that of breech-loading.

When so entire a change in tactics, as will be consequent on the introduction of rapid and fearful havoc by musketry, seems closely impending, it may not be altogether uninteresting to consider historically some of those instances in which the old-fashioned flintlock and bayonet sustained signal discomfiture.

Perhaps the most interesting to the British tactitian are the successes which the Highlanders obtained over regular infantry, when armed in the modern manner.

These successes are alluded to in various articles in the *United Service Journal*, and in one of which the writer very fairly, and I think correctly, admits that the Highlanders fought at such disadvantage at Culloden as not to render that a fair trial of arms, but at the same time he quotes a sentence from an old number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the following terms :—

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"The sword and target, which the Highlanders were used to wield and brandish with savage cries, have proved but feeble arms against the bayonet in the hands of resolute men."*

Now, I am not aware of any historical facts which are not accessible to the present generation, and after a most careful investigation I have been unable to discover a single instance when Highlanders came into contact with modern infantry, excepting Culloden, in which they were not victorious.

At the battle of Philiphaugh, the Marquis of Montrose was defeated by cavalry, and it is denied by many historians that the Highlanders were there present in any force,† but as the Highlanders never pretended to cope with really efficient cavalry, the question of their being defeated at Philiphaugh is of no importance in this discussion.

In the battles of Dunbar, Inverkeithing, and probably Worcester, small bodies of Highlanders shared the defeat of their Lowland neighbours, but at the two first their good conduct was most conspicuous—indeed it has been asserted that at Dunbar they formed the only portion of the Scottish army who offered a creditable resistance, but their numbers were too small to influence the fortunes of the day.

At Lochgarry, in the rising originated by Lord Glencairn, a considerable number of Highlanders were surprised, out-generalled, and discomfited by a body of Cromwell's troops.‡ The affair does no credit to the Highlanders, who were probably panic-struck, but they never appear to have come in contact with the enemy, and suffered no appreciable loss, either in killed or wounded.

After the Battle of Killicrankie, the Highlanders were repulsed with the loss of only 18 men in the attack of a fortified post at Dunkeld. Perhaps they behaved ill; they allege that they were wretchedly led, but the attack of fortified posts formed no part of the peculiar Highland tactics.

At Cromdale, about the same time, a body of Highlanders were surprised in their quarters—almost in their beds—by regular cavalry, but they escaped, without material loss, to the neighbouring hills (could regular infantry have done the same?), and in their retreat displayed such courage and dexterity in defending themselves, that their commander, General Cannon, a regularly trained soldier, shortly afterwards drew them out on an open plain to encounter a body of cavalry, who either prudently or timorously made off, without accepting the challenge.

In 1718, a small body of Highlanders joined a Spanish force of equally diminutive amount, who had landed in the north-west of Scotland in support of the Jacobite interest, and the united force was defeated

* In all the great battles fought and won by Highlanders, at least since 1689, they never used either bagpipes or cries in the actual engagement. They rushed on far too rapidly to admit of their breath being so employed.

† Mr Grant (an extensively informed Antiquarian), in his Life of Montrose, asserts that there was scarcely a single Highlander then with Montrose.

‡ They were not then commanded by Lord Glencairn, but by General Middleton, who never displayed any great military capacity, although trained, it is believed, in the German Wars.

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by regular infantry; but it was confessedly an affair of firing, neither party having had the resolution to close (perhaps deterred by the nature of the ground), and the loss on either side was perfectly insignificant.* On the other hand, the six victories gained by Montrose, and the battles of Killicrankie, Sheriffmuir, Prestonpans, and Falkirk, form a series of successes as uniform and brilliant as they are neglected and unappreciated with regard to the tactical principles under which they were fought. By the admirers of the Highlanders, they are ascribed to the superhuman valour with which it seems the system of clanship endowed its members, forgetting that under the same system of clanship the Highlanders had generally proved unsuccessful in the middle ages, when the Lowlanders fought like themselves with cold steel, in the shape of spears and broadswords. The supporters of the modern system of arming infantry have contented themselves with accusing their unsuccessful disciples of the grossest cowardice and misbehaviour, or by attributing the success of the Highlanders to some of those inexplicable accidents which occasionally occur in war, and which it is equally impossible either to foresee or prevent, and which, besides, so seldom take place as to render any investigation into their causes of no practical utility. The undoubted fact that the victories of the Highlanders have always proved more glorious to themselves than beneficial to the cause in which they were fought, seems to give such satisfaction to another class of writers, that they deem no further investigation necessary. To ascribe want of success on the part of the British soldier to cowardice, has always, however, appeared to me a most unwarrantable assumption—in fact, the most improbable, and *a fortiore*, unjust hypothesis, that could possibly be adopted, for no men of women born have shown themselves more uniformly brave than the English and Lowland Scots. Indeed, I would say that the Anglo-Saxon Norman, even as contrasted with the Lowland Scot or Irishman, has, in history, shewn himself the least susceptible of panic of any existing race of men, or any that ever existed; and on the incredibly few occasions in which that race has been roughly handled, the men so dealt with are most clearly entitled to the presumption, that to whatever cause their discomfiture is to be ascribed, it cannot have been to cowardice.

Sir Walter Scott, and one or two authors, in describing the successes of the Highlanders, incidentally mention that the musket and bayonet have never, in close combat, been found a match for the broadsword and target, but this remark has found no favour with the great majority of military writers.

In these circumstances, and in the rapid transition which is taking place in tactics, it has occurred to me that it might not be altogether uninteresting, and a matter of justice to the Highlanders themselves, for the first time to place before the public, in a permanent form, their own views upon the subject, which are distinctly detailed in many memoirs and incidental passages, although not embraced in any formal treatise.

The Highland *rationale* of tactics is, besides, so brief and positive as to require but little space to explain it. It was simply this: the High-

* I have seen lately that the Government forces were supplemented by cavalry, who made a successful charge.

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landers very soon learned the measure of the old musket's destructive powers, and from the fact of so few shots taking effect, they concluded that active and determined men could close with musketeers on open ground without materially reducing the number of the assailants, and that when once closed with, the musket and bayonet had no chance with the broadsword and target. It was, therefore, the confidence which the Highlanders possessed in the superiority of their weapons for close combat, and no vain belief in their superiority of courage, which prompted them so steadily to endure the fire of the regulars, and rush upon their bayonets. Indeed, the celebrated Sir Ewen Cameron, when a very old man, told an English officer that he considered English soldiers valued their lives less than Highlanders, *but that they were not so well armed, and ignorant of the old mode of fighting.* A short account of the leading engagements in which the Highlanders have fought since the introduction of fire-arms, divested of the romantic and strategic padding with which they have been usually enveloped by historians, will, it is thought, establish the correctness of the present hypothesis.

In giving this narrative, the splendid victories of Montrose are purposely omitted, because it does not appear that the use of the bayonet had then been generally introduced in the Lowland army, and the first engagement which I will mention is the very remarkable combat which took place at Achadelew, on the shores of Loch Lochy, near Fort-William, about the year 1654-5, between 36 Highlanders, under Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, and 120 of Cromwell's veterans. This was a front-to-front onset, in which the English had time to fire a single volley, which, however, did no execution, although—according to Sir James Turner—English soldiers were then considered very excellent fire-men, and the 36 Highlanders then closed in mortal combat with their 120 adversaries, who stood their ground with the greatest firmness, some opposing their clubbed muskets, others their muskets and bayonets, and others swords, to the claymores and targets of the enemy, and after an obstinate struggle every Englishman was killed outright, excepting one taken prisoner, one who succeeded in gaining a boat, and a third who escaped along the shore. Such was the coolness of the English during this deadly fight, that, being forced into the Loch, and fighting up to the waist in water, one of them, observing his lunch in the act of floating from his pocket, fearful of losing it, commenced eating, and, while thus employed, had his head (rather unchivalrously it must be confessed) severed from his body by the single sweep of a claymore. It is mentioned that the Highlanders were much surprised by the obstinate resistance of the Englishmen, which far exceeded anything they had experienced in their encounters with the Covenanting Blue Bonnets of the Lowlands in the wars of Montrose.*

The tactical results which were deduced by the Highlanders from this engagement were, that those of their adversaries who used bayonets had decidedly the worst luck, the bayonets being almost invariably caught in the target, and the soldier thus held in the most convenient position for

* A writer in the *United Service Journal* attributes this crushing and wonderful defeat to the bayonet being then in its infancy—what progress it has made to maturity is, however, still unexplained.

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having his skull cloven—the inferiority in form and temper of the English swords, and the want of targets, rendered them of comparatively little effect. Those who clubbed their muskets did the most mischief, many of the Highlanders being brought to the ground by the fearful blows inflicted by the stalwart arms of the Englishmen, but these blows were chiefly deadened by the skilful use of the target; and, as a proof of the extreme judgment which prompted the ancients to reject such weapons, it was particularly observed that few Englishmen who delivered full sweeping blows with their muskets, whether successful or not, ever had an opportunity of repeating them. Before they could recover their weapons, they were almost certain to be rushed in upon and despatched by the more manageable sword, or dirk, of a Highlander, which, considering their great inferiority in number, is not a little remarkable.

Almost all the Highlanders were more or less bruised or wounded, although none fatally. One Highlander was, however, killed by a shot from the soldier who reached the boat.

It seems questionable if even the eloquence of Macaulay could have convinced the Highlanders who there fought, either that their opponents were cowards, or that the arms with which they fought were matches for their claymores and targets.

It may be said that the bayonet is not supposed to have been employed at so early a date, but they were certainly invented previously, and would probably be first tried in a country like the Highlands, which was unsuitable for the pike. Pennant, who published his tour through Scotland more than a century ago, gives a full account of the action, and expressly mentions the use of the bayonet, and his accuracy has never yet been questioned. Sir Ewen gained several other very decided advantages over the English forces, with the details of which it is, however, unnecessary to detain the reader, only it was remarked that the morale of the English was considerably affected by the carnage at Achadelew, as the resistance of the common soldiers was afterwards by no means so obstinate. Sir Ewen finally concluded an honourable pacification with General Monk, with whom he cordially fraternized, apparently greatly preferring Cromwell's government to that of his Lowland Presbyterian neighbours. From the period of Sir Ewen's pacification, down to a few months previous to the Revolution, the Highlanders were never engaged in actual warfare, and no feuds between the chieftains were determined by the sword, although several times bodies of men were on the point of engaging. But the last clan battle was fought between the Mackintosh and Macdonald of Keppoch, in the reign of King James VII.—the cause of dispute being the ownership of a tract of land which Mackintosh claimed in virtue of a royal charter, and Keppoch, in consequence of immemorial possession by his clan. Mackintosh's charter, however, bestowing on him the legal right, he was supported by a small body of regular forces, under Captain Mackenzie of Suddie. By what appears the most authentic accounts, the Macdonalds considerably out-numbered their opponents, but the appearance of regular forces ought to have more than counter-balanced this advantage, and what is almost unique in Highland tactics, the Macdonalds indulged their adversaries with an interchange of

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musketry for about an hour, when, tiring of that amusement, they closed with, and completely defeated them, killing Captain Mackenzie and most of his men, and dispersing the rest. This the last clan battle is also remarkable for introducing into warfare the first British common soldier of modern times, who has left his autobiography, and a strange one it is.

Donald Bane (for so was the hero named) describes himself as being a raw, growing lad, who had been bound apprentice to a tobacco spinner at Inverness, but finding that his mistress scrimped him of his provisions, he enlisted in Captain Mackenzie of Suddy's corps, and marched along with him to encounter the Macdonalds, and gives the following terse but graphic account of the engagement:—"Then they broke in upon us with their swords and targets and Lochaber axes, which obliged us to give way. Seeing my Captain sore wounded, and a great many more with heads lying cloven on every side, I was sadly afrighted, never having seen the like before. A Highlandman attacked me with sword and target, and cut the wooden handle of my bayonet out of my gun. I then clubed my gun, and gave him a stroke with it which made the butt end to fly off. Seeing the Highlandmen to come fast upon me, I took to my heels, and ran thirty miles before I looked behind me." It is singular that although Donald's horror at the ghastly sight of the cloven skulls of his comrades, is attributed by him to his youth and inexperience, yet he describes nothing so fearful in the accounts of his subsequent experience in the low countries, which was not small.

The remarkable engagement of Killiecrankie is the next passage of arms between the Highlanders and regular forces. It is in some respects the most brilliant action ever fought by Highlanders, or any troops in modern times, but it perhaps exceeds any engagement which ever took place, in respect of the amount of nonsense and misrepresentation which has been written regarding it. The tactical description is certainly sufficiently brief and simple. General Mackay having succeeded in marching his army, numbering about 3500 men, chiefly consisting of infantry, and very indifferently provided with artillery and cavalry, through the Pass of Killiecrankie, formed his army in line without any interruption, and found the Highlanders, about 1800 strong, drawn up opposite to him on ground considerably elevated above his position, and at a considerable distance, although apparently not out of musket shot. Both armies stood gazing at each other for some time. The Regulars soon commenced a dropping fire of musketry, which, however, proved practically innocuous, and drew no reply from their adversaries. The setting July sun which shone full in the faces of the mountaineers was the cause of their inactivity, for whenever it became obscured the clans rushed impetuously upon their adversaries, who had time to fire three volleys upon their opponents, which killed and disabled no less than six hundred men. The surviving two-thirds continued their rapid attack undismayed by the almost unprecedented loss they had sustained, and when they had arrived very near Mackay's line, they delivered, what he terms, a ragged fire, threw down their muskets, drew their broadswords, adjusted their targets, and rushed on their enemies, who, according to the Highland accounts, stood their ground firmly, and the slain and wounded were to

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a great extent cut down in their ranks as they stood, and the remainder, finding resistance hopeless, sought refuge in flight. Those who accuse the fugitives of cowardice, should consider how few human beings ever have, from a mere point of honour, submitted to be needlessly and helplessly slaughtered.

It would be difficult to conceive an engagement where both systems were more fairly brought in contact, and more thoroughly tested. It was a front to-front onset, and ample time was given for the use of musketry, and never at any time was the old-fashioned musket more effectually employed. The destruction of six hundred men by three volleys from 3500 musketeers, is a feat of arms as yet unsurpassed—even by the Enfield—at least a most intelligent officer, who served in the Crimea, said he simply did not believe it, as he had never seen anything like it in his experience with the modern arms. At all events, it must be conceded that the men must have been proficient in the mode of fighting to which they had been trained.

Having thus described the battle, I shall next proceed to discuss the nonsense which has been written regarding it.

J. M. W. S.

MONUMENT TO JOHN MACKENZIE, OF "THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."—Alexander Fraser, treasurer, Drummond Estate Offices, Inverness, acknowledges *receipt* of the following subscriptions:—Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, £2 2s; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., £2 2s; Donald Macgregor, Newington Butts, London, £2 2s; John Mackenzie, Auchenstewart, Wishaw, £2 2s; Hugh Munro Mackenzie, Whitehaven, £2 2s; Mrs R. Robertson Walker, do., £1 1s; John Munro Mackenzie, of Morinish, Mull, £1; Captain Colin Mackenzie, London, £1 1s; "A Celt," 2s 6d; Donald Macintyre, teacher, Arpafeelie, 2s 6d; William Mackenzie, clothier, Inverness, 10s 6d.

The following subscriptions have been *intimated* to the honorary secretary, Alex. Mackenzie, Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*:—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart., of Gairloch, £2 2s; John Mackay, Esq., C.E., Swansea, £2 2s; Osgood H. Mackenzie, of Inverewe, £1 1s; William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, £1 1s; Alex. Mackenzie, *Celtic Magazine*, £1 1s; Duncan A. Macrae, Fernaig, Lochalsh, 10s 6d; Dr K. Mackenzie Chisholm, Munlochy, 10s 6d; James Fraser, Mauld, 5s; Messrs Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh, 10s 6d.

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BRIGADIER MACKINTOSH OF BORLUM.

[CONTINUED.]

ON the 10th November, the army, now under the chief command of Mr Forster, by virtue of a commission from the Earl of Mar, entered the town of Preston, in Lancashire. On the second day after their arrival, Forster issued orders for a march towards Manchester, but before these could be carried out the approach of the Hanoverian General, Wills, was announced. In great consternation, the commander-in-chief first gave orders to defend the bridge across the Ribble, —the Mackintosh battalion being chosen for this service—but soon afterwards, without even waiting for the enemy's appearance, gave up this position, which he might have held as long as he pleased, and drew all his men into the town. Here he resolved to hold out against Wills. The entrances to the town were speedily barricaded, and bodies of men posted at each. Forster appears to have been so much elated by the number of recruits who joined him at Preston, as to have thought it possible that Wills would decline to face him, but the Brigadier advised him not to be too confident. Observing that his advice was received somewhat lightly, Mackintosh added, "I tell you, man, he (Wills) will attack and beat us all if we do not look about us"; and seeing from the window where they stood a party of the new recruits passing by, some armed with old fowling-pieces, others with rusty swords, and others not armed at all, he contemptuously called Forster's attention to them with the words, "Look you there, Forster; are yon fellows the men ye intend to fight Wills with? Good faith, sir, an' ye had ten thousand of them, I'd fight them all with a thousand of his dragoons."

On the arrival of the enemy, three of the four barricades, those under the charge of Brigadier Mackintosh, the Chief of Mackintosh, and Lord Charles Murray, were attacked with great fury by the Hanoverian troops, but without success, and with considerable loss.

On the following day—Sunday, 13th November—the Government force was strengthened by the arrival of General Carpenter's army. The town was now regularly invested, and it soon became obvious to the besieged that surrender or death was inevitable. Of the former alternative the Highlanders never dreamed; they "were for sallying out and dying, as they called it, like men of honour, with swords in their hands" (*Patten*, p. 118). Forster and the English were of another mind, and decided on a capitulation, in the hope of obtaining good terms; but they were careful to keep their intention a secret from their northern allies. Patten remarks that had the mission of Colonel Oxburgh, who was sent to endeavour to treat with Wills, been made known to these allies, "that gentleman had never seen Tyburn, for he had been shot dead before he had gone out of the barrier." To the requests of Oxburgh, Wills made answer that he would not treat with rebels, and that the only terms he could offer them were to lay down their arms and surrender at discretion.

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Sending to the town later in the day for an answer, he was told that differences existed between the English and Scotch officers, and was asked to grant a cessation of hostilities till next morning in order that these differences might be settled, and that a conclusion might be arrived at as to the best means of making the surrender. This request was granted under certain conditions, for the carrying out of which the Earl of Derwentwater and Brigadier Mackintosh were sent to Wills' head-quarters as hostages.

At the appointed time next morning, Wills received a message from Forster to the effect that the besieged were willing to surrender at discretion. According to the deposition of General Wills, at the trial of Lord Wintoun before the House of Lords, "Brigadier Mackintosh being by when the message was brought, said he could not answer that the Scots would surrender in that manner, for that the Scots were people of desperate fortunes, and that he had been a soldier himself, and knew what it was to be a prisoner at discretion. Upon which the deponent (Wills) said, 'Go back to your people, and I will attack the town and not spare one man of you.' Mackintosh went back, but came running out immediately again, and said that the Lord Kenmure and the rest of the Scotch noblemen, with his brother, would surrender in like manner with the English."

The Government forces now entered the town, and disarmed its defenders, whom they kept under guard until orders should be received for their disposal. The prisoners numbered nearly 1500, more than two-thirds being Scots. Those of most note were sent to London, some were kept and executed at Lancaster, Liverpool, and other places, while many of inferior rank were shipped off to slavery, worse than death, in the American plantations.

The prisoners selected to abide their trial in London were conducted into the metropolis in a kind of mock triumphal procession, a mode of entry which reflected less dishonour on them than on those who stooped to authorise and enjoy such a spectacle. At Barnet they were pinioned as if they had been the vilest criminals, the noblemen even not being exempted from this indignity. From Highgate they were escorted by horse grenadiers and foot guards, and attended by a jeering and reviling mob to their respective prisons, the Tower for the noblemen, Newgate, the Fleet, and other prisons for the remainder. Among them were Brigadier Mackintosh and the Chief of Mackintosh, with several other members of Clan Chattan. "Brigadier Mackintosh," says Mr Burton (*Hist. Scot.*, vol. viii., p. 333), "remarkable for the grim ferocity of his scarred face [what is Mr Burton's authority for this description?], attracted in the captive procession glances which, through the influence of his formidable presence, had in them more respect than ridicule, even from the exulting crowd. Ere he had been long among them, he performed a feat which made him still more the object of admiring awe" (alluding to his escape). The Brigadier was confined in Newgate.

On the 14th April 1716, Mr Forster, Brigadier Mackintosh, and other principal commoners, were examined before a Commission, and bills of high treason were found against them. They pleaded not guilty, and, on

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a motion for time, had three weeks allowed them to prepare for their trial, which was fixed for the 5th May. But several found means of evading trial. Forster made his escape by a clever stratagem, and at eleven o'clock on the night preceding the day of trial, the Brigader, and fifteen of his fellow prisoners in Newgate, knocked down and disarmed the turnkeys and sentinels, and rushed out. Owing to their ignorance of the mazes of London, seven were retaken; but the rest, including the Brigadier, effected their escape. Government immediately offered rewards for their recapture, £1000 for the Brigadier, and £500 for any of the rest, but these were ineffectual. A letter, dated "London, 5th May 1716," from John Forbes to Duncan Forbes, says, "Brigadier Mackintosh and six more made their escape out of Newgate last night" *(Culloden Papers*, No. lxix.).

"The Londoners," remarks Mr Burton, "amazingly enjoyed the pomp of justice assembled next day to hear that the bold mountaineer had superseded its functions. Mackintosh was decidedly popular among the Hanoverian mob, who celebrated his heroism in ballads not flattering to their own countrymen." One of the ballads here referred to, entitled "An excellent new song on the Rebellion," was obtained by Hogg from Mr David Constable, advocate, and is included in his *Jacobite Relics* (vol. ii., p. 102). It is described as "the best model of a street ballad extant," and in the matters of rhyme, measure, and sentiment, fully justifies this description. It commences thus—

Mackintosh is a soldier brave,
And did most gallantly behave,
When into Northumberland he came
With gallant men of his own name.

Referring to the steps preliminary to the surrender of Preston, it gives a broad paraphrase of the Brigadier's speech to Wills, no doubt founded no that General's evidence at Lord Wintoun's trial—

Then Mackintosh unto Wills he came,
Saying, "I have been a soldier in my time,
And ere a Scot of mine shall yield,
We'll all lie dead upon the field.'

In a subsequent stanza, the writer seizes on the apparent jealousy between his hero and the English leader—

Mackintosh is a gallant soldier,
With his musket over his shoulder,
"Every true man point his rapier,
But d—n you, Forster, you are a traitor."

It may be necessary to state, in explanation of the last line, that it was supposed at the time—though, no doubt, without any just grounds—that Forster had betrayed the forces under his command to the Government troops, and that his escape from Newgate was connived at by the Government in consequence. The concluding lines are by far the best in the ballad—

Brave Derwentwater he is dead.
From his fair body they took the head,
But Mackintosh and his friends are fled,
And they'll set the hat on another head.

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And whether they're gone beyond the sea,
Or if they abide in this countree,
Though our king would give ten thousand pound,
Old Mackintosh will scorn to be found.

After his masterful breaking of prison, the Brigadier managed to cross over to France, where Forster and others who had escaped also found an asylum. We hear of his being at Paris in September 1716, from a letter addressed by the Hon. Isabel Crichton to Oliphant of Gask, on the 28th of that month. His father having died shortly before, he was now properly Mackintosh of Borlum.

In 1719 we find him once more in Scotland, as events proved, never again to leave it. In this year another attempt was made at a Jacobite rising in the north of Scotland, and, from an account written in the same year by the Earl of Mar (given as an appendix to the "*Jacobite Lairds of Gask*," London, 1870), it appears that Borlum took part in it. Out of an army of 6000 men which had set out from Spain, only about 300, chiefly Spaniards, landed in Lewis, the rest having been dispersed by storms. With them were the Marquis of Tullibardine, who took the command, and the Earls Marischal and Seaforth. The Brigadier appears to have been as active and hopeful as ever, undismayed by the scantiness of the invading force. Lord Mar speaks of Lord Marischal and Brigadiers Campbell of Ormadale and Mackintosh as "still endeavouring a rising at any rate." The force was augmented by Seaforth's clan, but was still too inconsiderable to cope with the regular forces of the Government, aided by the Whig clans of the north, and after an indecisive skirmish in Glenshiel, it was disbanded, and its leaders returned abroad.

Borlum lingered for some time in Scotland without detection, but was at length apprehended in the wilds of Caithness, and imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle. Here he remained for nearly a quarter of a century, until death released him. On the 7th January 1743, after a rough earthly pilgrimage of eighty years, the gallant old soldier passed to his rest, true to the last to the principles which had influenced the whole of his life. One of his last acts, it is said, was to dedicate one of his teeth to the service of his exiled master, by writing with it on the wall of his room an invocation of God's blessing on King James the Eighth.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the right or the wrong of the cause which was the means of making Borlum a historical character, there can be no question of his constancy to that cause, or of his purity and honesty of purpose in espousing it. Such constancy could only have proceeded from principle, from a firm and conscientious belief in the justice of the claims of the Stuart family to the throne of Britain, or at any rate to the throne of Scotland. Mr Burton speaks of him as having "no prejudice against active service wherever it could be obtained," but I cannot think that the Brigadier would have drawn his sword, much less that he would have spent the best part of his life, in a cause which he did not believe to be a just one.

Of his bravery and military ability, his actions can be left to speak, although both are called in question by his detractors. Patten (p. 126) says, "The Brigadier has got the character of being brave and bold; he

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has given signal instances thereof beyond seas, but we must all say we saw very little of it at Preston." The Master of Sinclair, in what Mr Burton aptly calls his "Malignant Memoirs," sneers most unmercifully at the Brigadier's character for military skill, and does not spare his poverty. "The Brigadier was," says he, "one who had no pretensions to know anything of service, who the world had no better opinion of at that time than they have at present, and who had nothing to recommend him but that his chief, the Laird of Mackintosh, who all lookt on to be a very weak man, imagin'd him wiser than himself, and delivered himself and his clan up to his disposal—all which, if considered, and that this Brigadier had not credite for 30 pounds in the countrie (witness the straites he was put to when Drummond sent him Plenipo to France), it will look odd how so many lords and gentlemen trusted themselves to him, or that Mar had the face to choose him for such a command" (p. 156). Further, "Mackintosh was yet less qualified for the command, for he had neither rank nor any distinguishing thing about him, except ignorant presumption, and ane affected Inverness-English accent not common amongst Highlandmen" (p. 255). Again, according to Patten, his character was tainted by the meanest of vices, avarice, and covetousness. All these are certainly very direct charges, but those of the Master of Sinclair as to the Brigadier's military character merely contain his own individual opinion, and are not borne out by any proof of incapacity displayed by the person charged with it. Few men who have taken part in any kind of political warfare have escaped scot-free from the malice of their opponents or personal enemies, and it is but just to the memory of the Brigadier to point out that both his detractors were personally hostile to him, and that both proved renegades to the cause in which they had engaged as soon as it turned out unsuccessful. The pen of the Master of Sinclair was urged by disappointment and spleen, and jealousy of the Brigadier himself; while the statements of a Judas (worse than Judas, for Judas showed his repentance, while Patten claims credit for his crime) like the *Reverend* Robert Patten, a man who not only deserted the cause which he had helped by his religious exhortations to keep alive, but actually turned King's evidence against his former friends and flock, can hardly be unreservedly received, except when corroborated by other evidence.

Borlum is usually held to have been of a rude, unscrupulous, and savage nature, somewhat akin to that of General Thomas Dalyell of Binns, the persecutor of the Covenanters in the preceding century—although, no doubt, Dalyell had his good points. Thus Mr Burton describes him as "a rough-handed, unscrupulous soldier, who had gained experience in all descriptions of warfare." Gabriel Dutton, a Lancashire Quaker, writes to a friend, "The pagans who descended from the high mountains of Scotland played the devil, under command of one Mackintosh, who may be compared to Beelzebub, the god of Ekron" (*Lancashire Memorials*, p. 174). But the rudeness ascribed to him is altogether imaginary. A Highland gentleman of his day was by no means a savage or a boor; he had generally a fair share of learning, frequently a foreign or a University education, and, besides possessing a Highlander's innate politeness, was accustomed to polite society. As we have seen, Borlum

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had distinguished himself in his University career, and had lived for some time in England, evidently in good society. If after this he wanted polish, surely a lengthened sojourn in France must have imparted it. In a MS. of about the middle of last century, by the Rev. Lachlan Shaw, the historian of Moray, he is described as "a gentleman of polite education and good knowledge."

As to his savage nature, let him speak for himself. Mention has been made incidentally of a work written by him; this was *An Essay on Ways and Means for Inclosing, Fallowing, Planting, &c., Scotland*, and was printed at Edinburgh in 1729, while its author was in prison. The sentiments expressed in this book, so far from indicating savageness of nature, are eminently those of a religious and humane man, while some of the ideas enunciated are far in advance of the age in which they appeared, and worthy a "Lover of his Country," the name under which the work was published. It is curious to be reading in newspapers at the present time of farmers' agitation on the subject of long or short leases, and compensation for improvements, and then to turn to the work of this supposed demi-savage, written nearly a century and a half ago, and find sentences like the following:—"Do, my lords and gentlemen, give up your services you have of your farmers, *give them long leases*, that now *at last they may believe they can, without fear of another turning them out, enjoy their improvements and the fruit of their own labours.* It is just, it is human, and what religion requires of us." *(Dedication to Scots Lords and Gentlemen in British Parliament*, p. xxvi.). A letter appeared in the *Inverness Courier* of January 11, 1876, on the subject of an Agricultural College. Speaking of Sir Robert Boyle, Borlum says (p. 198), "I had the honour to be known to that great man, and oft in his company. He was the greatest lover of agriculture I ever knew, and I wonder he never wrote of it. I heard him say it was a pity there was not seminaries of that, the most useful, and, except pasturage, the most ancient of sciences, established anywhere he knew of." The book displays throughout considerable classical and general knowledge, and, although perhaps some of its technical details are old-fashioned, it is well worth perusal even now, if only on account of the man who wrote it.

Such a man as I have feebly endeavoured to portray was William Mackintosh of Borlum, a man who, under brighter circumstances than those in which his lot was cast, would have left his mark for good on any age. Possessing, as we have seen, all the enthusiasm, all the impulsiveness inherent in the Celtic nature, his whole life shows that he kept those qualities in their proper place, and that what he did was the result of principle proceeding from settled conviction. How deep-rooted this conviction was, his years of imprisonment, and the last act recorded of him, sufficiently testify. True to the death, he exemplified one of the many virtues which shine so brightly throughout Highland history, that of fidelity. *Hen, pietas! hen, prisca fides!*

A. M. S.

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THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, *COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE.*

By the Editor.

—o—

[Continued.]

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to have a few instances from this curious work (Theophilus Insulanus) placed before him :—

"Mr Anderson, a person no less curious than possessed of strict good morals, relates, from his own knowledge, that when he was schoolmaster at Strontian, in June 1755, his daughter, grand-daughter, another gentlewoman, and servant, travelling from Strontian, and were to be in company as far as near the current of Ardgower ; that when they came in sight of the river of Sallachan, Rebeccah MacCalman, of their number (a girl of sixteen years of age), observed, at some distance on the other side of said river, a person covered with a loose, light-coloured garb resembling a shroud, approaching to the water side, and that at the very ford that the aunt and she were to cross ; of which having told her fellow-travellers, all of them saw the apparition, which moved forward and backward about the bank of the river among ferns ; as they drew near the river, so did the phantom, and vanished from their sight on the spot opposite to the ford which they entered to cross the water. After they had passed the depth of the river, and were near the other side, both were carried off their feet, and the said Rebeccah was drowned, notwithstanding all her aunt could do to prevent it.

"Major Donald Macleod, who had been an officer in the Dutch service, having visited Roderick Macleod of Hammer, who went along with him to visit William Macleod of Watersteine, where having passed most of the day, as they were on their way to return towards the evening, an old woman that lived in a cottage close to the road they passed by, had a view of them ; and having met Watersteine as he came back from giving the convoy, enquired who was he that passed by with him and his brother? He told her it was a Dutch officer ; upon which she said, they would never see him again, as she saw him shrouded up in his winding-sheet, to the crown of the head, which, she said, was a sure sign of his approaching end. The Major soon thereafter went south, and, waiting for a ship at Leith, to transport himself and recruits to Holland, was siezed with a fever, of which he died.

"I had this relation from Watersteine himself, who was a person of unquestionable veracity, and remarkably pious.

"The Lady Coll, likewise informed me, That one Maclean of Knock, an elderly reputable gentleman, living on their estate, as he walked in the fields before sunset, he saw a neighbouring person, who had been sick of a long time, coming that way, accompanied with another man ; and, as they drew nearer, he asked them some questions. and how far they intended to go? They first answered, they were to travel forward to a village he named, and then pursued his journey with a more than ordin-

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ary pace. Next day, early in the morning, he was invited to his neighbour's interment, which surprised him much, as he had seen and spoke with him the evening before; but was told by the messenger that came for him, the deceased person had been confined to his bed for seven weeks, and that he departed this life a little before sunset—much about the time he saw him in a vision the preceding day.

"Donald Mackinnon, an honest man, residing in Glendale, informed me, that when living in South Uist, he had a servant woman remarkable for the second-sight; who, upon a night as he was grinding at the quiern, saw a corpse stretched to a loose deal in the partition, in his winding-sheet, which only came down to his knees; this she immediately told publickly to all that were present; she had the same representation twice or thrice thereafter, which made the wife of the house apprehensive it concerned herself or some of her children. In a short time thereafter, one John Mackinnon, a neighbouring tenant, sickened, of which he soon died. John Oag Mackinnon, brother to the defunct, who had the charge to provide for his interment, applied to the declarent for timber to make his coffin, who gave him the deal to which the said seer had seen a corpse stretched, at four different times; and as they could get no linen for a winding-sheet, the said John Oag was obliged to make use of one of his own wearing shirts, which, when it was put on the corpse, reached but to his knees, thereby fulfilling the second-sight in all its circumstances.

"Nic Arthur, known for a notable seer, travelling from the castle of Mungary, in Ardnamorchuann, accompanied with several others, asked, with a surprise of her fellow-travellers, if they saw (as she did) a number of tents at Carnliadh, which, though all denied to have seen, she confidently affirmed would one time or another cast up as really as she then saw them by the second sight. Ten years thereafter, in 1746, Captain Campbell of Craignish, who commanded a corps of Highlanders, pitched their tents in that individual spot at the foot of Carnliadh, whereby the said prediction was fulfilled. I had this relation from Mr Campbell above mentioned, who was informed thereof by severals, in all its circumstances.

"About forty years ago, one Mr Alexander Cunnison, minister of the gospel on the Island of Mull, being visited late at night by a neighbouring gentleman, who was followed by a large grey-hound; they took supper, but after they had gone to bed, the greyhound quarrelled with the house-cat, and soon dispatched it; he then attacked a maidservant, who giving the cry, the minister came to rescue her, but, unfortunately, was wounded in several parts in the fray; which his wife observing, both she and her sister (a young maid in the house) came to the minister's assistance, and in the scuffle received wounds, having, with much ado, turned out the mad dog: He entered a cottage or two hard by, where he destroyed three persons. All that he had bit died in the greatest disorder; only Mr Cunnison caused himself to be bled to death. Mr John Cunnison, his father, being also a minister, and living in Kintyre, had a revelation of the above melancholy scene, and told his wife and all the family, that, upon that very night, his son, with his wife and severals of his family, had suffered a violent death, exhorting his spouse to patience, and a resignation to the will of God, that she might be prepared to

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receive those tidings, which ere long would spread, and come to her ears from all quarters. One Duncan Campbell (who lived a door neighbour to my informer for two years) declared to him frequently that he lived with Mr John Cunnison, a servant at the time, and was in the house the same night when he told the whole family (and himself among the rest) the tragical end of his son and others that suffered on the same occasion.

"The unfortunate Lord Bruce saw distinctly the figure or impression of a mort head, on the looking-glass in his chamber, that very morning he set out for the fatal place of rendezvous, where he lost his life in a duel; and asked of some that stood by him, If they observed that strange appearance? which they answered in the negative. His remains were interred at Bergen-op-Toom, over which a monument was erected, with the emblem of a looking-glass impressed with a mort head, to perpetuate the surprising representation which seemed to indicate his approaching untimely end. I had this narration from a field-officer, whose candour and honour is beyond suspicion, as he had it himself from General Stewart in the Dutch service. The monument stood entire for a long time, until it was partly defaced when that strong place was reduced by the weakness or treachery of Cronstrom, the governor.

"Alexander Macdonald, *alias* MacRanald Vic Uiston (a person of known courage and honour), coming from Slate to my father's house in the year 1747, we accidentally fell upon the subject of the second sight, which induced him to give us the following account:—About five o'clock at night, he and half-a-dozen more, all honest tenants, came into the change house of Kilmore in Slate, about a pistol-shot from the Kirk, to take a moderate refreshment, it being in the month of December, then cold, frosty weather; about an hour after coming in, he accidentally went to the door, which fronted the kirk-yard, saw, to his great surprise, the whole kirk-yard was covered over with men; not only so, but heard the confused murmur of their speech, yet not so as to distinguish word by word, or to understand any part thereof; the moon was so bright, that he discerned a crowd about the place of burial distinctly, belonging to the family of Macdonald, and the rest of the company dispersed in twos and threes over the whole church-yard. After he had sufficiently satisfied his curiosity, he went into the change-house, and told the company what he had seen, who immediately sprung to the door, and had the same sight for the space of twelve minutes, and then it gradually vanished from their sight, they being ten in number. The wife of the house, her daughter and servant, are still in life, who were of the number that saw this vision; and it is observable that a month therafter, the old Lady Macdonald was buried in the very spot where they imagined to have seen the throng of people."

The following instances are from a posthumous pamphlet by the Rev. Donald Fraser, Dean of the Western Isles and minister of Tiree and Coll, and quoted by "Theophilus Insulanus":—

"The first instance is by a servant of my own, who had the trust of my barn, and nightly lay in the same: One day he told me, He would not any longer lye there, because nightly he had seen a dead corpse in his winding-sheet, straighted beside him, particularly at the south-side of the

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barn. About an half-year thereafter, a young man that had formerly been my servant, fell dangerously sick, and expecting death, would needs be carried near my house, and shortly thereafter he died, and was laid up a night before he was buried in the same identical barn and place that was foretold; and immediately the servant that foretold this came to me, and minded me of the prediction, which was clearly out of my mind, till he spoke of it.

"The second instance is after this manner:—I was resolved to pay a visit to an English gentleman, Sir William Sacheverel, who had a commission from the English Court of Admiralty, to give his best trial to find out gold or money, or any other thing of note, in one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, that was blown up in the Bay of Toppermory, in the Sound of Mull; and having condescended upon the number of men that were to go with me, one of the number was a handsome boy that waited upon my own person, and about an hour before I made sail, a woman that was also one of my own servants, spoke to one of the seamen, and bade him dissuade me to take that boy along with me, or if I did, I should not bring him back alive; the seaman answered, He had not confidence to tell me such unwarrantable trifles. I took my voyage, and sailed the length of Toppermory, and having staid two or three nights with that literate and ingenious gentleman, who himself had collected many observations of the second sight in the Isle of Man, and compared his notes and mine together; in end, I took leave of him. In the meantime my boy grew sick of a vehement bloody flux; the winds turned cross, that I could neither sail nor row; the boy died with me the eleventh night from his discomfiture; the next morning the wind made fair, and the seaman to whom the matter was foretold, related the whole story, when he saw it verified. I carried the boy's corpse aboard with me, and, after my arrival and his burial, I called suddenly for the woman, and asked at her what warrant she had to foretell the boy's death? She said that she had no other warrant but that she saw, two days before I took my voyage, the boy walking with me in the fields, sewed up in his winding-sheet from top to toe; and that she had never seen this in others, but she found that they shortly thereafter died; and therefore concluded that he would die too, and that shortly.

"The third instance was thus:—Duncan Campbell, brother-german to Archibald Campbell of Invera, a gentleman of singular piety and considerable knowledge, especially in divinity, told me a strange thing of himself: That he was at a time in Kintyre (having then some employment there), and one morning walking in the fields, he saw a dozen men carrying a bier, and knew them all but one; and when he looked again, all was evanished. The very next day, the same company came the same way carrying a bier, and he going to meet them, found that he himself was the twelfth, tho' he did not notice it before; and, it is to be observed, that this gentleman never saw anything of this kind before or after, till his dying day; moreover, that he was of such solid judgment and devout conversation, that his report deserves an unquestionable credit.

"The fourth instance I had, to my great grief, from one John Macdonald, a servant of Lachlan Maclean of Coll, who was then newly re-

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turned from Holland, having the charge of a Captain. This gentleman came one afternoon abroad to his pasture in the fields, and this John Macdonald meets him, and seeth his cloaths shining like the skins of fishes, and his periwig all wet, though indeed the day was fine and very fair; whereupon he told privately, even then, to one of Coll's gentlemen, that he feared he should be drowned. This gentleman was Charles Maclean, who gave me account of it. The event followed about a year thereafter; for the Laird of Coll was drowned in the water of Lochy, in Lochaber. I examined both Charles Maclean and John Macdonald, and found that the prediction was as he told me; and the said John Macdonald could produce no other warrant, than that he found such signs frequently before to forego the like events. This man, indeed, was known to have many visions of this kind, but he was none of the strictest life.

"The fifth instance is strange, and yet of certain truth, and known to the whole inhabitants of the Island of Eigg:—There was a tenant in this Island, that was a native, a follower of the Captain of Clanranald, that lived in a town called Killdonan, in the year 1685, who told publickly to the whole inhabitants upon the Lord's Day after divine service, by Father O'Rain, then priest of that place, That they should all flit out of that Isle, and plant themselves somewhere else, because that people of strange and different habits and arms were to come to the Isle, and to use all acts of hostility, as killing, burning, tirling, and deforcing of women, finally to discharge all that the hands of an enemy could do, but what they were, or whence they came, he could not tell. At the first there was no regard had to his words, but frequently thereafter he begged of them to notice what he said, otherwise they should repent it when they could not help it, which took such an impression upon some of his near acquaintance, as that severals, even then, some to the Isle of Cannay, some to the Isle of Rum, fourteen days before the enemy came thither, under the command of one Major Ferguson, and Captain Pottinger, whilst there was no word of their coming, or any fear of them conceived. In the month of June, 1689, this man fell sick, and Father O'Rain came to see him, in order to give him the benefit of absolution and extreme unction, attended with several of the inhabitants of the Isle, who, in the first place, narrowly questioned him before his friends, and begged of him to recant his former folly, and his vain prediction, to whom he answered, That they should find very shortly the truth of what he had spoken, and so he died: and within fourteen or fifteen days thereafter, I was eye-witness (being then a prisoner with Captain Pottinger) to the truth of what he did foretell, and being before-hand well instructed of all he said, I did admire to see it particularly verified, especially that of the different habits and arms, some being clad with red coats, some with white coats and grenadier caps, some armed with sword and pike, and some with sword and musket."

General Stewart of Garth, in his "Sketches of the Highlanders," relates a very remarkable instance of second sight, which happened in his own family. His words are these:—"Late on an autumnal evening in the year 1773, the son of a neighbouring gentleman came to my father's house. He and my mother were from home, but several friends were in

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the house. The young gentleman spoke little, and seemed absorbed in deep thought. Soon after he arrived, he inquired for a boy of the family, then about three years of age. When shown into the nursery, the nurse was trying on a pair of new shoes, and complained that they did not fit the child. 'They will fit him before he will have occasion for them,' said the young gentleman. This called forth the chidings of the nurse, for predicting evil to the child, who was stout and healthy. When he returned to the party he had left in the sitting-room, who had heard of his observation on the shoes, they cautioned him to take care that the nurse did not derange his new talent of the second sight, with some ironical congratulations on his pretended acquirement. This brought on an explanation, when he told them, that as he had approached the end of a wooden bridge, near the house, he was astonished to see a crowd of people passing the bridge. Coming nearer, he observed a person carrying a small coffin, followed by about twenty gentlemen, all of his acquaintance—his own father and mine being of the number, with a concourse of the country people. He did not attempt to join, but saw them turn off to the right, in the direction of the church-yard, which they entered. He then proceeded on his intended visit, much impressed with what he had seen, with a feeling of awe, and believing it to have been a representation of the death and funeral of a child of the family. The whole received perfect confirmation in his mind by the sudden death of the boy the following night, and the subsequent funeral, which was exactly as he had seen. This gentleman was not a professed seer. 'This was his first and his last vision, and, as he told me,' said General Stewart, 'it was sufficient.'"

Here is an extract from a letter written in the seventeenth century by an English nobleman who travelled through the greater part of the Highlands, and who, before he left home, was one of the most sturdy unbelievers in the second sight. Lord Tarbolt wrote what he styles "*A Succinct Account of my Lord Tarbolt's Relations, in a Letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, Esquire, of the Predictions made by Seers, whereof himself was ear and eye witness.*" In this letter he says: —"Sir,—I heard very much, and believed very little, of the second sight; yet its being assumed by severall of great veracitie, I was induced to make inquirie after it in the year 1652, being confined to abide in the North of Scotland by the English usurpers. . . . I was travelling in the Highlands and a good number of servants with me, as is usual there. One of them going a little before me, entering into a house where I was to stay all night, and going hastily to the door, he suddenly stept back with a screech, and did fall by a stone which hit his foot. I asked him what the matter was, for he seemed to be very much frighted. He told me very seriously that I should not lodge in that house, because shortly a dead coffin would be carried out of it, for many were carrying of it when he was heard to cry. I neglected his words, and staying there, he said to the other servants he was sorry for it, and that surely what he saw would come to pass.

"Tho' no sick person was then there, yet the landlord died of ane apoplectick fit before I left the house. . . . I shall trouble you with

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but one more, which I thought the most remarkable of any that occurred to me. In January 1652, Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Munro and I were in the house of one William Macleud, of Ferinlea, in the county of Ross. He, the landlord, and I were sitting on three chairs neir the fire; and in the corner of the great chimney there were two islanders, who were that very night come to the house, and were related to the landlord. While the one of them was talking to Munro, I perceived the other to look oddly toward me. From his look, and his being an islander, I conjectured him a seer, and asked him what he stared at? He answered me by desiring me to rise from the chair, for it was ane unluckie one. I asked him why? He answered, because there is a dead man in the chair next to me. Well, said I, if he be in the next chair to me, I may keep mine own. But what is the likeness of the man? He said he was a tall man with a long grey coat, booted, and one of his legs hanging over the arm of the chair, and his head hanging dead on the other side, and his arm backward, as if it was broken. There was some English troops then quartered near that place, and there being at that time a great frost after a thaw, the country was covered all over with yce. Four or five of the English were ryding by this hous some two hours after the vision, while we were sitting by the fire, we heard a great noise, which proved to be those troopers, with the help of other servants, carrying in one of their number, who had a very mischievous fall, and his arm broke; and falling frequently in swooning fits, they brought him into the hall, and set him on the verie chair, and in the verie posture that the seer prophecied. But the man did not die, though he recovered with great difficulty.

"Among the accounts given me by Sir Norman Maclud, there was one worthy of special notice, which was thus:—There was a gentleman in the Isle of Harris, who was always seen by the seers with an arrow in his thigh. Such in the isle who thought these prognostications infallible, did not doubt but he would be shot in the thigh before he died. Sir Norman told me that he heard it the subject of their discourse for many years. At last he died without any such accident. Sir Norman was at his burial at St Clement's Church in the Harris. At the same time the corpse of another gentleman was brought to be buried in the verie same church. The friends of either came to debate who should first enter the church, and in a trice from words they came to blows. One of the number, who was armed with a bow and arrows, let one fly among them. (Now, everie familie in that isle have their burial place in the church in stone chests, and the bodies are carried in open biers to the burial place.) Sir Norman having appeased the tumult, one of the arrows was found shot in the dead man's thigh. To this Sir Norman was a witness. These are matters of fact which, I assure you, are truly related."

Martin, in his "Western Islands," writing on the second sight, says:—"That children see it, is plain, from their crying aloud at the very instant when a corpse or any other vision appears to an ordinary seer. I was present in a house where a child cried out of a sudden, and being asked the reason of it, he answered that he had seen a great white thing lying on the board which was in the corner, but he was not believed until a seer who was present told them that the child was in the right; for, said he, I saw a corpse and the shroud about it, and the board will be

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used as part of a coffin, or some way employed about a corpse; and accordingly it was made into a coffin, for one who was in perfect health at the time of the vision." After giving many other instances of the same kind, he sums up as follows:—"Such as deny those visions give their assent to several strange passages in history upon the authority of historians that lived centuries before our time, and yet they deny the people of this generation (1703) the liberty to believe the most intimate friends and acquaintances, men of probity and unquestionable reputation, and of whose veracity they have greater certainty than we can have of any ancient historian."

The following is a well authenticated instance regarding the Rev. Mr Morrison, minister of the Parish of Petty, six miles from Inverness, who was a man of remarkable devotion, and was looked upon as a prophet. He had often, in vain, exhorted a wild and ungodly fisherman in his parish to attend the means of grace, Walking one evening near the manse with an acquaintance the reverend gentleman, naming the fisherman alluded to, said, "Well, that poor, unhappy man has often been invited to attend the ordinances of the Gospel, which he will never have the opportunity of doing again, as he is at this moment drowned at the new pier of Inverness, and his body will be taken to the Gaelic Church, and remain there during the night." There are very minute particulars connected with this case of second sight, which were verified by the fact occurring; and being mentioned in Petty, the fisherman's relations went that very night to Inverness and claimed the body. The minister here alluded to was the Rev. John Morrison, M.A. He was admitted to Petty in 1759, died in 1774, and is described as "a man of great sagacity, much humour, and fervent piety, vulgarly supposed to have the gift of prophecy. He was author of some popular Gaelic songs, which he composed to a lady whom he had baptised in her infancy, and whom he married in 1766."

Just another example on this subject. The Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., says, in an unpublished lecture on "Superstition":—"A very remarkable instance of supernatural vision happened a good many years ago in a landed proprietor's house in Skye: On a certain evening, probably that of New Year's Day, a large party of neighbouring ladies and gentlemen, with the youngsters of their families, had been invited to enjoy certain harmless festivities at this proprietor's house, the lady of which had been absent at the time in the south, but her sons and daughters were at home to entertain the happy guests. After dinner, the junior members of the party retired to the drawing-room to amuse themselves. A quadrille was set a-going, but before it had commenced, the figure of a lady glided along the side wall of the room, from end to end, and was seen by several of those opposite to it: 'My mother! my mother!' screamed one of the young ladies of the family, and fainted. The vision put a sudden termination to the hilarities of the evening, but the most surprising fact was, that at the very time of the vision's appearance, the lady of the house had died in a city in the south."

"Na 'm biodh an t' earball na bu ruighne bhiodh mo sgialachd na b' fhaide."

(Concluded.)

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THE LAST SCENES OF FLORA MACDONALD'S LIFE, WITH A VARIETY OF COLLATERAL INCIDENTS.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A.

—o—

[Continued.]

On Flora's arrival in Edinburgh, she remained with kind friends for about three weeks but retained her faithful valet, Niel Mac Eachain, and the Skye girl, Kate Macdonald, as her trusty body-guards. During her stay in the Scottish Metropolis, where she had been for three years previously prosecuting her education, she lived very much in privacy. She was, in short, wearied with the amount of attention paid to her. From Edinburgh she made the best of her way to Inverness, where she had some respected friends, who made her their guest for about ten days. At that remote period the public high roads betwixt Inverness and Skye had not been formed, and the only access to that Island was by rough riding-paths over the intervening hills and dales. Hugh Macdonald, Flora's step-father at Armadale, in Skye, sent a horse and saddle all the way to Inverness, to convey her to her mother's house.*

She arrived in safety, and was affectionately received by her fond mother. She complained of nothing particularly except her fingers, which were blistered and bleeding from holding the bridle, on such a rough and lengthened journey. After satisfying her mother with full and particular details of all her adventures and perils, she took leave of her for a time, that she might once more have the pleasure of visiting Lady Clanranald at Ormiclade, and her brother at Milton, in Uist. Nearly two months had, however, elapsed before she accomplished this journey, in consequence of detentions by the way. She visited her friends at Scalpa, Raasay, Scorribreck, Kingsburgh, Flodigarry, and specially at Monkstadt, where Lady Margaret and Sir Alexander Macdonald rejoiced at her appearance. On her arrival at Scorribreck, near Portree, where she parted with the Prince, Mr Nicolson, tenant of Scorribreck, and his lady, welcomed her with marked enthusiasm. After a stay there of a few days, Mr Nicolson invited a large party of the neighbouring ladies and gentlemen to the hospitable house of Scorribreck to have the pleasure of meeting the distinguished stranger. Amongst the rest was Major Allan Macdonald *(Ailean a' Chnoic)*, who had, by a cunning device, arrested Flora's friend,

* Our heroine's stepfather, as already said, resided near Armadale Castle, Lord Macdonald's seat, in the Parish of Sleat, in Skye. He was in Uist commanding a party of Militia at the time of Flora's departure from that Island. He was a Jacobite at heart, and therefore favourable to the Prince. In consequence of this, as already stated, he furnished Flora with a passport for herself, and Betty Burke, and the whole crew of the boat, to enable them to cross the Minch to Skye. Hugh was one of the most powerful men of his clan. He was blind of an eye, which he lost by the branch of a tree, when a mere youth; hence he was called *Uisdean Cam Mac Shoirle Mhic Sheumais Mhoir Mhic Dhomhnuill Ghuirm Oig*, and was the seventh in lineal descent from *Domhnull Gorm Mor*, who lost his life by a barbed arrow that pierced his thigh, and was aimed from the battlement of Eileandonnan Castle in Kintail. Hugh hardly ever met with his equal in wrestling, and other feats of strength.

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Donald Macleod of Galtrigal, and was the cause of his imprisonment. On the Major's entering the drawing-room, and receiving the ordinary gratulations of the company, he held out his hand to Flora, whereupon she tartly expressed herself in these terms,—"Yes, Sir, I give you my hand, but not entirely with my heart. I wish to show all courtesy to the profession which you have disgraced by a low and base stratagem, utterly unworthy of the conduct of a soldier, of a Highlander, and of a gentlemen!" This piquant repartee, for a moment, paralysed the whole company, and the gallant Major silently retired to a corner of the room. It was only on one other occasion that the equable temper of our distinguished heroine was ever known to be ruffled, and that was at the instance of the Prince himself. When all preparations had been made at the place where his Royal Highness was concealed at Corrodale for his hazardous passage to Skye, he continually insisted on his friend, Captain O'Neal's accompanying him in the boat, from the Island. At this juncture, Flora smartly replied that such a proposal was utterly impracticable. The Prince, notwithstanding, still persisted in his unreasonable demand. At length, Flora, becoming somewhat indignant at his continued pertinaciousness, sharply replied, and said, "If your Royal Highness insist upon a step so very imprudent and unreasonable, I must deem it my duty to relinquish the enterprise at once. Your Royal Highness may immediately observe, that as I procured passports for three persons only—for myself, and servant, and my mother's spinning-maid—the attempt for a fourth to escape without a passport, and especially Captain O'Neal, so well known to every officer and soldier, would unquestionably jeopardise the lives of the whole." This prudent reasoning of Flora was at once satisfactory. The Prince was silenced, and Captain O'Neal was left behind.

After some other visits to respectable families in the neighbourhood of Portree, where all were delighted to see her, Flora resorted to the mansion-house* of Kingsburgh, the residence of her future father-in-law, Mr Alexander Macdonald, but found on her arrival that the old gentleman, who had but lately returned from his imprisonment in Edinburgh Castle, had gone to Flodigarry, in the north end of Skye, where his son, Allan, resided. Flodigarry, which is a beautiful and romantic place, was rented at the time by Allan, and is about sixteen miles distant from Kingsburgh. The scenery around it is exceedingly grand. The low grounds are studded with small natural tumuli, grass-covered and green, which are probably the results of ancient glaciers or some such convulsions of Nature. Above it are the serrated towering cliffs of the far-famed Quiraing, frowning in their stern majesty, and in appearance baffling the attempts of the eager tourist to approach them. To the east, the broad Sound or Gairloch, with Loch Staffin and its little Isle, lie fully in view; while on the opposite coast, the Gairloch hills, in successive vistas, and the projecting *Seann-Rudha*, are seen stretching away in soft and distant perspective. Close

* It may appear strange to many that the mansion-house of Kingsburgh, where the Prince, Dr Johnson, Boswell, and many others, shared of its hospitality, was merely a heath thatched cottage, surrounded by a few trees. At that period, it is said, that there were only three slated houses in the Island, except Armadale and Dunvegan Castles, and one of the three was a prison. The thatched houses were warm, comfortable, and well furnished.

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at hand, the Bay of Steinscholl presents itself, with its rough boulder-strewn shore to resist the fury of the Atlantic waves, while a little farther on the eye rests upon the basaltic walls of Garafad, shivered into ghastly shapes, and cloven into huge gorges and fissures, which resound by the thundering roll of the dashing waves. In short, Flodigarry, the home of our heroine for many years, is a spot of rare beauty.

After a short stay at this romantic place, impatient to see Lady Margaret, she set off on horseback, and in a little more than an hour, arrived at the residence of her chief at Monkstadt. She was warmly embraced by her Ladyship, with whom Flora was always a great favourite. Close to Monkstadt, on the sea-beach, at a place called Kilbride, is a cave where the Prince was concealed for a night on his arrival from the Long Island. On that eventful occasion, Flora left his Royal Highness and the boat-crew in the cave, and hastened to walk a few hundred yards to the mansion-house, where she had a private interview with Lady Margaret, and where arrangements were made for conducting the Prince next day in safety to Kingsburgh. Flora was only a few days at Monkstadt when she was taken suddenly and seriously ill. Lady Margaret became painfully alarmed, and despatched an express for Sir Alexander, who was at the time on a visit at Dunvegan Castle. Without a moment's delay, the only medical man at the time in the Island was sent for, and the first illness under which the devoted young lady had ever been known to suffer, caused much anxiety in the whole family. Fortunately, however, before either Sir Alexander or the medical attendant had arrived, the invalid had a favourable turn, and eventually recovered almost as speedily as she had taken ill. During her stay at Monkstadt, which lasted over three weeks, the house was frequented by many visitors and guests. Sir Alexander, in honour of his fair namesake, got up a splendid banquet, to which all the principal families in the Island had been invited, together with a number of the Government officers still sojourning about Skye. The festivities on this occasion extended over four days, when high and low were entertained in a manner that did credit to the friendly generosity of the great *MacDhomhnuill*, Lord of the Isles. Flora's brother from Milton, in Uist, was of the party, as well as Clanranald and his lady.

It was on this occasion that arrangements were made, chiefly by Lady Margaret, for the marriage of her friend Flora, with Allan Macdonald, old Kingsburgh's son. For some years before then, when Flora and her intended were in their teens, it was well known to their friends that an attachment existed between them. Lady Margaret, at a friendly party in her house one evening, conversed freely and jocularly about this alliance. Her Ladyship said, in her well-known frank and affable manner, that about-to-be married couples were always subjects for speculation, and that on this occasion she was likewise to speculate a little herself. One thing, she said, was apparent, that they resembled one another in tempers, characters, and ages—that even they resembled one another in person—and that, consequently, they were no doubt intended for one another. Flora, whose features were characterised by firm decision, tinged with thoughtfulness, modestly replied, that the step her Ladyship alluded to was the most important in a woman's life; but that in regard to the proposals

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made, while she had no objections to them, as Mr Allan possessed the esteem of all who knew him, yet, for various reasons, she could not think of the event taking place for two or three years to come. The fact was that Flora's judgment was of a practical kind, and her prudence possessed a masculine strength, while tempered with feminine delicacy. She knew well that the nature of old Kingsburgh's duties as a public functionary, however honourable, caused him considerable embarrassment, owing to his absence in Edinburgh Castle for a whole year, and that Allan's affairs would naturally be similarly affected. She had, therefore, a presentiment that troubles and anxieties might henceforth fall to her lot, and that it was a prudent resolution to delay their intended union for some indefinite time to come. Flora's remarks were found to be too true, and consequently the important matter was no longer pressed. Shortly thereafter Flora bade farewell to Lady Margaret and Sir Alexander, and took her passage with her brother in a wherry to his residence at Milton in the Long Island.

There is nothing remarkable to be related in the history of our heroine for upwards of two years. During that period she spent her time in frequent visitations to Lady Clanranald at Ormidale, and other respectable families in the Long Island. On several occasions she crossed to Skye, to wait upon her friends at Monkstadt, and particularly so to pass months on end with her mother at Armadale. At length the time appointed for her marriage had arrived, and this event, so important to her, took place at Flodigarry, on the 6th November 1750. It is almost superfluous to say that the wedding festivities were conducted on a large scale, and lasted for the greater part of a week. The company was unusually numerous, and consisted of almost all the gentlemen in Skye and the Long Island, and many of them with their ladies. The bride looked remarkably well, and was robed in a dress of Stuart tartan, with which she was presented when in London by a lady friend, on condition that she would wear it at her marriage. All present admired the calm, modest demeanour of the bride, who was, in the bard's appropriate words :—

A Fhionnaghail chaoimh chaoimhneil,
'S tu sgathan gach maighdinn,
'S an reul-iuil tha 'toirt soillse
Dhoibh dh' oidhche 's do lo.
'S oigh uasal air chinnte,
An ribhinn ghlan og ;
De Chlann Domhnuill do rireadh,
An ribhinn ghlan og ;
'S gur ailleagan ciatach
An ribhinn ghlan og.

The furnishing of accommodation for such a vast assemblage was both amusing and romantic. An immense barn was fitted up for gentlemen's sleeping berths, and a similar place for the ladies, while a temporary pavilion was reared, and roofed with heather, to serve alike as a banquetting-hall and a ball-room. It may be remarked, that the expenses connected with displays of this description, would naturally be looked upon as ruinous to the parties immediately interested—but nothing of the kind. The customs of the country in those days prevented every thing of this sort. On occasions of such festivities, even when the parties interested in them

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were well-to-do, the practice was that the guests privately contributed, as each thought proper, to the cellars and larders of the parties about to be made happy. In this way all the creature comforts ef every description, solid and liquid, were furnished on a scale of abundance which was indeed extravagant, and more than sufficient, on every occasion to serve the company, should it be requisite, three times over!

After this happy union, Mr and Mrs Macdonald spent several years in domestic felicity at Flodigarry, where some of their children were born. Old Kingsburgh by this time had become aged and frail, and having eventually gone the way of all living, was succeeded by his son, Allan, who removed from Flodigarry to Kingsburgh. Flora, in consequence, became the lady of the mansion wherein the Prince was sheltered for a night several years before. Kingsburgh was not a private estate or property, as many supposed, but a large farm which was given to the family by the proprietor, Sir Alexander Macdonald, at a nominal rent.

Allan Macdonald is said to have been one of the most handsome and powerful Highlanders of his clan, and one who was possessed of all the qualities of body and mind which constitute the real gentleman. Boswell describes him as one "who was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting the graceful mien and manly looks which our popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character. He had his tartan plaid thrown around him, a large blue bonnet, with a knot of black ribbon like a cockade, a brown short coat, a tartan waistcoat with gold buttons, a blueish philebeg, and tartan hose. He had jet-black hair, tied behind, and was a large stately man, with a steady sensible countenance."

Such is the manner in which Boswell has described the man to whom the gallant Flora yielded her hand and her heart in the thirtieth year of her age. Having removed to Kingsburgh, where she spent a considerable part of her matrimonial life, she often reflected on the fact that it was the domicile where she had found one night's rest for the unfortunate fugitive, for whom she suffered so much, and also the house where she and her husband hospitably entertained Dr Johnson, and his friend Boswell, while on their Highland tour in 1773, a tour of which Courtney says:—

> We see the *Rambler*, with fastidious smile,
> Mark the lone tree, and note the heath-clad Isle;
> But when the heroic tale of Flora charms,
> Decked in a kilt, he wields a Chieftain's arms;
> The tuneful piper sounds a martial strain,
> And *Samuel* sings, *The King shall have his ain!*

The great moralist was evidently much gratified with his reception at this hospitable mansion. He asked Flora as a special favour to be allowed to sleep in the bed which was occupied by the unfortunate Prince, which was cheerfully granted. And not only so, but Flora added, to the great gratification of her learned guest, that he would be furnished with the identical sheets on which the Prince had lain. The learned gentleman, who was not at all times easily pleased, was greatly delighted with the kind attention and unobtrusive demeanour of his distinguished hostess. He described her as "A woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence." This was a great compliment from one who could not flatter. In a letter to his friend, Mrs Thrale, he expressed

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himself in these words:—"Flora told me, she thought herself honoured by my visit; and I am sure, whatever regard she bestowed upon me, was liberally repaid. If thou likest her opinion, thou wilt praise her virtues."

In the morning on which Johnson left the mansion of Kingsburgh, a slip of paper was found on his toilet table, with these Latin words written in pencil:—*Quantum cedat virtutibus aurum;* which Boswell translated in these terms:—"With virtue weighed, what worthless trash is gold!" This was undoubted high praise from the pen of the learned, but often prejudiced moralist!

Such as feel an interest in this subject will find no small pleasure in perusing "Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," in which many minute particulars are given relative to the Prince and his friends at Kingsburgh, as well as to the visit of Johnson to that quarter. That "Journal" is rendered doubly interesting, by a great variety of learned and valuable notes which are appended to it, by the powerful, graphic pen of our worthy and learned townsman, Dr Carruthers.

At the time of this visit of Johnson and his friend to the Hebrides, it could no longer be concealed that Kingsburgh in the face of all his endeavours to the contrary, had become greatly embarrassed in his pecuniary matters. This arose from no mismanagement or extravagance on his part, or on the part of his prudent wife, but from heavy losses which Old Kingsburgh sustained in means and property, owing to the part he took in the Prince's cause, and to his removal from the personal management of his affairs by a year's seclusion in Edinburgh. The aged gentleman's losses and liabilities became great, and, in consequence, he was much disheartened; and to add to his misfortunes, he was deprived of the remunerative management, as factor of his Chieftain's extensive estates.

In these distressing matters, Allan became naturally entangled, as his father's representative. At that particular period, many respectable families from Skye had emigrated to America, owing to a general depression in the price of cattle, and other untoward causes. Allan became determined to follow his countrymen across the Atlantic, with his wife and family, in the hope of repairing his fortune, and of rendering himself independent. The embarrassments of her husband only tended to show the true nobleness of Flora's character. She who had risked her life with her Prince was ready and willing to sacrifice everything for a husband's comfort, and to accompany him to whatever quarter of the world it might be expected that fortune might yet smile upon the ruined family. Consequently, in the month of August 1774, Kingsburgh and family sailed from Campbelton, Kintyre, to North Carolina, in the ship *Baliol*.

They had a favourable voyage to the Western World. As the time of their departure from Scotland was known in Carolina, they were anxiously expected and joyfully received on their arrival. Flora's fame preceded her for years; and her countrymen, of whom there were hundreds in the colony, felt proud of her presence among them. Various demonstrations on a large scale, were made to welcome the far-famed lady to the American territory. Soon after her landing, a large ball was given in her honour at Wilmington, where she was gratified by the great attention paid to her daughter, Anne, then entering into womanhood, and a young lady

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of surpassing beauty. An American gentleman, speaking of Flora's reception cn this occasion, has said, that "on her arrival at Cross-Creek she received a truly Highland welcome from her old neighbours and kinsfolk, who had crossed the Atlantic years before her. The strains of the *Piobaireachd*, and the martial airs of her native land, greeted her on her approach to the capital of the Scotch Settlement. In that village she remained for some time visiting and receiving visits from friends, while her husband went to the western part of Cumberland in quest of land." Many families of distinction pressed upon her to make their dwellings her home, but she respectfully declined, preferring, of course, a settled place of her own. She spent about half-a-year at Cameron's Hill, in Cumberland, where she and her family were regular worshippers in a Presbyterian Church at Long Street, under the pastoral care of an old countryman, the Rev. Mr Macleod.

In 1775, her daughter, Anne,* became the wife of Major Alexander Macleod of Glendale, Moore County, a gallant youth and a Skyeman, who subsequently distinguished himself in the European wars, and rose to the rank of Major-General in the British service. Mrs Major-General Macleod (that is, Flora's daughter, Anne) departed this life in the house of her daughter, Miss Mary, at the village of Stein, in Skye, in 1834. She was a highly accomplished old lady, who delighted to give minute details of all the adventures of her distinguished mother. She had a son, an officer in the army. Happening to have been at Fort-George on the occasion of a Northern Meeting Ball at Inverness, which he attended, a dispute arose between Glengarry and himself, which caused a duel, in which poor Macleod was killed.

(To be Continued.)

THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER.—This work, by the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, has now been issued, and is being rapidly bought up. The whole remaining issue has been bought, in sheets, by John Noble, bookseller, Inverness, to whom parties wishing to secure copies should at once apply, as only a limited number has been printed. A sufficient number of copies has been retained to supply those who have already subscribed.

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* The writer of this article was furnished, to a great extent, with the facts given, from the lips of Flora's daughter, the said Mrs Major-General Macleod, as well as from the diction of old men in Skye. James Banks, Esq., Fayetteville, N.C., also contributed largely to the account of Flora's American adventures.

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DEFENCE OF THE ORTHOGRAPHY OF THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.*

By the late John Mackenzie of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry."

—o—

After having perused the second part of the letter of "Gathelus," which appeared in your paper of the 24th August, I can hardly find anything new in it. There is in it great display, to be sure; but, with the exception of a little petulance and personality, it is almost, in all other respects, merely the old story over again, *i.e.*, a second and revised edition of the famous circular. Although I am at liberty to defend myself with the same weapon by which I am attacked, still I do not think that my cause shall be greatly promoted by my having recourse to abusive or vituperative language. Lest "Gathelus" should suppose, however, that I am altogether destitute of "pluck," I shall let him have a hit in his own style by and bye. Up to the very moment of my penning these lines, I know not who "Gathelus" is. I cannot therefore be personal. I disclaim every feeling of hostility towards the *man*, but I am hostile, and shall be hostile, to his manner of maiming, and mangling, and murdering the Gaelic language.

All who feel any interest in the present question may rest satisfied that the proposed innovations of "Gathelus," *alias* the Glasgow Celtic Society, are mere utopianism, and that they shall ultimately evaporate in smoke—not such smoke as would "set a steam-vessel a-going on the Campsie hills"; but such as shall not have power sufficient to move the thistles' down, or to agitate a feather upon a duck-pond. Although the Society disclaimed the circular, there is strong internal evidence to lead to the conclusion that the writer of the circular is also the framer of the Society's advertisement, offering prizes for the four best essays on the Orthography of the Gaelic Language. In the advertisement they disavowed all connection with the circular, but it came out afterwards, that not only had one of the members and founders of the Society some connection with the circular, but that he was actually, and truly, the father thereof. When the Society sent forth their disavowal, I do not believe that many of them were aware that they had an Achan in the camp. It is only bare justice to give the majority of the members credit for pure and upright intentions. Whatever might be the motives of a few, we must believe that those of the majority were disinterested, and benevolent Highlanders are in general greatly indebted to Glasgow. Every "True Highlander" must therefore feel sorry, that any of the true friends of the Highlands in that city should be misled by two or three notoriety-seeking innovators.

I perceive, sir, that your politeness to the Highlander has made "Gathelus" call your judgment into question. So independent a thinker as he is, ought surely to allow to others a little of what he so largely

* MS. found among his papers and addressed to the Editor of the *Scots' Times*.

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arrogates for himself—I mean the right of private opinion. The gentleman must certainly have received some unpardonable affront from the dictionary manufacturers. If not, he must have a design upon the credulity and gullibility of the public. Perhaps the most charitable construction of his conduct is to suppose, that his temerity having urged him on in his "vandalism" too far now for an honourable retreat, he has magnanimously resolved to succeed in the AVUR, or perish in the OIRP.

Although I were able, it would occupy too much of your time and your paper to notice particularly the different rounds fought so magnificently by this valiant man of Gath. In his own opinion, no doubt, your "corr-aesp-eond-aint" has "und-aidh-spiut-aebl-idh" proved that the orthography of the Gaelic language is most "prep-eost-oer-eous"; and that every true Highlander ought to "comh-op-oer-eatae" with him in crushing a system so very absurd. You are aware, sir, that it is ill to recognise even our friends if disguised in vizors, and in the costume of strangers. I dare say, Mr Editor, you think you would make rather a droll appearance yourself in the habit either of a Mandarin or of a Janissary; or, to come nearer home, do you not suppose that the language of our neighbours the French would look rather *outre* were it rigged out in the style of John Bull? Would not the exhibition of it, under such a garb, affright even Monsieur himself, and extort many a grimace and Nong-tong-paw *(N'entends pas)* from him? Would he not curse both Shang-Bull-e-le-sang-culott *(Jean Bull, et les sans culottes)* for thus disfiguring and murdering his language? If it be asked "why the orthography of Gaelic does not appear as smooth and intelligible to a stranger as that of his own tongue?" I do not think the question deserves a better answer than "Why are not Gaelic sounds as intelligible to a Cockney as those of English?" I leave it with the public, to decide whether or not the English words which "Gathelus" has caricatured, and shrouded under the obscurity of our Highland "mist," be not still as easy to be recognised as a first-rate Bond Street dandy would be, supposing him to be clad in bonnet, plaid, philabeg, hose, and cuarans.

It were certainly very convenient that all mankind would consent to speak but one language, as well as use the same symbols, as signs of their ideas. Such a consummation, however, cannot reasonably be looked for on this side the millenium. The art of printing has bestowed a kind of immortality upon the Babel of languages that has overspread the earth. Before the invention of printing, conquerors could kill languages, as well as the people who spoke them. In the present state of the world, we know not a better plan for compassing the ruin and extinction of a language than to comply with the requisitions of "Gathelus," viz., to unsettle its orthography, and set it to float loose on the tide of oral corruption. Were this done to the Gaelic, I have not the least doubt but that, after the lapse of a century or two, the "Old Lady" might be found dizened out in the first style of English fashion, without a shred of the tartan to be seen about her. Whether this would, or would not, be a "political advantage," is not the present question. For all the purposes to which it is likely the Gaelic language shall ever be made subservient, I am convinced its present condition is abundantly adequate. The Eng-

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lish has obtained so great an ascendancy, that the very existence of Gaelic is extremely precarious. From the measure of favour bestowed on its only periodical, we can safely prognosticate that few future geniuses shall employ Gaelic writing as the vehicle for conveying instruction or amusement to their countrymen. It is merely a rhetorical flourish to talk to us of the "flourishing of Gaelic literature." With such as have flowers to rear, it is only the want of any other soil that could induce them to cast their seed in a Gaelic soil. The beauty of some English flowers may tempt us to transplant them. We may have a few translations, and those few in one department only; but it is visionary for one moment to indulge the hope that any original works of genius shall make their first appearance in Gaelic as long as the English monopolizes all the intelligence, wealth, and patronage of our country. While I entertain those sentiments, I have the highest veneration for my mother tongue. It is a peculiarly nervous, energetic, and expressive language. It is, notwithstanding, *now* the language of but a limited population. In commerce it is proscribed. From almost every department of science it is excluded; most of our nobles disdain to speak it; and it receives few favours from king or courtier. Those, and not the "myteriousness, perplexity, or barbarity of its orthography," are some of the causes that exclude the hope of our ever seeing, or believing that any other shall ever see, "literature flourish" in Gaelic.

But to return from this digression, let me observe that although in Gaelic we use eighteen of the Roman characters, the same letters are not always equipollent in Gaelic and English. Several letters have certain modifications of sound, which I know not how I should represent by any possible combination of the Roman letters, or indeed of any letters, with which I am acquainted. Hence arises the necessity of our having recourse to modifying vowels to qualify the powers of certain consonants. "Gathelus" has instructed us all as far as regards the linguals *l*, *n*, *r*. Besides, some consonants, and some combinations of consonants, have powers different from what they have in English. For instance, in articulating *d* and *t*, we protrude the point of the tongue a little beyond the teeth, which no Englishman does. I question strongly if "Gathelus" could find one Englishman, from the point of Cornwall to the Scottish border, that could articulate properly the power of the combination *gh* in the words *laogh* (calf) and *geagh* (goose). In youth, our organs of speech accommodate themselves easily to the sounds which we are in the habit of hearing and of pronouncing. A young bird, taken early from the nest, will readily acquire the song of a bird of quite a different species. It is reasonable to believe that our organs of speech receive a peculiar conformation from the sounds to which, in early life, we are habituated; so that, in maturer years, we experience a difficulty in pronouncing sounds to which our organs had not been previously formed. This difficulty is, in many cases, insuperable. We have heard, indeed, of what the perseverance of Demosthenes has been able to achieve. Notwithstanding, were a full-grown Saxon set to learn Gaelic, we strongly suspect he would not only be under the necessity of putting pebbles into his mouth, but into his throat and nostrils also, ere he could acquire the true pronunciation. I have known public speakers of Gaelic, after many years'

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practice, so wofully deficient in pronunciation, that they were scarcely tolerable—scarcely intelligible; and there is reason to fear they shall continue so until the end of the chapter. I have known exceptions, but youth is the only time for acquiring our nasal, guttural, and aspirate sounds, correctly. "Gathelus" knows that it would be quite preposterous to attempt pronouncing Gaelic like *Beurla chruaidh Shasunnach*. He knows that no Highlander, unacquainted with English, can pronounce properly the English words which he has caricatured, in whatever way they may be written. The Highlander *can* pronounce them agreeably to the orthography of Gaelic, but not conformably to the pronunciation of English. Is it not a trick, then, to write them in imitation of the rule of "Caol ri caol"? Should the Highlander pronounce them as they are written by "Gathelus," they would be neither Gaelic nor English, but specimens of a hermaphrodite tongue, which "Gathelus" has conceived but not yet brought to the birth. The specimens, sir, are mere caricatures, drawn purposely to raise a clamour against Gaelic, among such people as do not understand it. They are caricatures distorted and aggravated in limbs and feature, in order to give strangers a strange idea of our language, and to estrange them for ever from every consideration of it, as a barbarous thing beneath their notice. This is the treatment which our venerable tongue sometimes receives from certain bunglers, who make their bread by murdering it. "Gathelus" cannot produce, from within the compass of Gaelic, as a written language, an equal number of Gaelic words, so heavily loaded with unnecessary letters, as the foregoing English specimens. There is no quiescent final vowel in Gaelic, and still he has treated us with two in "comh-op-oer-eatae." And what is the sense of giving us a tripthong in the last syllable of the word "prep-eost-oer-eous," when the Gaelic syllable *is* represents the pronunciation, and is at the same time agreeable to the rule of correspondents? Instead of picking out of the English the most commodious terms for caricature that he could find, it had been more satisfactory had he drawn his materials from the Gaelic itself, and then told us how he would remedy the pernicious effects of the rule of broad and small. He has done this, indeed, in a few instances, but in those few his examples do not at all cut such a dash as his English vocables in the Highland dress. This is a mere *ruse de guerre*, suggested, no doubt, by the "little General" who is at the head of the literary insurrection at Glasgow. "Gathelus" tells us, he would not write "treabhaiche," "troich," but it is evident from his manner of writing other words, such as "claidh," for "claidheamh," and "cora" for "comhradh" (*vide* advertisement), that he is less master of the orthoepy than he is of the orthography of Gaelic. Therefore it is that he is so keen to get the orthography accommodated to his gibberish. His Gaelic spelling of English words cannot, in writing, appear more grotesque or ridiculous in the eyes of a Saxon than his English method of writing Gaelic words does in the eyes of a Highlander. "Gathelus" seems not to recollect that in every living language there is a double pronunciation—the colloquial and the solemn; the former fluctuating and unsteady, the latter comparatively permanent and fixed. We should like to know to which of the two "Gathelus" intends to adapt his new orthography. Had "Gathelus" been consistent with himself in his exposure of the rule

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of "Caol ri caol," and written his "aginn" and "egluis" conformably to the analogy of English orthography, conjointly with his own intended improvements, we should then have *agginn* and *eggluss*. To write the words so would confer no boon upon Gaelic, for it would only be a discarding of two or three vowels, in order to make room for as many consonants. I have already remarked that many can censure, who cannot improve, a language, nor anything else. The orthography of no language is independent of improvement—that is to say, the orthography of no language is absolutely perfect. It would therefore be an exorbitant demand upon any lexicographer to require from him an answer to every captious or futile objection which cavillers might start against his method of writing words. "Gathelus" says that in orthography sound is the principal thing to be attended to. Query: the sounds of what district? "The real object and use of orthography," says he, "is to convey to us a just idea of sound." Dr Johnson, fully as good authority as "Gathelus," says, "this would be to measure by a shadow, or to take that (*viz.*, sound) for a model or standard which is changing while we apply it." Surely in a written language it is of greater importance that it should speak more distinctly to our eyes than to our ears. We have heard a great deal about the absurdity of using the rule of correspondents, but really it is too late now to draw this long thread out of the tartan. Whatever the Saxon may think of it, in our eyes it is no great blemish. "Gathelus" would take it away, but it is questionable if he could substitute a better. Whether is it better to have a defective rule, than no rule at all? While the language continued without a standard (may we not hazard the conjecture, that), this rule served it much the same purpose as a catch does a ship that has got no bower-anchor.

(To be Continued.)

THE KING OF THE PICTS' PALACE NEAR THE RIVER NESS.—It was in the year 565, two years after he landed at Iona, that Columba appears to have crossed the great mountain barrier of Drumalban and made his way to the court of King Brude (or Brudi), whose royal palace was situated near the river Ness. It is usually stated in the local guide books that Adamnan (the biographer of Columba) places King Brude's palace *ad ostium Ness*—at the mouth of the Ness. No such expression, however, appears in Adamnan. The only indication he gives is that it was near the river Ness, but not on it. Dr Reeves came to the conclusion that it must be identified with the vitrified fort of Craig Phadrick, about two miles west of the river. It seems, however, unlikely that in the sixth century the royal palace should have been in a vitrified fort, on the top of a rocky hill nearly 500 feet high, and it is certainly inconsistent with the narrative that Columba should have had to ascend such an eminence to reach it. There is, however, about a mile south-west of Inverness a gravelly ridge called Torvean. Part of this ridge is encircled with ditches and ramparts, as if it formed an ancient hill fort, and at its base, along which the Caledonian Canal has been carried, a massive silver chain was discovered in the year 1808. Torvean seems to offer a more natural site if it is not to be sought for on the other side of the river, which may be inferred from the fact that the only time Adamnan notices Columba going by land instead of sailing down Loch Ness, he went on the north side of the lake, and then he appears to have crossed the river; in which case it may have been on the eminence east of Inverness, called the Crown, where tradition places its oldest castle. King Brude was converted to Christianity by Columba, and lived nineteen years after the saint's visit, dying in his palace near the river Ness, in the year 584. His successor, Gartnaidh, belonged to the nation of the southern Picts, and had his royal seat at Abernethy, on the Tay.—*Skene's Celtic Scotland.*

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CAWDOR CASTLE.

On the banks of a Highland burn, which falls into the Nairn river some five miles from the town of Nairn, and fifteen from Inverness, stands Castle Cawdor, perhaps the best extant specimen of the baronial castle of the olden time. Its central tower is the oldest portion of the structure. On its east side, commanded by loop holes, is a small court, through which the visitor is ushered by an old drawbridge across a moat. The drawbridge, raised by chains attached to beams resting on the court wall, gives ingress through gateways secured by wooden bars. The staircase, the iron gate,—brought from Lochindorb—the great baronial kitchen, partly hewn out of the rock, the massive tower walls, the ample stone mantlepieces, carved with quaint devices, the old furniture, and particularly the old mirrors and tapestry, carry one back many a long year into the social life of the past. Of the building of the castle there is a traditionary tale. In the dungeon of the castle there is the stem of a hawthorn tree, and tradition says that the noble builder was decided as to the position of his intended home by turning adrift an ass loaded with a chest full of gold, and noting the spot on which the animal rested, which was the third hawthorn tree from which he started. That tree is still in the dungeon, the chest itself is a part of the Castle relics, and when friends wish prosperity to the family, they do so in the words, "Freshness to the hawthorn tree of Cawdor." The tapestry on the walls was purchased in Arras in 1682, and brought by ship from Bruges to Dysart and Leith, and thence to Findhorn. It is curious to note that one of the grotesque figures on the mantlepiece, dated 1510, is that of a fox smoking, and that, too, a veritable cutty pipe, while the introduction of tobacco by Sir Walter Raleigh did not occur till 1585. After the battle of Culloden, the famous Lord Lovat was concealed in the roof of the Castle, but finding his enemies becoming too numerous within the building, he let himself down over the wall by a rope, when he escaped only to be taken in a hollow tree in an island (Loch Morar), was thereafter carried to London, tried, condemned, and beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 9th of April 1747, in the 80th year of his age.

Shakspere's imperishable tragedy of Macbeth, founded upon a fictitious narrative which Hollinshed copied from Boece, has immortalized the name of Cawdor. Local tradition insisted on showing, until lately, the room in which the grooms were laid—

> Those of his chamber, as it seem'd had done't
> Their hands and faces were all badged with blood,
> So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
> Upon their pillows.

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The very blood-marks upon the wood work were also shown as evidence of Duncan's assassination by Macbeth, and this, too, in the face of the fact that the license was granted by James II. to erect the tower in which the tragedy was supposed to have taken place.

The myth has now disappeared locally, a fire having taken place a few years ago, which destroyed the woodwork.

It is now an accredited piece of history that neither in Cawdor nor in Macbeth's Castle of Inverness, which once stood on the height called the Crown, but at Bothgowanan, near Elgin, the tragedy was accomplished. Macbeth by birth was Maormor of Ross, and—through his marriage with Lady Gruoch, grand-daughter of Kenneth—the fourth Thane of Cawdor. Her grandfather had been dethroned by Malcolm the Second, who also burned her first husband, murdered her brother, and slew the father of Macbeth. All these wrongs were avenged on Duncan, the grandson of Malcolm, whose presence in this part of the country was in order to compel his cousin, who had revolted, to pay tribute.

The Castle was built by William, Thane of Cawdor, whose son, John, married Isabel Rose, the daughter of Hugh Rose of Kilravock. This John was a second son, and on him and his heirs was entailed the estate, because his elder brother, William, was lame, and inclined to enter the Church. John died in 1498, leaving two daughters, Janet and Muriel, born after his death. Janet died while an infant, and Muriel succeeded to the estate in virtue of the above-mentioned entail. The Laird of Kilravock designed the heiress for her own cousin, his grandson, but having joined with Mackintosh in a foray in the lands of Urquhart of Cromarty, he was pursued in a criminal process for robbery. Argyle, the then Justice General and Second Earl, had also his intentions regarding Muriel, and having made matters easy for Kilravock, in the matter of the law proceedings, induced the King, with her grandfather's consent, to award her in marriage to whomsoever he pleased.

Under pretence of sending the child to school, Campbell of Inverliver, in 1499, was sent with a party of sixty men to Kilravock to convey the child to Inverary to be educated there in the family of Argyle.

The old lady of Kilravock, who did not quite approve of this mode of disposing of the hand of her grandchild, to which the pretended education tended, took good care to prevent the child being changed, a common trick of the times, by marking her on the hip with the key of her coffer, made red hot. That there was a necessity for this, may be imagined from the reply of Campbell of Auchinbeck, who, when asked what was to be done should the child die before she was marriageable, "She can never die," said he, "as long as a red-haired lassie can be found on either side of Loch Awe." The child was, however, delivered to Campbell of Inverliver and his escort, but on arriving at Daltulich, in Strathnairn, he became aware that he was pursued by Alexander and Hugh Calder, the uncles of Muriel, who by no means agreed to the proceeding.

Inverliver faced about, with the largest portion of his party, to receive the Calders, and, to deceive them, kept one of his men in the rear, having a sheaf of oats wrapped in a plaid, as if it were the child, who, however,

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had been previously sent off with a smaller escort under charge of one of his sons, with strict instructions to proceed to Argyle's Castle with all speed.

The conflict was a severe one, and many fell on both sides. It is said that in the heat of the skirmish, in his extremity, Inverliver gave utterance to the saying which has since passed into a proverb, "*S fada glaodh o' Loch Ow', s fada babhair o' Clan Dhuine*" ('Tis a far cry to Loch Awe, and a distant help to Clan Duine), signifying imminent danger and distant relief. When Macliver imagined she was safe, and at a considerable distance, he retreated, and, following her, conducted her to Inverary, where she was educated, and, in 1510, married to Sir John Campbell, the third son of the Earl of Argyle. For his conduct in the affair, Macliver was rewarded by a gift of the twenty pound land of Inverliver.

It was a sister of this Sir John Campbell who married Maclean of Duart, and who was exposed on a low rock between the Islands of Mull and Lismore, in order that she might be drowned by the rising tide. The rock is still known by the name of the Lady's Rock. From this perilous situation she was rescued by a boat accidentally passing, and conveyed to her brother's house. Her relations, although much exasperated, smothered their resentment for a time, but only to break out afterwards with greater violence. Maclean of Duart, happening to be in Edinburgh, was surprised when in bed, and assassinated by Muriel's husband. Sir John Campbell died in 1546, but Muriel survived him until 1575.

TORQUIL.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The monthly meeting of this Society, on Wednesday last, was of more than average interest. Mr James Sutherland, one of the members of the Society, was down on the programme for a paper on "The Languages of Western Europe." But before this came on, there was some general business discussed, of which the forthcoming centenary of the Society was the principal item. It has been resolved to celebrate this interesting event by a dinner at St James' Hall, on Wednesday, the 6th June. The Marquis of Huntly, the Chief of the Society, will be in the chair, and Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., has kindly intimated his willingness to contribute in any way towards the success of the occasion. Mr Macphee, the President of the Society, announced the receipt of a letter from Lady Cecil Gordon, aunt of the Marquis of Huntly, in which she expressed the pleasure she had experienced from being present at the Society's ball in February last, and enclosing a Gaelic waltz composed by her ladyship in memory of the event. Mr Macphee also announced the nomination, as honorary members of the Society, of the following gentlemen:—Lochiel, Cluny, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Professor Geddes, of Aberdeen; Dr Charles Mackay, and Mr John Mackay, C.E., late of Shrewsbury, who has taken a leading part in collecting subscriptions for Professor Blackie's Celtic Chair. On the conclusion of this business, Mr Sutherland proceeded with his paper, which occupied nearly an hour in reading, and gave evidence of very considerable study and research. In the discussion which followed, Mr Campbell, Mr Tolmie, Mr Burton, and Mr A. M. Mackay took part—Mr Tolmie treating the members present to a dissertation on the subject of the paper scarcely less interesting than the paper itself.

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MOLADH NA H-OIGHE GAIDHEALAICH.

KEY D. *Lively.* *D.C.*

.	r	m	.,	r	:	m	:	s	.	l	t	.,	l	:	s	.	m	:	m.
A		Nighean				bhoidh	-	each		An	or	-	fhuilt		bhach	-	al	-	aich,
Nan		gorm	-	shuil		mio	-	gach,		'S nam	min	-	bhas		sneachd	-	a	-	gheal.

.	r'	m'	.,	r'	:	t	:	r'	.	t	l	.,	s	:	m	.	r	:	r.
Gun		siubh	-	lainn		reidh	-	leach,		Air	sleibh	-	tean		Bhreat	-	uinn		leat,

.	d	d	.	r	:	m	:	s	.	l	t	.,	l	:	s	.	m	:	m.
Fo		sar	-	radh		sgaoil	-	te		De	dh'	-	aodach		breacainn				oirn.

'S e sud an t-eideadh
Ri 'n eireadh m'aigne-sa,
'S mo nighean Ghaidhealach,
Aluinn agam ann;
O bheul na h-oidhche
Gu soills' na madainne,
Gu'm b'ait p-ar sugradh
Gun dusal cadail oirn.

Ged tha na bain-tighearnan
Gallda, fasanta,
Thug oigh na Gaelig,
Barr am mais' orra,
Gur annir sheoighn i
Gun sgoid ri dearc' oirre,
Na h earradh gle-mhath
De dh'eudadh breacanach.

Gur foinnidh, mileanta
Direach, dreachmhor, i,
Cha lub am feoirnean
Fo broig 'nuair shaltras i;
Tha deirge a's gile
Co-mhire gleachdanaich,
Na gnuis ghil, eibhinn,
Rinn ceudan airteulach.

Reidh dheud chomhnard
An ordugh innealta,
Fo bhilibh sar-dhaitht',
Air blath *bhermillian;*
Tha h-aghaidh narach
Cho lan de chinealtachd,
'S gun tug a h-aogas,
Gach aon an ciomachas.

Gur binne comhradh
Na oraid fhileanta,
Tha guth ni's ceolmhoir',
Na oigh-cheol binn-fhaclach,
Cha laidheadh bron oirr,
No leon, no iomadan,
Ri faighinn sgeul duinn
O bheul na finne sin.

'Nuair thig a Bhealltainn,
'S an Samhradh lusanach,
Bi'dh sinn air airidh,
Air ard nan uchdanan,
Bi'dh cruit nan gleanntan
Gu canntair, cuirteasach,
Gu tric gar dusgadh
Le surd gu moch-eiridh.

'S bi'dh 'n crodh, 's na caoirich,
'S an fhraoch ag inealtradh,
'S na gobh'raibh bailg-fhionn,
Gu ball-bhreac, bior-ahuileach,
Bi'dh 'n t-al 's an leimnich
Gun cheill, gun chion orra,
Ri gleachd 's ri comhrag
'S a snotach bhileagan.

Bi'dh mise, a's Mairi
Gach la 's na glacagan,
No'n doire geugach
Nan eunan breac-iteach,
Bi'dh cuach, a's smeorach,
Ri ceol 's ri caiseamachd,
'S a gabhail orain
Le sgornain bhlasda dhuinn.

NOTE.—The above is one of the most popular of William Ross' songs, and is well worthy of being reproduced here. The following appreciative notice of it appears in Reid's "*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*":—"William Ross chiefly delighted in pastoral poetry, of which he seized the true and genuine spirit—'*Moladh na h-oighe Gaelich*,' or his 'Praise of the Highland Maid,' is a masterpiece in this species of composition. It embraces everything that is lovely in a rural scene, and the description is couched in the most appropriate language."—W. M'K.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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HIGHLAND BATTLES AND HIGHLAND ARMS.

—o—

II.

KILLIECRANKIE.

HAVING, in the previous paper, given a simple account of this brilliant engagement, and shewn it to have been the result of the employment of superior arms—combined, certainly, with great bravery—the nonsense which has been written regarding it will now fall to be discussed.

The first absurdity seems to have been adopted more or less by every historian, which is, that Mackay's army was struck with dismay when they found that so great a commander as Dundee allowed them to march unmolested through a pass where they could so easily have been cut off, and that his doing so proved that he was confident of his power to defeat them in the open field.

This is certainly the first and only time in the history of British warfare that the soldiery have been credited with profound strategical reflexions; invariably on other occasions they have been considered as having bull dog courage, and confidence in their officers, but nothing more. Had the feeling indeed been ascribed to the officers, it might have been comprehended, but it seems difficult, without violating all other conceptions of the character of the British private soldier, to accept it. Donald Bane, in his account of the engagement, never hints at it, although he is so candid in the acknowledgment of his want of nerve on other occasions, that it is impossible to suppose that had he so felt he would not have expressed it.

The question, however, naturally occurs, Where had Dundee given such extraordinary previous proofs of great generalship? He had, indeed, distinguished himself as an active and energetic, possibly cruel, adversary of fugitive Covenanters lurking among hills and bogs, and led a successful charge of cavalry against an almost unresisting foe at Bothwell Bridge; but the only engagement in which he had previously held chief command was at Drumclog, where he was defeated by a group of peasantry, favoured by the nature of the ground; and even his bombastic eulogist, Mr Mark Napier, admits that General Dalziel, his superior in command, considered that he acted with unwarrantable rashness in hazarding an engagement in a situation so unfavourable to cavalry action, and never after had much confidence in him.

It is, no doubt, true that in the autumn preceding the Battle of Killiecrankie he fully established his character for military ability by a

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series of masterly manœuvres, by which he kept Mackay completely in check, and secured the north of Scotland from occupation by the Government forces; yet, as no engagement of the slightest consequence took place during the course of these manœuvres, whatever might have been their effect upon an experienced officer like Mackay, it is impossible to suppose that they could have made any impression on the common soldiery.

Granting, however, for the sake of argument, that his fame as a commander had made as great an impression upon the common soldiery of the day as that of Bonaparte upon the British in the Peninsular War, and it could scarcely be expected to do more, what did it amount to?—but that a great commander had committed a great mistake.

Every general who neglects to avail himself of an obvious advantage of position, commits a grave blunder, and in all recorded history, when such blunders are committed, they afford subject of congratulation to the antagonist, rather than inspire him with awe.

According to the theory of the Killiecrankie history, the English at Flodden ought to have been struck with great awe when the Scottish king allowed them to defile unmolested over the bridge across the Till, in place of battering it down in the middle of the march, which he might by all accounts have easily accomplished, and the epithet of an infatuated fool, and one 'reft of his wits, which has been so justly applied to James the Fourth for his conduct on that occasion, when applied to an imagined similar exploit of Dundee's, is altered into an eulogy of a profound strategical conception.

Mr Mark Napier, whose far-searching eye has penetrated into this, as well as many other millstones, has discovered that it was the result of Dundee's deliberate conviction that he was certain to gain a victory over Mackay in any event, but that if he destroyed him in the Pass, the victory would not have had a sufficiently great moral effect, or impressed the public with an adequate idea of Highland prowess.

This, like the preceding theory, attributes to the surroundings of Killiecrankie an effect which has never been ascribed to other warlike operations; for where, in the annals of history, has it ever been read that when a great military success has been achieved the public have ever concerned themselves with whether it was obtained in fighting without advantage of ground on either side, or whether one party did or did not skilfully avail himself of such natural advantages as rendered his antagonist nearly, if not altogether, helpless?

At this moment one of the great national ballads in Norway celebrates the fact of the Norwegian peasantry having surprised a regiment of Scots mercenaries in a pass, precisely similiar to that of Killiecrankie, and annihilated them with their rifles without the possibility of the Scots making any resistance, as the nature of the ground prevented them from making any effectual reply to the fire of their adversaries, or closing with them, and it is only related of the Scots that they perished more Scotico while firmly and sternly pushing through the defile, without either attempting to break their ranks or surrendering to the enemy.

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If any military exploit could be considered devoid of all glory, save of advantage being judiciously taken of the nature of the ground, this surely was one, and yet Norway rang with it for many a long year, and the ballad narrates—

> How Norway triumphed in her might
> O'er the mercenary Scot.

This may certainly be taken as an indication of what public feeling would have been had Dundee assailed and destroyed Mackay at the Pass of Killiecrankie, but it is scarcely in accordance with Mr Napier's theory.

The nature of the ground, and the awful spectacle of the rugged cliffs by which the Pass is surrounded, is alleged to have struck the greatest terror into Mackay's men, which just amounts to this, that Lowland soldiers are incapable of fighting in a wild and rugged country.

At all events, men of such sensitive nerves can never be much depended on as soldiers, in any circumstances, which can hardly be said of the British, and we never heard of its actually taking place, excepting in regard to the Hessians, who refused to march through this very Pass in 1745; but without the best authority, it is pure calumny to charge Mackay's army with any such feelings.

The real facts regarding Mackay's being permitted to pass through the defile unmolested are distinctly stated in the Memoirs of Lochiel, a work unknown to Brown, Chambers, and many other writers (it being then unprinted), and which is characteristically ignored by Mr Napier, whose sensational and transcendental theories it does not support.

According to the author of Lochiel's Memoirs, Dundee had been obliged to disperse his army, in order to enable them to obtain provisions, and give them the usual time which Highlanders always considered they were entitled to to attend to their domestic affairs.

On learning Mackay's intention to seize Blair Castle, he, with the utmost expedition, collected the forces which were in his vicinity, and marched with all possible despatch to cover that important position. In this he so far succeeded that he reached the Castle before Mackay, but was unable to occupy the Pass so as to prevent Mackay's marching through; and in this way, it may be observed, that each General gained a partial strategical success over his opponent, and sustained a partial defeat. Mackay had succeeded in penetrating the Pass unmolested, but found that Dundee had covered the Castle; while Dundee, although thus far successful, had been unable to interrupt Mackay's progress through the Pass.

Having penetrated the Pass, and learned that Dundee was covering Blair Castle, Mackay felt that it was in the power of his adversary either to accept or decline an engagement, and this he must have foreseen from the first moment he ever thought of penetrating through the Pass, for he could not be ignorant of the general nature of the country, which is such as to render it impossible to force an engagement with an unwilling adversary.

Dundee, who, as is explained in the Memoirs of Lochiel, hesitated till the last moment as to the propriety of risking battle, in order to retain the game in his own hands as long as possible, in place of meeting Mac-

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kay directly in front, marched along very high ground on the right flank of his adversary, so as to render it impossible that Lowland forces—or, indeed, if the nature of the ground be considered, any troops whatever—could compel an engagement.

Mr Napier, whose talent for finding mares' nests in which to lodge his heroes is undeniable, has here found one of pre-eminent magnitude. Having, as already explained, discovered that Dundee was certain of victory, he represents him as proceeding to make assurance doubly sure, by taking his adversary in flank, and this, according to the profound military strategy developed in Mr Napier's mind, Dundee accomplished by directing his march towards Mackay's right, in place of meeting him in front, thereby taking him in flank, and thus, as Mr Napier emphasises by capitals, giving his adversary "checkmate"; and the proof of this is taken from Mackay's own Memoirs, who says that, seeing Dundee appear on the heights a long way from him, formed his line by a "quart de conversion to the right"—A "quart de conversion" being what is now termed a wheel, by which a line is formed to the right or left, in a direction perpendicular to its former position; therefore, if a body of men is marching in any column of divisions of either squadrons, companies, or sections, with the right or left in front, the line can be formed by a wheel either to the right or left. If the right be in front, and the divisions wheeled to the left, the line is formed precisely in its original relative position; but if the divisions be wheeled to the right, the line is equally formed, but the relative position of the divisions is inverted, and *vice versa* if the left be in front, but in any case, if the quart de conversion be made, the line is formed, and the column is not taken in flank. It is only when an assailing force makes its attack before the quart de conversion can be effected that the epithet of having been taken in flank can be applied.

It is perfectly true that an adversary marching upon the flank of a column may, without tactically taking it in flank, force it to form in line upon most disadvantageous ground, and thus obtain a great advantage of position in the subsequent front-to-front onset; but it appears that in the present instance no such advantage was gained, as Mackay admits that he drew up his line on very fair ground for receiving an attack, although it would have been difficult for him from thence to have assailed Dundee, whose great object to the last seems to have been to retain the option of declining battle.

It appears indeed, from Lochiel's Memoirs, that it was at the last determined to engage very much from the fact of its being known that Mackay was deficient both in cavalry and artillery, and it was thought that in this way the engagement would be reduced to a simple tactical contest between musket and bayonet, and broadsword and target, and the Highland chiefs believed that so great was the tactical superiority of their mode of fighting, that they had a better chance (not that they believed it a certainty, as Mr Napier holds) by fighting Mackay, who had so great a superiority of numbers, but unsupported by cavalry and artillery, than by waiting till their own reinforcements arrived, which would have reduced the inequality of their numbers, but given Mackay the chance of being reinforced by cavalry and artillery.

Mackay, who seems to have lived so long abroad that he, to a certain

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extent, forgot the use of his native tongue, and employed many awkward and embarrassed phrases, mentions that after his troops had passed through the defile, and formed their line facing to the right, he observed that at a short distance in that direction there was a steep and rugged, but not very high, mountain (or rather, as Scotchmen would say, brae), while far beyond, Dundee and his troops were seen occupying much higher ground.

Fearful, however, of Dundee's at once marching down and seizing the crest of the brae, Mackay determined to occupy that position at once, and for this purpose he says he caused every man to march "by his face up the hill." This has been actually interpreted by saying that Mackay caused every man to defile past himself, and then find his way up the hill; but obscure as the phrase is, it obviously means that Mackay ordered his men to march up the hill in the line in which they were formed, in place of breaking up into sub-divisions and marching up the hill in columns, and then re-forming the line when they had reached the summit.

In this he appears to have acted with great judgment, for although breaking up of the line into columns would apparently have enabled the movement to be executed with more tactical precision, yet troops forming on strange ground, and not much accustomed to combined movements, are very apt to fall into confusion in the act of re-forming.

As will afterwards be explained, the defeat of the left wing of the Jacobites at Sheriffmuir seems to have been owing to their having marched to the field of battle in columns.

Mackay himself, in his Memoirs, considers that if he only had had efficient cavalry he would have been victorious; not considering that if he had been so supported, Dundee in all probability would not have risked an engagement.

Mackay, who was a man of undoubted piety, also makes some remarks upon the over-ruling power of Providence which gives the victory to whom He pleases; and the truth of such an observation must at once be admitted; but Providence almost invariably since the cessation of miracles, works by secondary causes, and it is to the investigation of these secondary causes that all scientific enquiries are directed. Who ever heard of the most pious engineer in existence if he found a machine not answering his expectations, contenting himself with ascribing the bad result to Providence, and proceeding to make another precisely similar, trusting that Providence would make it work more effectually.

The invariable course is for the engineer to examine his work minutely, and endeavour to ascertain where it is defective, either in principle or detail, and to apply the requisite remedies.

In this view, a few words from General Mackay's own pen are worth all the reflections and exaggerations which have ever been written on the subject, and they are these, that when Mackay encountered the Highlanders with such confidence, he admits that he was not acquainted *with their way of, or firmity (i.e., determination) in, fighting, and that his men were not well armed or trained to encounter such an adversary*, and there lies the true secret of the Highland success.*

* It may here be observed that a single regiment of Mackay's army, composed of Englishmen, stood firm. According to the Highland account, this was because Dundee,

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To work out the Highland system certainly required men of great courage and activity, and at Killiecrankie the Highlanders gave ample proof of both, although the late Dr Macrie, the son of Knox's biographer, has so far suffered his covenanting prejudices to overpower his judgment as to assert that Killiecrankie was not a battle at all, and that the Highlanders gained no military glory by their success on that field. It is simply pitiable to think of such contortion of judgment.

It is mentioned by Mackay in his Memoirs that a body of Highlanders, favourable to the Revolutionary interests, having joined his standard, the regular officers were desirous to increase their efficiency by disciplining them after the approved modern fashion, but Mackay had the good sense to interpose, and in the most peremptory manner, forbade any interference with the Highlanders' arms or mode of fighting.

Mackay further mentions that he having thought that one cause of the defeat of his forces was the fact of the bayonet being then thrust into the muzzle of the gun, whereby the soldier was prevented from continuing the fusillade till the last moment of closing, invented something like the present socket handle, so as to maintain the fire as long as possible.

In describing the bayonet as a weapon with which the soldier thrusts as with a pike, he forgets that the pike has the advantage of delivering its thrust at so great a distance as to prevent a sword from reaching the pikeman, whereas the long Highland broadsword can over-cut the bayonet with the utmost facility, and subsequent engagements proved that the new-fashioned bayonet had as little luck with the Highlanders as the old. The arm of the new-fashioned bayonet, besides, causes it to act at a great mechanical disadvantage.

Mackay, along with several other officers of distinction, perished at the Battle of Steenkirke, where the French Guards slung their muskets, drew their swords, and thus advancing against the English infantry (who apparently used their bayonets) succeeded in obtaining the only success which, in modern times, French infantry ever obtained over English in hand-to-hand combat.

It is said Mackay, mortally wounded, died in a ditch after lingering for some time. It may be that the thoughts of the gallant old expiring veteran turned to the wild hillside of Killiecrankie, when on a bright summer night the long broad claymores of the Highland savages flashed death and destruction among his bayoneteers, and he may possibly have thought that had such arms been in the hands of his stalwart Englishmen on that day, the British forces would not have been disgraced, and he might not have perished.

J. M. W. S.

in order to prevent his being outflanked, was obliged to leave an interval in his line so large as to prevent any of the Highlanders being opposed to them, and they actually repulsed by their fire a body of about 60 camp followers who attempted to attack them. Many different accounts of their prowess is given—Mackay, among other reasons, attributing it to the superior nerves of Englishmen, preferring, he says, the English commonality in matters of courage to the Scots, but from the account he gives of their retreat they seem to have been quite as panic struck as their neighbours. Had they really possessed nerve, they might at least have attempted to take their opponents in flank while rushing past them; but, at all events, it is perfectly clear that there was no collision with cold steel, although their conduct on this occasion has actually been quoted in recent times as a triumph of the bayonet.

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HIGHLAND SUPERSTITION.

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Chapter III.

It seems as if the Highlanders could not imagine their dead in an inactive state, or without interest in the affairs of either friends or foes. We know how "Colla Ciotach Mac Ghilleaspuig" asked as a dying favour, when about to be executed, that he might be buried so near Campbell of Dunstaffnage that they might be able to take a snuff out of each other's mulls in the grave. And among the traditions of Glencoe, it is told of one of its heroes—"Paul Mor Mor," or "Big Big Paul,"—that when dying he asked to be buried with his face to the Camerons, for that he never turned his back to them in life, and in the grave he wanted to show them he was still as fearless before them as ever. Paul was to be buried in the beautiful Isle of St Mun, where the Glencoe people are buried in the one side, whilst the Camerons of Callart and Nether-Lochaber are sleeping their last sleep on the side next their own shores. There is another story told of this "Paul Mor Mor," and though it is not directly illustrative of superstition, I will give it, as showing this warrior's ideas of religion. Upon one occasion, when going to battle, he was more than ordinarily anxious about the result, and so he made up his mind to pray to his Maker for victory, in doing which he made his requests known just as if he was talking to his chief. He told the Lord he had never troubled Him before, and if He would grant him this his first request, he would promise faithfully not to trouble Him again. Of course the prayer was for victory to his clan, and prowess to his own arm in the fight, and after exhausting his eloquence on this head, he begged at least that if He was not on their side, that He would be neutral, for he had heard He was not only a great King, but a mighty warrior, and that they on whose side He drew the sword must conquer. This idea of God, as a great and bountiful Chief of Chiefs, too magnanimous to take notice of small faults in His children, seemed a common one among the old Highlanders. I have heard of a gentleman in Skye who had the unfortunate weakness of too much love for the bottle, and when, after resolutions to break off the habit, a friend who saw him again under the influence of drink expostulated with him, he cried out indignantly, "Let me alone, it is not with a miserly scrub I have to do"—"Cha 'n ann ri sgrubaire a tha mo gnothuch." Another old man—in Skye also—had the habit of feeding his cows on the grass of his neighbours, whenever he could do so unseen; and one Sunday morning, when a heavy mist covered the land, he drove them early to the minister's park, determined to return them to his own grounds before the mist would rise. The minister, however, took a quiet morning walk, and came upon the old man and his cows unexpectedly. "Ah, did you not know if the mist hid you from me, it could not hide you from God?" exclaimed the minister. "And He is very different from you, He is greater than to make such a fuss about a bite of grass," replied the old man, as he drove his cows away to

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his own poorer grazing, repeating indignantly, "Cha b' ionnan sin is thusa gu dearbh 's beag a shaoileadh Esan do ghreim feoir." But to return to the subject of superstition, and to the causes which were supposed sufficient to bring the dead to their former haunts.

It was generally believed that hidden treasure was often the cause of the dead's returning to earth, as if they could not rest until the secret hoard was possessed by some one. A highly respectable and intelligent Highlander told me the following story, to which he gave the fullest credence:—A man, by name Macgillivray, was ploughing one day in a field in some part of Perthshire, and as he stopped in the course of the day to rest himself and his horse, he sat on his plough, whilst his fellow worker lay down upon a cairn near them and fell asleep, with his hands under his head, and his mouth half open. By-and-bye, as Macgillivray sat watching, he noticed an insect, somewhat like a fly, coming out of the cairn and scrambling up the man's head. It got to his face, and at length entered his mouth. The sleeping man did not seem in the least disturbed, and at length, after a few minutes, the insect returned, and made its way back to the cairn, and the young man awoke, all unconscious of his visitor. "What a strange dream I have had," he said to Macgillivray, who begged of him to tell him what it was. "Some one seemed to whisper in my ear when I was sleeping," said the young man, "that this cairn was a hiding place for a large sum of gold." "I wish the dream was true, and that we had some of it," he added, laughing, as he returned to lead the horses again.

Macgillivray made light of the matter in his remarks to the young man, but he pondered it deeply in his heart, feeling convinced that the insect he had seen was the spirit of the person who had hidden the gold, and that the fact had been communicated to his companion when the creature was in his mouth. So upon the first opportunity he searched the cairn at early dawn, and found there treasure that enriched himself and his family, while the less acute man who dreamed about the matter got nothing. The trouble, however, that seemed to send the spirits of the dead to wander about in peculiar anger and unrest, was the disturbing of their graves, or especially the taking away the least particle of their bones. I remember being told in Harris of a young man who, at a funeral, picked a tooth from the earth of the open grave, with which he frightened a number of people at the "Ceilidh" that night. He had, however, to pass the graveyard on his return home late at night, and got such a fright that he was not seen to smile for a long time afterwards. There was also the case of the person in Uist who, in his greed to add to his land, dug up part of a burying place, and threw the bones he picked up into a pit by the sea side. From that moment he became a haunted man. Wherever he went after dusk a heavy step followed him, and clods and stones would be thrown at him, even sitting at his own fireside, and doors and windows closed; and though he even married a pious and excellent young woman, in hopes that her presence would drive this unholy thing from his home, it proved a vain hope, for even the innocent wife was tormented by the spectre, until at length, when about to become a mother, she fled from the haunted house to the home of her girlhood. The wrath of this

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wandering spirit fell even upon the unborn child, for after the expectant mother had ironed all the little bits of clothing prepared for the child, she found to her consternation that they had been dipped in some black liquid, so she returned to her mother forthwith in great fear; and whilst there her husband was one night accosted by a tall military man, in a long grey great-coat, who told him that he was the one who caused him such misery, and that he could never rest until he restored his bones to the grave from which he took them.

The haunted man went without delay to the pit by the sea side where he had placed the bones, and restored them gladly to their old resting place. He became a changed man from that night, and his old greed and worldliness left him entirely, his wife and child returned to him, and they were never more disturbed by the presence of the old soldier.

At the time when I spent some months in Harris there was a great commotion among the people about a very decent man whose house was then haunted. About the same time every night a wild creature came to the door, and their dog commenced to bark, and almost tear the door open, whilst the terrified inmates of the house sat trembling. They got a godly man in the place to come and read the Bible and pray with them, but still the awful thing made its presence known as before, at the same hour of the night, and the master of the house, who had always been circumspect, wondered why he was afflicted so above his neighbours; and seeing that no spiritual power within their reach had strength to lay this devil, they concluded it must be some earthly and mortal thing, and they got some gamekeepers, with sixpences in their guns, to fire upon the creature through the door, for none of them felt brave enough to meet it, whatever it was, face to face. That night, however, the supposed thing of evil did not appear, which fact strengthened their suspicion that it was some witch in the form of an animal, for they had previously peeped through the door, and had seen that their troublesome visitor was in the shape of a beast, but a beast such as they had never seen. The excitement was dreadful far and near, and any one venturing out at night was not thought brave, but daring and impious.

Some days passed, when at length they discovered that the creature which had so frightened them was some wild animal that had escaped from the parks of Sir James Matheson, and had made its way to Harris; and being in hiding in some cave during the day, at night it used to come to this, the nearest house, looking out for food; and those who had been so frightened felt rather ashamed of themselves.

Not only did the Highlanders believe in the spirits of the dead appearing, but they also held that the ghosts of the living were occasionally seen. The technical term for these were "taiseal," and I have heard many instances given with the view to corroborate the fact of their being seen. There was a very striking case in Argyllshire about forty years ago. One Milloy, a farmer in Learg-na-huisean, Knapdale, had his house haunted for a long time. As soon as the shadows of night fell upon the face of land and sea, unearthly hands seemed to take delight in frightening and torturing the family in the farm-house, until at length, suspecting some human agency in the mischief, a proclamation was issued throughout

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the country that any one found around the house after dusk would be fired upon.* On the next Sunday the noises went on in a terrible manner—stones and sticks were thrown at those sitting at the fireside, and all sorts of annoying things done. At length the son jumped up, took his gun, and rushed out, declaring that he would shoot whoever he found about the house. Afraid he would do mischief, his father followed him, and walking round the opposite end of the house, he came in the young man's sight at the back. The son, not knowing that his father had gone out, seeing this person, fired upon him and shot him dead; and from that moment all the noises about the house ceased, and all the country believed it was the "taiseal" of the old farmer that had been so long about the house. Opinions, however, differed about the cause for this—some saying the old man was thus punished for some evil done long ago, others declaring that Satan had made this "taiseal" do all the mischievous things that had been done in order that the son might become a parricide.

A clergyman of the Church of Scotland, who had large farms in Argyllshire, walked out in the gloaming, in a long avenue, and when near the end of it he saw a woman whom he had never seen before. He wondered if she was coming to him on any business, and so went forward to speak to her, when she suddenly disappeared from his sight. A few days afterwards a new grieve came to the farm, and the clergyman, to the end of his life, maintained that the grieve's wife was the very one he saw during his twilight walk—that the very dress and cap she wore were the same she was wont to wear, and as she was at a far distance from the place on that day, he maintained it was her "taiseal."

The dead seemed to keep up the old animosity to the foes of their clan, for an old lady of the Dunstaffnage family told me that once, when a Maclean was going to dine at the castle of Dunstaffnage, a stone fell from the house-top at his feet, thrown probably by some one of the Clan Campbell of long ago, who had cause to hate the Macleans. Also, that when one of the servants of the family married a woman of the Macleans, she never got rest or peace night or day, until at length she had to leave the place. The clothes she would have in lockfast places would be thrown during the night outside the house by unearthly hands, and though her clothes and her husband's were packed in one box together, her's would be taken out, and his left. My informant, however, was not quite decided whether it was the "beanshith" that followed the family of Dunstaffnage, and who would naturally have a dislike to their hereditary foes, who did this, or whether it was the dead who could not rest in their graves whilst a Maclean was eating the bread of the family.

The story of "Eoghann a chinn bhig," one of the chiefs of the Lochbuie house, is too well known to be given in detail here, though I may mention, for the sake of those who have not heard of him, that he had a very small souled and inhospitable wife, and on the night before a battle, it was revealed to him that if his wife gave him food unsought before he would start in the morning, he would return living, and if not, and that he was obliged to seek the food, it was to be a sure sign to him that he was to be slain. He arose early, and whilst buckling on his

* This is said to have been proclaimed three times in the Parish Church.

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armour he cast many an anxious glance towards the bed whereon his wife lay pretending to be asleep. He gave many a hint, and at last he threw a shoe at her, but she did not move. "Cha dhuis brog no bruithin droch bhean tighe," he cried angrily. "If it is food you want," she said, "you will find curds in a dish there." "Your white curds will not come out at my side to-day," said the warrior, bounding away without breaking his fast. He fell in battle, and since then he has always wandered about on horseback, and the sounds of his horse's hoofs, or the crack of his whip, is sure to be heard by any one of the clan who has a death in his family; and it seems that he does not confine his peregrinations to the Highlands, for only a few years ago an old man told me that he heard the sounds in Glasgow two nights before he got tidings of the sudden death of one of his sons, who was a soldier, and died in the neighbourhood of London. But though a Highland ghost may thus visit the Lowlands—and one even was known to follow the haunted person to America—yet no Lowland ghost ever seems to be feared in the Highlands. Indeed, the existence of such a creature does not seem to be received at all; for I remember, when a girl, two Ballachulish men who were passing that feared and awfully haunted spot called "Duthag," which no one would pass, even in day light, without fear and trembling, when in the very worst part a squeaking, shrill voice said, "Soft night, gentlemen," the two quarriers took to their heels, and as soon as they recovered breath enough to speak, one of them said, "Dhia beannaich mi shaoil leam nach robh spiorad galld idir ann"—"God bless me, I thought there was no Lowland ghost at all."

MARY MACKELLAR.

THE ANNUAL ASSEMBLY OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INNERNESS will be held as usual on the Thursday evening of the Inverness Great Sheep and Wool Fair, which falls this year on the 12th of July. Professor Blackie, the Chief of the Society, will occupy the chair.

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP OF ST ANDREWS, one of our most valued contributors, and whose poem, "The Clearing of the Glens," appeared in recent issues of the *Celtic Magazine*, has been elected, without opposition, to the Professorship of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Several eminent candidates were in the field, but Professor Shairp's qualifications for the Chair were felt to be so pre-eminent, that all the other candidates withdrew in his favour.

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DEFENCE OF THE ORTHOGRAPHY OF THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

By the late John Mackenzie of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry."

—o—

[Continued.]

I must here tell the public, that although "Gathelus" has lately made so great a display of Gaelic lore, he is a mere jack-daw dressed in peacock feathers. Most of his objections against the rule of correspondents, and the orthography of Gaelic in general, may be found in Stewart's Elements of Gaelic Grammar. Some of his less objectionable innovations, too, are derived from the same source, "Gathelus" not only borrows the Doctor's ideas, but, in some instances, his very examples, the *ipsissima verba*. We are aware, that although this may detract from the pretensions of "Gathelus," it will not detract from the force of his arguments. He quotes the Doctor when it suits his purpose; we shall quote him, too, when it suits ours. After remarking that a learned correspondent had proposed to write the linguals *l*, *n*, *r*, double, when as initials they denote the same sound as they have at the end of a syllable, and when the sound is otherwise, to write them single, as *llamh* (hand), *llion* (fill), *mo lamh* (my hand), *lion mi* (I filled); the Doctor adds, "It is perhaps too late, however, to urge now even so slight an alteration as this in the orthography of the Gaelic, which ought rather to be held as fixed, beyond the reach of innovation, by the happy diffusion of the Gaelic Scriptures over the Highlands" (*vide* Elements of Gaelic Grammar, page 31).

There appears to me to be an inaccuracy in a rule of Dr Stewart's, at page 171 of his Grammar, where he says, "Proper names of the masculine gender are in the aspirated form, as *Brathair Dhonuill* (Donald's brother), &c., except when a final and initial lingual meet, as *Clann Donuill* (Donald's descendants), *Beinn Deirg* (Dargo's hill)." Now, there are actually a final and an initial lingual meeting in the very first example under the general rule, and yet contrary to the exception immediately following, we have *Dhonuill* in the aspirated form. I take it that this acute grammarian has been led into this inaccuracy by attending more to euphony, than to the relative meaning of the terms. The translators of the Bible have not always written in conformity with this exception. They write *Dan-Sholaimh*, *Clann Dhe*, Rom., viii. 16, and in Genesis, chap. xxxvi, we find *Clann Shobail*, *Clann Dhisain*, *Asal Shibeoin*. In the first chapter of Genesis, verse 2, we find *Spiorad De'*, and in Numbers, xxiv., 2, *Spiorad Dhe'*. I take it that the rule would be better wanting the exception. In the dialect to which I have been most accustomed, the aspirated form of masculine proper names is always used. We find *aros De'* and *uan De'*, but this is perhaps only the colloquial or cursory pronunciation, and ought not to be followed in writing. At any event, I have been taught to make a distinction betwixt *Clann-Domhnuil*, the patronymic, and *Clann Dhomhnuil* (Donald's children), better marked

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than a mere hyphen. Surely no Highlander would say *leabhar Samueil.* nor *clann Seumais. Clann-Domhnuil* is a compound substantive, conveying one complex idea, and to me the subjunctive term seems to be but an irregular form of the noun, as in Latin we have *pater familias.* Although in parsing this compound noun we should call it the nominative, yet I do not insist that the subjunctive part of the noun is the nominative. I would also make a distinction between *Beinn Deirg** and *Beinn Dheirg.* The former, in my apprehension, denotes a hill named after Dargo, the latter, a hill (the property) of Dargo. I distinguish in the same way betwixt *eolas Dhe* and *eolas De'*—the former denoting the knowledge of God, or the attribute of knowledge possessed by the Deity; the latter signifying the knowledge we possess concerning God. If I am wrong here, I will bear correction. If the inaccuracy commented on be really an inaccuracy, it is but like a spot on the sun, and I noticed it merely to prevent my being knocked down by the club of "Gathelus," when the authority of Dr Stewart gives weight to it.

Were it only to save this one work of Dr Stewart's alone, which, for philological acumen, would do honour to any country, I would resist the innovations of "Gathelus," because they would render it obsolete. Whether good or bad, the orthography of Gaelic is now so closely interwoven with the dearest and purest and holiest associations in the minds of the simple Highlanders, that they would look upon any innovation upon it as an adulteration of the Fountain of Life, if not a prelude to the introduction of Popery; and even such of them as are above the reach of those fears, cannot but deprecate any attempt to mar the beauty and excellence of the present classic version of the Gaelic Scriptures, unless they are destitute of taste to relish its beauty, and of judgment to appreciate its excellence.

The variety of orthographies to be found in our dictionaries is ascribed to the rule of correspondents. We would rather ascribe it to the difference of dialects, the diversity of pronunciation, and the want of a standard. As long as the language continued to want a standard "to settle its orthography," everybody spelt and wrote his vocables the best way he could. In doing this, such as knew something of the "Philosophy of Languages," as well as the "philosophy of common sense," would pay some regard to derivation and etymology, while others, like "Gathelus," would care for nothing but "sound." Those different orthographies would, of course, be found in the books and manuscripts of the language, and unless the lexicographers rejected the orthography of their predecessors altogether, and invented a new system, we cannot see how, in compiling a dictionary, they could avoid noticing them. The different forms of the word *Bogsa* have been exhibited with great parade, but I assure you the lexicographers have not enumerated all its forms. In a large district of the Highlands it is pronounced as if written *Būcŭs.*

I must here defend the lexicographers. Suppose that I am a learner, and that in some Gaelic book, or manuscript, I find the word *Bocsa*, and that I am ignorant of its import. I consult my dictionary, but the word is not there. I, however, find *Bugsa*, but this appears to be a different

* Mons Atlas, Mons Atlantis.

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word altogether, and the dictionary gives me no help whatever. Some friend tells me afterwards that *Bocsa* is equivalent to *Bucas*, it being another form of the same word, occasioned by a difference of dialect. Very well; might I not with reason condemn the lexicographers for noticing only one dialect, when they knew there were many? How difficult it is to please everybody. We had to learn, till now, that it is the business of a lexicographer to invent the orthography of his language!

If "Gathelus" should again complain that I do not touch upon the orthography of Gaelic, my explanation is, that I do not consider myself competent to amend it, that I consider him also incompetent, and that therefore, in the absence of a better advocate, I will defend it. If he persists in his vandalism, I trust that I shall be able to show that his innovations would do no good, but a great deal of mischief, to the language—that they are inexpedient, and futile, and destructive of every principle of etymology. Were I a Saxon, I have no doubt but I would join issue with him. They are Saxons, principally, that give any countenance to his measures, and it is wise in him, therefore, to direct his appeals to them. But seeing as I do, both the inexpediency and the futility of the innovations, however feeble my voice is, I shall lift it up in reprobation of his measures. Where, in the name of all consistency, is there room for complaint against the orthography of a language which children of six or seven years of age learn to read in the space of six or seven months? The only complainants are strangers, or such as preposterously imagine they ought to be able to read a language because they can speak it—although they have never studied it! "Gathelus" says I write too much to be consistent. That may be. I cannot, however, be more inconsistent than himself, and some others of the corps to which he is attached. One of those gentlemen tells us, in one of the reports of the Glasgow Auxiliary Gaelic School Society, "that to acquire the art of reading Gaelic to one who speaks it, is by no means so formidable a task as it is for one who speaks English to learn to read English." That there are several who knew not the alphabet three or four months before, who read the New Testament with ease and precision! Aye, and they instanced a Roman Catholic miracle at Stoney-bridge, in South Uist, where an old man who, though he knew not the alphabet when he entered the threshold of the school, still was able to read the New Testament with considerable fluency in twelve days! Now, this is the testimony of the reformers. A thing must be true when enemies give testimony in favour of it. Yet the very consistent witness who wrote the above says now that "the Gaelic language, in its present state, is as ill to learn as it would be to attempt to rear large crops of wheat on the summit of Ben Nevis." Another sprig of the same fraternity writes, that "we may as well expect to see steamboats plying on the tops of Arthur Seat and Campsie hills as that literature shall flourish in the Highlands under the present system." He says, besides, that he would allow the old Catholic at least twelve months. Really we think the time rather limited, if the account which "Gathelus" gives of himself be not "cunningly devised," in order to serve a purpose. "For my part," says he, "though I have studied the Gaelic with considerable attention for more than twelve years, yet I cannot boast of being able to read the Testament fluently." As great men

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have the privilege of coining not only letters, but also syllables and words, "Gathelus" applies to me the elegant epithet *anserous*, from *anser*, a goose. Query, of the Caithness species? I have seen, of the same species with myself, whole flocks of goslings, some of them not exceeding seven, nay six, years of age, who could read the Gaelic Testament more fluently, and fully as correctly, as they could speak the language. And still "Gathelus," an assiduous student of twelve years application, cannot read the Testament fluently! Notwithstanding this admission, he sets himself up as a professor of Gaelic, and a most erudite grammarian, and treats with most supercilious contempt some of the best Gaelic scholars of the age! May we not address him, then, in his own improved orthography?—

Nach sserrv sso ri eusdachg, na leuhudh, a *Ghateluss*?
'Ssiv dda vliahna dhiag, er lliahudh 'sa scoil agginn,
Snach ddug ssiv luiv a Ghalig, ha passddun* a ttogail leo!
Bi aggiv calll, is nnaire, erson, ssiv vi co ddana,
'S gun churr ssiv ssivhen, arrdd, a varr er an "Tteachgara."
Cidd An nni is danurr',† na bAghara gun Ghalig,
Vi ttegusg dhAn' is ferr na e fenn ann e *spelligudh*?

Highlanders, I am sure, would require a key to the above lines. I am afraid that "Gathelus" himself will quarrel with the orthography. He will please to remember, however, that he accounts me but a goose, and that I have not as yet been twelve years in his school. I have, to the best of my ability, followed his prescription of using as few modifying vowels as possible—of substituting double consonants in their room, and also writing them in other places where the orthography required it. I have substituted *v* for *bh*, and inverted *v* (ʌ) for *ao*. I have written the aspirated linguals *l* and *s* double, and murdered the etymology of the verbs, and what more could he desire? He will, of course, consider the hermaphrodite at the end a beauty.

We are told that "it would be desirable to have the Gaelic lying in state, with a more pleasing expression of countenance than distinguished it in life." This, at least, is contrary to the natural course of things. Death does change the countenance, certainly, but seldom for the better. It is certain that the agonies of death would not so much distort the features of the Gaelic as the orthography at present forced upon it. And if it be true that the Gaelic is already in a galloping consumption, should we not account it a useless waste of trouble and expense to put our most eminent mantua-makers and knights of the needle in requisition to fit out the corpse of our mother-tongue in a more fashionable attire than she ever wore in the days of her pride, when she stood before kings, and was "a mouth" to kings' councillors!

"Gathelus" may vaunt of his disinterestedness, and ascribe to others by *inuendo* motives, by which they are not actuated, but he would draw largely indeed upon our credulity if he requires us to believe that he cherishes a more enthusiastic regard for the Gaelic, and for those that speak it, than does the man whom he delights to dishonour. If "Gathelus" was truly the friend of Gaelic, he would love those who

* *Forsan, pasjun* † *Auctore, Mr J. M——*

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befriend Gaelic, and, instead of holding them forth to public scorn, he would throw the cloak of charity over their blemishes. We believe that the enthusiasm that could move an individual or two to compile a dictionary, and one of them to commence, and carry on with no ordinary spirit, a periodical work in a despised, disused, and almost dead language, shall neither be damped nor extinguished by the spittings of envy. And we have reason to believe that if ever Gaelic literature shall flourish in the Highlands, the memory of *Iormad Og* shall not be forgotten; but that his name shall be pointed at as one of the stars that first shed a benign influence upon it, when the memory of some of his opponents (at least as Gaelic scholars) shall rot, and their new light be extinguished like the flickering flame of the will-o'-the-wisp.

A HIGHLANDER.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I send you a new line-for-line translation of "Conlaoch 'us Guhona." While endeavouring to make the verse run easy and readable, I have strictly preserved every important idea in the original. I have written *G*uhona, instead of Macpherson's and Clerk's *C*uhona, as being more truly representative of the origin of the word. The substitution of C for G (and also for P), is a well known Celtic preference, which plays a most important part in Celtic Philology. In this fragmentary poem there is to be found as much internal evidence of the eldership of the Gaelic version over the English as should satisfy any fair-minded critic; else Macpherson was the veriest incarnation of imposture, and the most impudent and deliberate concocter of falsehood, that ever handled a pen. I am of opinion that the composition of the Gaelic from the English should be to Macpherson, or to any other, a far more difficult task than the prior composition of the English itself. The poem, it will be observed, bears some resemblance to the 28th Ode of the First Book of the Odes of Horace, where Archytas implores the passing sailor to sprinkle a handful of dust on his bones and unburied head:—

"At tu, nauta, vagae ne parce malignus arenae,
Ostibus et capiti inhumato,
Particulam dare."

The crime of neglecting to do this was an unpardonable one, while the pious duty could be done with little trouble:—

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. . . . "Precibus non linquar inultis,
Icque piacula nulla resolvent.
Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit,
Injecto ter pulvere, curras."

In the following poem Conloch, Toscar, and Ferguth, who seem to have fallen by mutual wounds—although that is not expressly stated in the poem—along with Guhona, who died of grief, visit Ossian in dreams, imploring him to send the "race of Selma" to do the last kindly office for them, and to raise their fame in song.

It contains many beautiful and striking passages, but is evidently unfinished and disjointed. The solemn and sombre character of the poem have induced me to adopt the common heroic couplet, and to avoid connecting a line in rhyme with another which contains a totally different idea. I have in two or three instances bracketed three lines under one rhyme. This is very common in Dryden. Any one who may undertake a new (and needed) translation of Ossian should remember how Gaelic poetry is read. We dwell on the vowels and glide quickly over the consonants, so that we read it with far more energy and vivacity than English poetry. I am inclined to think the following measure, which I have used in short extracts from "Fingal" and "Temora," is as suitable as any. As in "Fingal," Duan IV.:—

"'Midst the brave of his army shone Fingal,
As a flash that illumines the skies,
While his heroes around him commingle,
He spoke to his host in this wise:—
'Come lift ye my banners on high!
On the mountains of Lena careering,
Like a flame from the hill-top to sky,
Let them sound on the breezes of Erin.
Great race of the turbulent rivers,
That roar from their numberless vales,
Come list me, invincible heroes!
Thou Gaul! in the fight who prevails,'" &c.

—I am, SIR, yours, &c.,

ÆNEAS PAULUS.

CONLOCH AND GUHONA.

Ossian—Is it a living voice that Ossian hears?
Or spirit-summons from the other years?
The days of battle o'er my soul prevail,
Like sun in even in the purple vale;
Again the clamours of the chase I hear,
Again in thought I wield the deadly spear.
I sure have heard a voice—what art thou hight,
That cometh dusky on the wings of night?

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The coward race sleep in their darksome pall,
The wind is howling in their lightless hall.
The shield of Fingal, with a hollow sound,
Answers the breeze that whispers on the mound;
The bossy shield that hangs upon my walls,
On which my hand in gentle fondness falls.
I'm not deceived: My warrior friend I hear,
Whose voice hath long been absent from mine ear.
Why swift career upon thy cloudy car,
Thou son of Morni! strong in tide of war?
Dost know the chiefs, thy allies on the field?
Heroic Oscar, stout behind a shield,
Oft stood the hero nigh thee on the heath,
When spears were splintered in the tug of death.

Ghost of Conloch—Doth sleep on gentle Cona's eyelids fall,
Amid the rustling of his windy hall?
And sleepeth Ossian of the mighty arm,
When round his dwelling swells the furious storm?
No grave is seen upon the island lone,
How long our deeds remain unsung, unknown?
High King of Selma of the echoing vale,
How long our wraiths shall float upon the gale?

Ossian—I do not see thee in thy dusky shroud,
That sittest idly on the empty cloud.
Art thou the mist that rolls from Lano's height,
Or lurid lightning on the hill at night?
What airy mantle doth the hero wear?
Of what thy bow upon the ambient air?
Like shadow swift when skies are overcast,
He sped away upon the fleetsome blast.
Harp of the mighty! let me touch thy strings,
That knew the deeds of heroes and of kings;
Upon the mountain, lightsome be thy strain,
Of I-hon belted by the swelling main,
(Ah, let me see my faithful friends again).
I see the heroes on the dark-blue Isle,
With cloudlets floating o'er their heads the while;
The spray-washed cave of I-hon is in sight—
The bending trees upon its mossy height;
Beside its mouth a running rillet raves,
And Toscar bends him o'er the foaming waves,
And dark-browed Ferguth stands in sorrow near,
And far above Guhona sheds the tear.
Is it but the wind that on the waters sweep?
Or do I hear them on their mountain-steep?

Toscar—The night was wild with might of wind and rain,
The heavy oaks were strewn upon the plain,

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And darkly rolled the waters of the deep—
The bending billows roaring in their sweep.
In bright refulgence of a warrior's shield,
The livid lightning of the night revealed—
O, mighty Ferguth of the faultless form!—
The evil wraith that brewed the furious storm.
Silent he stood, and watched the surging seas,
His mantle rustling in the hollow breeze.
I could behold him weeping bitter tears,
All pale and haggard, and of many years;
And thoughts of import rolling in his breast.

Ferguth—It is thy father risen from his rest;
He seeth death impending on his race—
Such was his figure, such his pallid face,
Ere fell great Ronnan in the cloudy chase,
O Erin! of green hills and balmy gales,
Full dear to me and pleasant are thy vales.
Thy mountain-streams in silence roll along,
Upon thy plains the sun is shining strong;
Sweet is thy harp in Selma's lofty halls,
On Cromla's hills thy clear-voiced hunter calls.
We dwell in I-hon where the tempest raves,
In sorrow girt, with death-portending waves—
Foam-crested waves, that leap with awful glee,
Beyond the limits of the sober sea,
Dim mid the night. I shake with heavy fear,
And dread and horror pierce me as a spear.

Toscar—Ah! whither has the soul of battle fled?
O valiant Ferguth of the hoary head!
Oft have I seen, when deathful blows were rife,
Thine eyes aglow with gladness of the strife.
Ah! whither has the soul of battle fled?
Our sires were strangers to a coward dread.
Come view the waste of the extended main,
The winds are hushed to silence by the rain;
The waves still tremble lest the sun may sleep,
Amid the tempests that command the deep.
The boundless limits of the main survey,
The morn is westward with a cloak of grey;
Soon from the east his lamps shall blaze with light,
Full like a hero moving in his might.
I spread my sails with joy unto the breeze,
Where princely Conloch overlooks the seas:
An isle we coasted by the favouring wind,
Where fair Guhona chased the speckled hind.
I saw her shining like the morning rays,
That break in splendour through a cloudy haze,
Her raven locks, like tresses of the night,

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Soft heaved, and fell upon her bosom white;
Forward she leant, and drew the willing string—
Her arm behind her made a lovely ring,
Like snow on Cromla which the winters fling.
White-armèd huntress of the desert isle,
Come to my bosom, gather up a smile!
She weeps her hours in sad and countless tears,
Her thoughts on Conloch, first among his peers.
Where is thy lover—where his place of rest?
Thou maid whose locks are heaving round thy breast

Guhona—A frowning cliff o'erhangs the foaming seas,
The moss of age is on the hoary trees—
Where breaking billows never find repose,
And nigh at hand the sunny haunt of roes:
There, there the towers of my lover rise;
The quivered daughters of the chase he spies,
And looks upon them with disdainful eyes.
"Where is Guhona! Rumar's daughter, where?
The maids are silent under gloomy care.
My peace, my lover, dwells on Mora's strand—
O thou who comest from a distant land!

Toscar—Return, Guhona, to thy lover's towers,
Where skilful harps beguile the lightsome hours;
Thy lover, Conloch, is a friend to me,
Within his halls I feasted once with glee.
May gentle gales that blow from Erin's Isle,
Waft thee to Mora and thy lover's smile;
There find sweet love, delightsome to thy soul.
But Toscar's days are darker as they roll—
A lonely cave my agèd form shall shield,
Whence I shall look upon the sun a-field:
A gentle breath is stirring in the trees—
I hear the voice, upon the moaning breeze,
Of fair Guhona, sad and ill at ease—
The maiden's voice is distant from mine ear,
In Conloch's halls, where reigns the festive cheer.

Guhona—What cloud is this that close around me gathers?
Within its skirts that bears my mighty fathers?
Their airy robes are subject to my ken,
Like hoary mists that circle on the Ben.
When, valiant father! shall I yield my breath?
My soul is sorrowful and sad to death.
Would that, my Conloch, once I saw thy face,
Ere death shall fold me in his cold embrace.

Ossian—Thy lover, fair Guhona, comes to thee—
He sweeps across the foamings of the sea,

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His deathful spear seeks Toscar as a bride;
[illegible] blood drips from his wounded side.
[illegible] bellows in the storm,
[illegible] shows his rueful form;
[illegible] Guhona, bring thy tears and sighs,
[illegible] of Mora waxes weak, and—dies.

Dim grows the vision, and forsakes my breast—
The warrior-chiefs have hurried to their rest.
But, O ye Minstrels! of the present years,
Raise Conloch's fame upon your harps with tears.
In lust of manhood did the hero fall,
And sorrow wed with darkness in his hall;
His mother looked, and saw the bloody shield,
The mortal combat of her son revealed;
She knew her hero would return no more—
Her wailful voice is heard on Mora's shore.
Ah, pale Guhona! dost thou find repose,
Beside thy Conloch of the heavy blows?
Night courses upon day, and day on night,
But no kind hand performs the funeral-rite;
The sea-fowls tremble at thy doleful cries,
And showers of tears are falling from thine eyes;
Thy form!—a cloud that seeks the mountain's brow,
Upheaving graceful from the lake below.

Soon from the east the race of Selma came,
And found Guhona like a flickering flame:
The tombs of all, in pitying kindness rear,
And laid Guhona by her lover dear.
Cease! Conloch, cease! nor rouse me [illegible]
The Bards proclaim thee numbe[illegible]
Avoid my dwelling in thy [illegible] Inverness, and the district
That I may slumber w[illegible] most probably proceeded west, to-
Leave me! my frien[illegible] apprehended."
Until my footstep[illegible]ighland Note Book," p. 157, says:—"The
With joy I shall tower, are nine feet in thickness. Below is
When mossy ag[illegible]thorn tree, above it are two well-sized rooms,
In cold embra[illegible]uding staircase, and protected by an iron door,
[illegible] fl heavily on its hinges—a memento of departed
[illegible]nt, arched, is above the former, and a fourth,
[illegible] is at the top. In the latter the grieve, or steward,
[illegible], and when he wanted to assemble the people to
[illegible] from the leads of the Castle. *Lord Lovat, in his*
and concealments after the Forty-five, stopped some
roof of this tower."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—*Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*
[illegible] avoidably crushed out, but i[illegible]
and Islands of Scotland," [illegible]ly,
in our next. The series o[illegible]
articles, the next two—III.

TORQUIL.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—As a small contribution in acknowledgment of the excellence of your Magazine, I beg to send you a translation into English verse of Duncan Ban Macintyre's "*Marbhrann air do chu a chaidh a bhathadh 'sa mhaigheach tarsuinn 'na bheul,*" or Elegy on a dog that was drowned by falling into a pool as he was carrying back to his master a hare which he had just caught and killed. It is an interesting composition of its class, and not without much merit, though by no means equal to Macdonald's celebrated Elegy on his Pet Dove, an English version of which I recently sent to the *Scotsman*.

One very curious thing in connection with the frequent references to dogs which occur in the old Fingalian ballads, as well as in more modern Gaelic compositions, is this:—The shape, the speed, the strength, the endurance of the dog, are largely and enthusiastically dwelt upon. He can, unaided, kill the stag in his native wilds, and the nimble-footed roe buck in his birchen copse, and so far well; but when this is said, his merits are not yet half told. He can also catch and kill the hare; he is great with badger, otter, and fox, and when the wild boar abounded, he could attack and master him too. The hunting-dog of Gaelic song, in short, was a "Jack of all trades"—nothing came amiss to him. He seems to have been used in the pursuit of the commonest vermin, as well as in the chase of the lordly stag. The modern deer-hound is kept for deer alone, and, as a rule, is useless for any other purpose. It is said to be the lineal descendant of the old Fingalian hound of Scotland and Ireland; why should it have lost the many other accomplishments, besides stag-hunting, which, according to the ballads, characterised the old breed? A very interesting paper, for which I may some day find leisure, might [illegible] history of the Ossianic poems, and the old heroic

A lonely cave—
Whence I shall lo—
A gentle breath is stirri—
I hear the voice, upon the n—
Of fair Guhona, sad and ill at
The maiden's voice is distant fr—
In Conloch's halls, where reigns

ALEX. STEWART.

Guhona—What cloud is this that
Within its skirts that bears my mig
Their airy robes are subject to my ke

DROWNED.
INTYRE.

Like hoary mists that circle on the Be
When, valiant father! shall I yield m
My soul is sorrowful and sad to death.
Would that, my Conloch, once I saw t
Ere death shall fold me in his cold em

Ossian—Thy lover, fair Guhona, con
He sweeps across the foamings of the se

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Such a dog was my dog—shaggy-coated and rough,
Steel-sinewed, bold aspected, keen;
Built up to his form, tight and tough,
In each contest the victor, I ween.
The stag from the wilds he could bring,
The roe-buck from out the green glade;
The forest was still his delight,
Whence he never returned unrepaid.

Nor in stag's-chase alone was his fame,
'Mid the wilds of the moorlands and rocks,
Full well could he tackle the badger,
The sharp-biting otter and fox!
He held in his mouth the dead hare,
As he slipped in the treacherous pool:
My good dog was drowned—can you blame my despair,
O! night of my sorrow and dool!

A. S.

CAWDOR CASTLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Sir,—The Editor of the *Inverness Courier*, of May the 31st, in reviewing the *Celtic Magazine* for June, containing "Notes on Cawdor Castle," says:—"The writer of the Notes on Cawdor is in error, we suspect, in stating that Lord Lovat of the '45 was concealed in the roof of the Castle after the Battle of Culloden. On the day of the battle Lord Lovat was at Gortuleg, the residence of Mr Fraser, his factor, and he is not likely to have turned for safety towards Inverness, and the district occupied by the English forces. He most probably proceeded west, towards Loch Morar, where he was apprehended."

Dr Carruthers, in his "Highland Note Book," p. 157, says:—"The walls of the original fort, or tower, are nine feet in thickness. Below is the dungeon with its hawthorn tree, above it are two well-sized rooms, reached by a narrow winding staircase, and protected by an iron door, which grates gloomily and heavily on its hinges—a memento of departed times; a third apartment, arched, is above the former, and a fourth, called the 'cape house,' is at the top. In the latter the grieve, or steward, used formerly to sleep, and when he wanted to assemble the people to work, he blew a horn from the leads of the Castle. *Lord Lovat, in his miserable wanderings and concealments after the Forty-five, stopped some time in a hole on the roof of this tower.*"

Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

—I am, Sir, yours truly,

TORQUIL.

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THE LAST SCENES OF FLORA MACDONALD'S LIFE, WITH A VARIETY OF COLLATERAL INCIDENTS.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A.

—o—

[Concluded.]

Unfortunately for Flora and her family, on their arrival in the New World, the American war was about its commencement, and young Kingsburgh soon became involved in its troubles. In 1775 Governor Martin determined to raise among the Scotch Highlanders a body of men to be sent to Boston, and mustered them into the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, the better to enable General Gage to look down all opposition in that quarter. Seeing the distinction and honour which all classes of Highlanders awarded to Flora and her husband, Kingsburgh, the crafty Governor resolved to invest him with the chief command, and, accordingly, granted him the commission of Brigadier-General, an honour which was a deep source of grief to Flora.

"In order to assemble the Scotch," says an American writer, "balls were given in different parts of the Settlement, some of which Flora attended, with her daughter, Mrs Major Macleod, and her younger daughter, Fanny. Upon these occasions, Anne and Fanny reigned supreme, and bore off the honours of the ball-room."

Early in January 1776, Allan Macdonald purchased a tract of land from Caleb Touchstone, on the borders of Richmond and Montgomery Counties, and named the place Killiegray. While at this residence, a severe typhus fever attacked the younger members of the family, by which two of Flora's children died, a boy and a girl, aged respectively 11 and 13. To add to the mother's grief, her husband was absent at his official duties, and was not permitted even to attend the funeral of his beloved children. The present owner of Killiegray is said to have fenced in the graves of these children, to preserve the spot sacred to the memory of Flora's offspring.

When the royal banner was unfurled at Cross Creek in 1776, and the loyalist army marched towards Brunswick, under the command of General Donald Macdonald, Allan Kingsburgh had his own duties allotted to him as Brigadier-General. Flora, with the due devotion of an affectionate wife, followed her husband for many days, and encamped one night with him in a dangerous place, on the brow of Haymount, near the Arsenal of the United States. Flora, for a time, would not listen to her husband's earnest entreaties that she should return home, as his own life was enough to be in jeopardy, should hers be spared. Next morning, however, when the army took up its line of march, midst banners streaming in the breeze, and martial music floating on the air, Flora deemed it high time to retrace her steps. She affectionately embraced her husband, and her eyes were dimmed with tears as she breathed to heaven a fervent prayer for his safe and speedy return to his family and home. But alas! she

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never saw her husband again in America. Who can conceive the many anxious days and sleepless nights that the spirited Flora passed in these turbulent and bloody times? afraid that every [illegible] arrival was a messenger to announce the death of her gallant husband. Still calm, peaceful, and resigned [illegible] yet the heart was sad. The revolutions around her were rapid, the plots and intrigues of the enemy so various, that she could not resist the fear of danger to him on whom her happiness, in a strange land, depended. Each passing day placed her in a position where the mind hovered between hope and fear. Her prayers and aspirations were silently directed to that Merciful Being, in whose hands are the issues of peace and war, and in Him alone she placed her confidence and trust!

The defeat of the loyalist army, and the capture of her husband at Moore's Creek, struck a knell of woe to the heart of Flora. The officers were arrested and imprisoned, and Kingsburgh was committed to Halifax Jail. Flora had now but few of her family to comfort her. Her five sons were absent, and engaged in the service of their country. Her daughter Annie, Major Macleod's wife, was settled in a house of her own, and her daughter Fanny, still in precarious health, from the dregs of the fever, was too young to sympathise with a mother in deep distress. Such an accumulation of harrowing visitations could not help pressing severely upon the mind of this superior woman. After many and various difficulties with the scouts of the enemy, she resolved, on the recommendation of her imprisoned husband, to return, if possible, to her native country. She happened, at a social party of friends, to get into favour with Capt. Ingram, an American officer, who promised to do his best to forward her views. Some little time thereafter he furnished her with a passport to Fayetteville and Wilmington. Thence she made her way to Charleston, from which port she sailed, in 1779, to her native land, leaving her husband still a prisoner in Halifax jail. This step she took at the entreaty of her husband, whom she was not permitted to visit, and for the benefit of her daughter Fanny's health. In crossing the Atlantic, with none of her family but Fanny (for her five sons and son-in-law were actively engaged in the prevailing war), the gallant Flora met with the last of her adventures. The vessel in which she sailed was met by a French privateer, and a smart action took place. During the engagement Flora refused to take shelter below, but prominently appeared on deck, where, with her wonted magnanimity, she inspired the mariners with courage, and assured them of success. Unfortunately her left arm was broken in the conflict, and she was accustomed to say that she had fought for the House of Stuart and for the House of Hanover, but had been worsted each time!

Flora had seven children—five sons and two daughters—besides three who died. All her sons were officers who distinguished themselves in the service of their king and country. Charles, the eldest, was a captain in the Queen's Rangers, and was a very accomplished man. Alexander, the second son, was an officer in the naval service, and was lost at sea. Ranold, the third son, was a captain of marines, and of high professional character. James, the fourth son, served in the Tarlton British Legion, and was a brave officer. John, the fifth surviving son, was a lieutenant-

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colonel, and had a numerous family. Flora's daughters, on the other hand, became the wives of officers. Anne, as has been said, was the wife of Major-General Alex. Macleod. Her second daughter, Fanny, was married to Lieutenant Donald Macdonald, of Cuiderach, in Skye. Of Flora's interesting family none is now alive.

After Flora's return from America to her native country, having been absent for about five years, she kept up a considerable correspondence with friends in different quarters of the kingdom. Two of her letters, written in 1780 and 1782, are preserved in the Jacobite Memoirs. These letters were penned whilst her husband was still in Halifax prison, and her sons still engaged in the service of their country. She was then about sixty years of age. The letters are valuable, as they show that she was an accomplished woman, an affectionate mother, and a devoted wife. They show further, that the source of her cheerful temper and serenity of mind was a steadfast, well-grounded faith in the goodness and mercy of that great Being whom she served, and was willing to trust in all the affairs of life.

The two letters alluded to were addressed to the lady of the late Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie of Delvine, near Dunkeld. This lady paid great attention to Flora's son Alexander, when a boy, and who lived for nearly three years with the kind family at Delvine, where he was treated as if he had been one of their own children.

The letters were in the following terms:—

DUNVEGAN, SKYE, 24th July 1780.

DEAR MADAM,—I arrived at Inverness the third day after parting with you, in good health, and without any accidents, which I always dread. My young squire continued always very obliging and attentive to me. I staid at Inverness for three days. I had the good luck to meet with a female companion from that to Skye. I was the fourth day, with great difficulty, at Rasay, for my hands being so pained with the riding.

I have arrived here a few days ago with my young daughter, who promises to be a stout Highland "Caileag," quite overgrown of her age. Nanny and her family are well. Her husband was not sailed the last account she had from him.

I have the pleasure to inform you, upon my arrival here, that I had two letters from my husband, the latter dated 10th May. He was then in very good health, and informs me that my son Charles has got the command of a troop of horse in Lord Cathcart's regiment; but alas! I have heard nothing since I left you about my son Sandy, which, you may be sure, gives me great uneasiness. But I still hope for the best.

By public and private news, I hope we will soon have peace re-established, to our great satisfaction, which, as it's a thing long expected and wished for, will be for the utility of the whole nation—especially to poor me, that has my all engaged. Fond to hear news, and yet afraid to get it.

I wait here till a favourable opportunity for the Long Island shall offer itself. As I am upon all occasions under the greatest obligations to you, should you get a letter from my son Johnie sooner than I would get

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one from him, you would very much oblige me by dropping me a few lines communicating to me the most material part of his letter.

I hope you and the ladies of your family will always accept of my kindest respects, and I ever am, with esteem,

Dear Madam, your affectionate, humble servant,

FLORA MACDONALD.

P.S.—Please direct to me, to Mrs Macdonald, late of Kingsborrow, South Uist, by Dunvegan.

To Mrs Mackenzie of Delvine, by Dunkeld.

MILTON, 3d July 1782.

DEAR MADAM,—I received your agreeable favour a fortnight ago, and I am happy to find that your health is not worse than when I left you. I return you my most sincere thanks for your being so mindful of me as to send me the agreeable news about Johny's arrival, which relieved me of a great deal of distress, as that was the first accounts I had of him since he sailed. I think, poor man, he has been very lucky for getting into bread so soon after landing. I had a letter from John which, I suppose, came by the same conveyance with yours. I am told by others that it will be in his power now to show his talents, as being in the engineer department. He speaks feelingly of the advantages he got in his youth, and the good example show'd him, which I hope will keep him from doing anything that is either sinful or shameful.

I received a letter from Captain Macdonald, my husband, dated from Halifax, the 12th Nov. '82. He was then recovering his health, but had been very tender for some time before. My son, Charles, is captain in the British Legion, and James a lieutenant in the same. They are both in New York. Ranold is captain of Marines, and was with Rodney at the taking of St Eustatia. As for my son Sandy, who was amissing, I had accounts of his being carried to Lisbon, but nothing certain, which I look upon, on the whole, as a hearsay; but the kindness of Providence is still to be looked upon, as I have no reason to complain, as God has been pleased to spare his father and the rest. I am now at my brother's house, on my way to Sky, to attend my daughter, who is to ly-in in August. They are all in health at present. As for my health at present, it's tolerable, considering my anxious mind and distress of times.

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to hear such good accounts of young Mr Mackenzie. No doubt he has a great debt to pay who represents his worthy and amiable uncle. I hope you will be so good as remember me to your female companions. I do not despair of the pleasure of seeing you once more, if peace was restored; and I am, dear Madam, with respect and esteem, your affectionate friend,

FLORA MACDONALD.

Eventually, after the peace was restored, Flora's husband was liberated from Halifax jail, and made as little delay as possible in returning to Skye, as captain under half-pay. On his arrival at Portree he was met by his affectionate wife, and a numerous party of friends, to welcome him. He made no delay in reaching the mansion of Kingsburgh, which, during

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his absence in America, was left open for his return. [illegible] years Flora and her husband lived [illegible] residence, until [illegible] of each other. On [illegible] parted this life. She died after a short illness, nearly two years before husband. The gallant lady retained to the last that vivacity of [illegible] and that amiableness of disposition, by which she was all her [illegible] distinguished.

Flora's death did not take place at her own residence at Kingsburgh, but at Peinduin, a friend's house on the sea coast, about three miles north of Kingsburgh. She went, in her usual health, to pay a friendly visit to the family at Peinduin, where she was taken suddenly ill with an inflammatory complaint, which yielded not to all the medical skill available at the time. She possessed all her mental faculties to the very last, and calmly departed in the presence of her husband and two daughters. Such, then, were the latter scenes of the personal history of this distinguished and noble-minded woman, and such her romantic adventures in assisting Prince Charles Edward to effect his escape. To read the accounts of her generous and devoted attachment to the lost cause of the last representative of Scotland's ancient kings, is more like the creation of fiction than a tale of sad reality. After all her adventures she now sleeps calmly by the side of him whom in life she honoured with her heart, and on whom, for about forty years, she had lavished all the wealth, and all the generous impulses of a truly noble and loving heart. And even still her character and virtues lead hundreds from all quarters of the kingdom to her lonely shrine, where they can silently muse upon her goodness, and emphatically realise the poet's estimate of woman :—

> "Honoured be woman, she beams on our sight,
> Graceful and fair, like a being of light,
> She scatters around her, wherever she strays,
> Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered ways—
> Roses of Paradise sent from above,
> To be gathered and twined in a garland of love."

Flora's remains were shrouded in one of the sheets in which the Prince had slept at the mansion of Kingsburgh. With this sheet she never parted in all her travels. It was religiously and faithfully preserved by her in North Carolina, during the Revolutionary War. She had this relic in safe keeping even when her own person was in danger. At length the purpose which she intended by it was accomplished, when all that was mortal of the immortal Flora was wrapt in it by her sorrowful family. Her remains were conveyed under shade of night from Peinduin to Kingsburgh. The coffin was carried shoulder-high by a party of stalwart youths procured for the purpose. One of the party was old John Macdonald, who died at Edinburgh in 1835, in the house of his son, Donald Macdonald, pipe maker to the Highland Society of Scotland. Old John related to me very minutely the adventures of that night. The aged man's portrait was lately exhibited in the shop window of Cornelius Wilson, near the railway station here. He described the storm of that

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night as dreadful! It was pitch-dark, except when the frequent flashes of lightning spread a momentary gleam over the scene. The thunder rolled with terrific peals, and the rain fell in crushing torrents. It would seem as if the ghosts and hobgoblins had left their dark abodes to take a "dander" abroad that night, and to lash up the elements into a perfect fury! At that time there were no roads and no bridges in Skye, which is now so well supplied with both. When the anxious party had arrived at the river of "Hinisdale," about half their journey, the stream was swollen to an enormous height, from bank to bank. The usual ford was impracticable, while higher up was, if possible, worse. Some proposed to return, while others objected, stating that she whose corpse they carried did never, when alive, flinch from any duty which she had undertaken, neither would they flinch from performing their last duties to her mortal remains. After due consultation, it was agreed to attempt crossing by the strand near the sea beach, which they fortunately effected in safety. Shortly thereafter they reached the mansion of Kingsburgh, where the body lay in state for nearly a week.

At length the funeral day arrived. The procession started at an early hour, as the distance between Kingsburgh and the place of burial was about sixteen miles. The body was interred in the churchyard of Kilmuir, in the north end of Skye, within a square piece of coarse wall, erected in 1776, to enclose the tombs of the Kingsburgh family. This spot is about a mile and a half from the rock called "Gailico," near Monkstadt, on which the Prince landed in Skye from the Long Island. The funeral cortege was immense—more than a mile in length—and consisting of several thousands of every rank and class in Skye and the adjacent isles. It is well known that Flora's marriage and funeral, between which there was an interval of forty years, were the most numerously attended of any of which there is any record, as having taken place in the Western Isles. Notwithstanding the vast assemblage present at the funeral, all were liberally supplied with every variety of refreshment. Of genuine "mountain dew" alone upwards of three hundred gallons were served out. About a dozen of pipers from the Maccrimmon and Macarthur colleges in Skye, and from other quarters, simultaneously played the "Coronach," or the usual melancholy lament for departed greatness.

In reflecting on the career of this distinguished lady it must, no doubt, have been consonant with her own feelings to have spent her latter years, and breathed her last moments, in that romantic isle where she had found shelter for her wandering Prince, and where she had passed so many of her juvenile years, in the enjoyment of its sublime scenery.

The incidents in the life of this excellent woman are all exceedingly interesting, but are so numerous that they cannot be embraced in these papers. Enough, however, has been said to show that it is from characters such as hers that we have living examples of that self-denying heroism, in perils and privations, that shed a glory over the fidelity and devotedness of the female heart.

Tried even by the highest test of these noble virtues, the memory of Flora richly deserves to be kept fresh and green over the length and

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breadth of the United Kingdom. It can hardly be credited that the dust of one so greatly distinguished should have been allowed to moulder for nearly half a century, without even a rude flag to mark out her last resting place. It is true that a thin marble slab, set in a freestone frame, was provided upwards of forty years ago, by her son, Colonel John Macdonald, at Exeter, but it was broken, or rather severely cracked, in landing it from a vessel on the sea-beach. It was set up in that fragile state beside her grave, but in a few months every fragment of it was carried away by tourists, anxious to have some relic of Flora. The inscription on the slab was as follows:—"In the family mausoleum at Kilmuir lie interred the remains of the following members of the Kingsburgh family, viz.:—Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, his son Allan, his sons Charles and James, his son John, and two daughters; and of Flora Macdonald, who died in March 1790, aged 68—a name that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. She was a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence." So wrote Johnson.

Such was the confused inscription upon the broken marble slab already alluded to. The composition of it does not forcibly indicate that the schoolmaster was then abroad. In 1834 Flora's grave was opened for the interment of her daughter Anne, Mrs Major-General Macleod, and even then, after the lapse of forty-four years, several of her bones were quite entire.

A few years ago a costly monument, with a variety of appropriate inscriptions, was prepared in Inverness for the tomb of our gallant heroine. It was in the form of an Iona cross—a beautiful, solid monolith of Aberdeen granite, twenty-eight feet high, and the design of Alexander Ross, Esq., architect, in this town. The cost was defrayed by public subscriptions, kindly received and cared for by the gentlemen connected with the *Inverness Courier*. The cross, which was of a ponderous weight, was safely conveyed by a steamer from Inverness to Skye, and erected on a suitable pedestal over Flora's grave. Most unfortunately, however, the party by whom it was erected in the churchyard of Kilmuir had not calculated on danger from the very exposed site of this beautiful piece of workmanship, executed by Mr Forsyth, late stone-cutter, of this town, and evidently had not sufficiently secured the monolith on its pedestal. A severe storm arose, which upset the monument and broke it in two pieces! Thus, the only real and substantial memorial reared in honour of this celebrated woman, has proved abortive; and what would have been a conspicuous object for centuries to come, has been ruined through the misapprehension of such as ought to have known better. But, be that as it may, it is fortunate that, should neither sculptural urn nor animated bust be at all reared to the memory of our heroine—that should neither polished granite nor smooth marble ever direct the traveller to her grassy bed, her own unflinching fidelity, and genuine natural virtues, will in all time to come secure for her a more durable monument than the perishable materials of time could possibly ever furnish.

The conduct of Flora Macdonald, alike gallant and romantic, has given rise to various poetical effusions, both in Gaelic and English. One

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of the most pleasing of these is from the pen of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. It is entitled "Flora Macdonald's Lament." The poem, although purely imaginary, immortalises our heroine's parting with the Prince at Portree, and causes her to breathe a strain of fervent patriotism in the following strain :—

Far over yon hills of the heather sae green,
And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her ee.
She looked at a boat in the breezes that swung,
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main,
And aye as it lessened she sighed and she sung—
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young,
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

The muircock that crows on the brow of Ben Connel,
He kens of his bed in a sweet, mossy hame,
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ranald,
Unawed and undaunted his eyrie can claim.
The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shore,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
But ah! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he—
The conflict is past, and our name is no more—
There's naught left but sorrow for Scotland and me!

The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave—
The claymore forever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave.
The hoof of the horse and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnets of blue;
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
While tyranny revell'd in blood o the true?
Farewell to my hero, the gallant and good,
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.

The unfortunate Prince, even under the depression of his latter days, never mentioned the name of his fair protectress but in terms of the highest respect and admiration. One of our most distinguished Scottish poets has beautifully described the supposed feelings of the Prince when reflecting, in after-life, upon the services of Flora Macdonald; and his words are so pleasing that no apology is required for quoting them as a conclusion to this paper. Professor Aytoun, therefore, made the Prince to say:—

Backwards, backwards, let me wander,
To the noble Northern land;
Let me feel the breezes blowing,
Fresh along the mountain side—
Let me see the purple heather,
Let me hear the thundering tide,
Be it hoarse as Corrievreckan,
Spouting when the storm is high—
Give me but one hour of Scotland,
Let me see it ere I die.
Oh! my heart is sick and heavy,
Southern gales are not for me—
Though the glens are white with winter,
Place me there, and set me free.
Give me back my trusty comrades,
Give me back my Highland Maid—
Nowhere beats the heart so kindly,
As beneath the tartan plaid.
Flora! when thou wert beside me,
In the wilds of far Kintail,
When the cavern gave us shelter,
From the blinding sleet and hail,
When we lurked within the thicket,
And beneath the waning moon,
Saw the sentry's bayonet glimmer,
Heard him chaunt his listless tune;
When the howling storm o'ertook us—
Drifting down the island's lee—
And our crazy berk was whirling,
Like a nutshell on the sea;
When the nights were dark and dreary,
And amidst the fern we lay,
Faint and foodless, sore with travel,
Waiting for the streaks of day—
When thou wert an angel to me,
Watching my exhausted sleep,
Never did'st thou hear me murmur—
Could'st thou see how now I weep,
Bitter tears and sobs of anguish,
Unavailing though they be—
Oh! the brave! the brave and noble,
That have died in vain for me!

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ORAN MULAID.

KEY C. *Slow and Plaintive.*

:l	m :-.l :l | l :-.s :l	d' :— :d' | r' :-.l :l	l :— :s | s :—
Tha	mis - e fo mhul - ad san	am, cha'n ol - ar leam	dram le sunad;
:s	m : l :l | l :-.s :l	d' :— :r' | m' :-.r' :d'	t :— :l | l :—
Tha	dur - ag air ghur 'na mo	chail, a dh'fhiosraich do	chaoh mo ruin;
:m'	m' : f' :m' | m' :-.r' :d'	d' :— :d' | r' :-.r' :l	l :— :s | s :—
Cha'n	fhaic mi 'dol seach - ad air	sraid, an cail - in bu	tlaith - e suil,
:s	m : l :l | l :-.s :l	d' :— :r' | m' :-.r' :d'	t :— :l | l :—
'Se	sin a leag m'aigneadh gu	lar, mur dhuilleach bho	bharr nan craobh.

A ghruagach is bach'liche cul, tha mise ga t-iundran mor,
Ma thagh thu deagh aite dhut fein, mo bheannachd gach re ga 'd' choir;
Tha mise ri osnaich 'na d' dheigh, mar ghaisgeach an deis a leon;
Na laidhe san araich gun fheum, 's nach teid anns an t-sreup ni's mo!

'S dh' fhag mi mar iudmhail air treud, mar fhear nach toir speis do mhnaoi,
Do thuras thar chuan fo' bhreid, thug bras shileadh dheur o'm shuil—
B'fhearr nach mothaichinn fein, do mhaise, do cheill, 's do chliu,
No suaicheas milis do bheil, as binne no sais gach ciuil.

Gach aon duin' a chluinneas mo chas, a chuir air mo nadur fiamh;—
A cantain nach eil mi ach bard, 's nach cinnich leam dan is fiach—
Mo sheanair ri paigheadh a mhail, 'as m'athair ri malaid riamh
Chuireadh iad gearaipn an crann, a's ghearain-sa rann ro' chiad.

'S fada tha m' aigne fo ghruaim, cha' mhosgail mo chluais ri ceol,
'M breislich mar anrach a chuain, air bharraibh nan stuadh ri ceo.
'S e iundran t-abhachd bhuam, a chaochail air snuadh mo neoil,
Gun sugradh, gun mhire, gun uaill, gun chaithreamh, gun bhuaidh, gun treoir!

Cha duisgear leam ealaidh air aill', cha chuirear leam dan air deigh,
Cha togar leam fonn air clar, cha chluinnear leam gair nan og,
Cha dirich mi bealach nan ard, le suigeart mar bha mi'n tos,
Ach triallam a chadal gu brath, do thalla nam bard nach beo!

NOTE.—The above song, the composition of William Ross, the Gairloch Bard, is very popular among Highlanders. It is scarcely necessary to add that it is one of several composed by Ross on the same subject. I give the melody as it is sung in the north-west of Ross-shire.—W. M'K.

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THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

—o—

Now that the Gaelic Society has arrived at that position when it can, with honour, celebrate its Centenary, it may be interesting to some of our readers to learn something of its origin and progress during the last hundred years. Its origin may be said to be coeval with that of the Highland Society of London, both having been originated by a band of patriotic Highland gentlemen who were then resident in London. These were twenty-five in number, nineteen of whom knew Gaelic as well as they knew English. Considering that they were first in the field in that movement which has now practically secured us Professors of the Celtic languages in Edinburgh and Oxford Universities, we shall, as a small acknowledgment, record their names for the admiration of Celtic posterity. They were—General Fraser, son of Simon, Lord Lovat, beheaded on Tower Hill after the '45; Campbell, yr. of Glenure; Donald Cameron, George Street, Mansion House; Duncan Stewart, Parliament Street; Charles Mackenzie, New Bond Street; Morrison, Temple; Macdonald, Panton Street; Dr Munro, Jermyn Street; Gunn Munro, Basinghall Street; Macdonald, New Inn; Macnab, Minories; Colin Mackenzie, jun., Bishopsgate Street; George Stewart, James Street, Golden Square; John Fraser of Achnagairn; Captain Macleod, of the *Mansfield*, Indiaman; Archibald Campbell, George Street, York Buildings; and John Mackenzie, of the Temple, who was appointed honorary secretary to the Society, and who was also one of the executors of James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian's Poems.

James Logan, author of the "Scottish Gael," and deputy secretary to the Highland Society of London from 1835 to 1838, in his preface to the Book List of the Gaelic Society, in 1840, states, that "the name of the first coterie was 'The Gaelic Society.' This Society rapidly increased in numbers and respectability. One of their first acts was to obtain the repeal, in 1782, of the repugnant law which made it felony for a Highlander to wear his native dress." The meetings of the Society were held in the "Spring Garden Coffee-house," Charing Cross.

On the termination of the American War of Independence, a large number of Scottish officers returned to London. The Gaelic Society determined to show their appreciation of the bravery displayed by their fellow countrymen during the war, and invited them to a grand dinner, at which the Hon. General Simon Fraser presided over a large and dis-

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tinguished gathering of Highland gentlemen. Some one proposed that they should join the Society as members, and a very large number of them did so. At the first general meeting held after this large and influential acquisition to the Society, in May 1782, the number of southern members who did not understand Gaelic were found to be so numerous that a proposition to change the name of the Society, and give it a more national designation, was adopted. That of "The Highland Society of London" was most in favour, and was finally decided upon. During the next five years no less than five hundred of the first rank and talent of the country, including peers, judges, generals, and admirals, and the other aristocratic ranks, became members of the new Association, and ultimately, the Duke of Sussex became its President for three years—1806-1808. Amidst this galaxy of distinguished men the Gaelic language, originally the language of the Society, was naturally pushed aside, and became "small and still." Thus the title of "Gaelic Society" disappeared, and was not again heard of until 1808, when the Rev. Duncan Robertson, and Mr Donald Currie resuscitated the "Gaelic Society," which continued to meet under that designation until 1816, when it was again overwhelmed by the good intentions of the members allowing visitors, other than Gaelic-speaking men, to come amongst them. It was proposed and carried that gentlemen from *any* part of Scotland should be admitted members; but even then the Gaelic language was the language of the President up to nine o'clock. But after that the "vulgar tongue" was allowed sway, until, on a certain occasion, five of the Gaelic-speaking members proposed to alter the designation to that of "The Club of True Highlanders."

The minority, who opposed the change, anxious to keep up the old custom of conducting their proceedings in their native Gaelic, soon succeeded in re-establishing the Society under the classic name of "The Sons of Morven." Some members of the Highland Society joined the "Sons," notably General Stewart of Garth, General Sir Allan Cameron of Erracht (79th Cameron Highlanders), and General John Macdonald of Dalchoisnie. Among others are found the names of Donald Mackinnon, M.D., Murdo Young, an Invernessian, and subsequently proprietor of the *Sun* newspaper, Dr Andrew Robertson, and other influential gentlemen. As would naturally be expected of a Society with such a classic designation, this coterie pursued a course of a more decided literary nature than its predecessors or contemporaries, subjects of Celtic and Highland interest being regularly debated, while prizes were given and awarded amongst the members for the best essays on Celtic subjects. The hotel in which they met, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, was burnt down,

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when, most unfortunately, their minutes, with a valuable collection of books and MS. translations, were destroyed. This catastrophe, and the departure from London of several members, caused for a time the suspension of regular meetings of the patriotic Society. A remnant of the "Sons," however, kept it from extinction, among whom were—William Menzies, musical manager to Nathaniel Gow; Lewis Macdougall, Donald Currie, and Alexander Mackintosh; and to these four gentlemen we are indebted for the re-institution, in 1830, of the present Gaelic Society of London. Among the most prominent members at this period we find—Alex. Ross, A.M., author of several interesting Gaelic publications; Gilbert Gibson, author of an etymological work; David Murphy, author of an Irish-English Dictionary; Patrick O'Keefe, translator of Irish records; D. Macdonald, author of several Gaelic poems; James Logan, author of the "Scottish Gael;" Robert Ranald MacIan, the painter of "The Highland Clans;" the Rev. John Lees, Henry Fall, William Munro, a pretty extensive contributor to Gaelic publications; D. Macpherson, bookseller, and author of a popular and excellent English translation of "Mairi Laghach;" and last, but not least, the venerable Colin Maccallum, who is still alive, hale and hearty. He joined the Society in 1832, was President for several years, is now its oldest, and one of its best living members, and long may he continue so.

For fifteen years they met in the British Coffee-house, Cockspur Street. The main objects stated in the constitution of the Society, which is before us, in the beautiful handwriting of the late James Logan, in his better days, is "The Cultivation of the Language, of the Music, and of the Literature of the Highlands"—and these were well understood by President Menzies, who was a first-rate musician, an excellent philologist, and of considerable literary culture. In 1840 the Society had accumulated upwards of two hundred and sixty volumes of books on various subjects and in several languages. Forty-five essays had been read. Besides these, the library contains an unique collection of tracts and pamphlets on the state of feeling during the disturbances of 1715 and '45. The Library also contains copy of a petition prepared by the Society, and presented to the House of Commons, *as early as the year* 1835, *in favour of establishing a Professor of the Celtic Languages in the University of ABERDEEN.* The Society presented another petition, in 1839, for the same object, but withdrawing the selection of Aberdeen. This petition was taken charge of by Mr Campbell of Islay, then M.P. for Argyllshire; W. A. Mackinnon, M.P. for Rye; Sir George Sinclair, M.P. for Caithness; Sir George Murray; Donald Maclean, M.P. for the University of Oxford; and others. On its presentation, Mr Spring Rice, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, took exception to its acceptance, on the ground that "petitions for grants of money were inadmissible." On the following afternoon, however, Mr Campbell of Islay obtained the permission of the Chancellor to receive a deputation from the petitioners on the subject of their rejected petition; and James Stewart, Albemarle Street; William Menzies, Golden Square; and John Cameron MacPhee, the present President of the Society, were appointed, and waited on Mr Rice, who listened with commendable patience while each of these gentlemen made their observations on the

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want, in any of our Universities, of a teacher of a language which was used in religious and social life by nearly a fourth part of the whole population of Scotland. He was struck with and expressed his astonishment when informed that the clergymen of Highland parishes had no training in the language in which they expounded the Scriptures to their people, beyond what they picked up from reading, or in general conversation. He then said, addressing Mr Campbell of Islay—"I am so far convinced, that I will recommend the Lords of the Treasury to put down a sovereign for every sovereign you can collect among your own countrymen, as an earnest of their desire for the establishment of a Celtic Chair." The deputation did not consider the proposal unreasonable, but they found themselves unequal to the task of raising a fund among their countrymen at that time, and further efforts were, for a time, given up. The Gaelic Society, however, never lost sight of the subject, and it may be safely asserted that had other Scottish societies exerted themselves with equal public spirit and industry, a Celtic Chair would, long ere this, have been established, at least in the capital of our country. In 1840 the Earl of Aboyne became patron of the Society, and took lessons in Gaelic from D. Macpherson, one of the members, and Gaelic secretary.

Nothing of special interest engaged the attention of the Society during the next seven years, except the alienation of the Gaelic Chapel Fund from its purpose, which we shall afterwards notice, till, in 1847, they took steps, on the suggestion of Alexander Mackintosh, now resident in Canada, to collect subscriptions to alleviate the condition of their countrymen, brought about by the potato famine in the Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland. The same member proposed that a ball should be held in Willis' Rooms. This was done, with the unexpected result of producing £500 after paying all expenses. Captain Lamont, R.N., was treasurer for this fund, while John Cameron Macphee acted as honorary secretary; and to avoid any suspicion of partiality in dispensing aid to the distressed, the money was handed to the Secretary of the Treasury, Sir Charles Trevelyan, for distribution among the most necessitous districts. It was finally, after consultation with the Society, distributed as follows:—The Isle of Skye, £150; other Hebridean Islands, £150; Mull, £80; Ardgour and Lochaber, £100; and Caithness, £20.

The Scottish fetes proposed (1848) by Mr John Boucher, Sergeant's Inn, secretary to the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and at which the Queen, Prince Consort, and suite, as also the leading members of the aristocracy, attended each day, was supported by the Gaelic Society of London. Its representatives on the Committee of Management, William Menzies and John Cameron MacPhee, were appointed judges of the competitions. It was on the proposition of the latter that the Chamber Music of Scotland was represented by ten violin players, and, to secure their attendance, he prevailed upon the committee to allow them £5 each for travelling expenses.

During the next fifteen years we find nothing remarkable to record in the history of the Society; but in 1866, several enthusiastic Celts joined its ranks, many of whom, we are glad to find, still continue to be ardent supporters of our parent Gaelic Society. A new impetus had now been

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given to its proceedings, and to the active measures adopted may be ascribed, as will be seen in the sequel, the present position of our native Gaelic in the estimation of cultivated men at home and abroad. In 1867 Mr Colin Chisholm was elected President, with Mr Donald Macgregor as Vice-President, and two years afterwards steps were taken in a direction which will be deservedly remembered with gratitude by future generations of our Highland countrymen, and shed additional lustre on the memory of those patriotic gentlemen who so efficiently, but unostentatiously, took such an active part in this excellent work.

The first annual supper of the Society was held on the 12th January, 1869*, when letters were read from Professor Blackie, Dr Maclauchlan, and the Rev. William Ross, of Rothesay, strongly advocating a movement in favour of a Celtic Professorship. The President, Mr Colin Chisholm, in an able and powerful speech, proposed "Success to Gaelic Literature, and to the movement for instituting Professors in that ancient language." Mr Donald Macgregor, Vice-President, also supported the proposal, and concluded an eloquent speech as follows:—

"If the Gaelic died out, with it would disappear the characteristics of the Celtic nation, and a vast store-house of traditionary lore, untranslated and unknown to the world; and posterity would ever regret the extinction of this hoary sister of the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Latin—this ancient and expressive garniture, so rich and so graphic in its embodiment of either ideality or reality—a language so important to philologists and men of learning. They, therefore, a little band, like the Spartans of olden time, although for a different, yet not less worthy object, had resolved to fight this battle for a cause that had indisputable claims, not only upon the Gaelic-speaking community, but on every true son of Scotland. He hoped the country at large would support them in this commendable effort. Let them to a man form themselves into a patriotic Scoto-Celtic phalanx, invulnerable against whatsoever may retard their progress in the execution of this duty. They would have to dispel all prejudice, combat every opposition, and storm each difficulty, so as to plant their Gaelic standard inside the redoubts of the Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen."

The writer has elsewhere† given an account of the Society's subsequent proceedings in the following terms:—

"The Gaelic Society (of London) never lost sight of the Celtic Professorship, and in 1869, at one of their monthly meetings, the subject was brought forward, when a committee was nominated to investigate what had been done, and could be done, to awaken the nation for the removal of this stigma on the language of so considerable a portion of the population of Scotland. A proposition was submitted by Mr P. H. Cameron, then English secretary for the Society, and now "S.S.C." in Edinburgh, to address circulars to all the ministers of Highland parishes, and of other denominations throughout the Highlands, asking their views on the desirability of establishing a Celtic Professorship

* See *London Scotsman* of January 16, 1869.

† Introduction to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, vols. iii. and iv.

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in one of the Scottish Universities, and to what extent Gaelic was preached in their respective parishes. The Society adopted the proposal, and the propriety of the steps taken was approved by the Rev. Dr Maclauchlan, in a letter dated 'Edinburgh, 17th January 1870.' The circulars, dated 10th December 1869, with forms of reply, were prepared and despatched (prepaid there and back). The first reply was from the Free Church Manse of Campbelltown, dated 11th January 1870, and signed 'John L. Maclean.' It is important to take particular notice of the dates, to show what progress the Gaelic Society had made before the Council of the University of Edinburgh took any steps in the matter. The circulars were returned in most cases, with detailed information, and the result showed that out of 3395 places of worship of all denominations in Scotland, 461 had Gaelic services once a-day in the following proportions:—Established Church, 235; Free Church, 166; Catholic Chapels, 36; Baptists, 12; Episcopalians, 9; Congregationalists, 3.

"At a general meeting of the Society, held on the third Tuesday of January 1870, further steps were taken to agitate the removal of this flagrant indifference exhibited towards the cherished language of our Highland countrymen. Aware that some of the objects for which the Highland Society of London was instituted were the 'preservation of the Gaelic language,' and 'to establish a Professor of Gaelic in one or more of the Universities of Scotland,' one of the first proposals made at this meeting was to instruct the secretaries 'to draw the attention of the Court of Directors of the Highland Society to the desirability of instituting the Professorship for Gaelic, and suggesting a joint committee of the two Societies (the Highland and the Gaelic) to co-operate for the accomplishment *now* of this too long deferred act of justice to the language.' To this communication Sir Patrick Colquhoun, the hon. secretary, replied under date 3d April 1870:—

'Dear Sirs,—There being no quorum of the Highland Society (the 8th March), the consideration of the Gaelic Professorship question was postponed. This need not, however, prevent you proceeding *independently* of the Highland Society.'

"This unsatisfactory reply was not calculated to cheer the smaller, but far more patriotic, Society, nor was it likely to inspire confidence in the sincerity of ultimate co-operation. At a future meeting it was decided to institute systematic proceedings in the press, and through other public channels, to aid the attainment of this, one of the articles of faith of the Gaelic Society. A consultation at this juncture with the editor of the *London Scotsman*, resulted in the determination to make arrangements to get together such gentlemen as could be influenced, and thus ventilate the subject through members of the London daily press. Three articles on the subject appeared soon after in the *London Scotsman*, from the pen of Professor Blackie. Some time afterwards the following circular, dated 3d May 1870, was received by the Society from Professor Macgregor:—

'Extract from the minutes of meeting of the General Council of the University of Edinburgh, of date 19th April 1870:—The Council re-

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mitted to the following committee to report on the question of establishing a Chair of Celtic Literature.

(Signed) THOMAS GILBERT,
Secretary of General Council.'

"The Gaelic Society supplied the committee, told off by the University Council, with their tabulated statement, and all the other valuable information in their possession."

The steps taken by the Council of the University of Edinburgh during the next few years are already well known, and this is not the proper connection to make any detailed reference to them. In 1874 Professor Blackie inaugurated his crusade at a meeting of the sister Society of Inverness, and in 1875 he found his way to London, when the London Society offered him their hearty co-operation, and entertained him at a public luncheon, under the presidency of that enthusiastic Highland nobleman, the Marquis of Huntly, at which over a hundred gentlemen belonging to the learned professions attended, and not only advocated the original proposal to institute a Chair of the Celtic Languages in the University of Edinburgh, but also in those of Oxford and Dublin. To show their real earnestness in the cause, the Society collected the sum of £250 for the Celtic Chair Fund. In 1871 a deputation from the Society waited upon Lord Advocate Young, requesting him to make provision, in the Education Act for Scotland, for teaching Gaelic in Highland schools. The views of the Society were forcibly urged by Messrs Colin Chisholm, Tolmie, Sutherland, and Forbes. In the same year steps were taken for the restitution of the Gaelic Chapel Fund, originally subscribed to make provision for Gaelic preaching in the Metropolis. This had been regularly provided until, at the Disruption in 1843, the Rev. Mr Lees, who conducted the Gaelic services, was called to a church in Scotland, and left the London Celts without a Gaelic minister. A proposal was made at the time to form the fund into a nucleus for the establishment in Scotland of a Professorship of the Gaelic language, but the following members of the Gaelic Society, who were also members of the Gaelic congregation, and who supported the proposal, found themselves in the defeated minority, viz.—James Stewart, D. Macpherson, W. Menzies, D. Wilkinson, A. Mackintosh, John Cameron MacPhee, and his brother Ewan. The Directors of the Caledonian Asylum, having discovered that such a fund existed, without the knowledge of any member of the Gaelic Society, or of the Gaelic congregation, applied successfully to the Court of Chancery to have the money transferred for the use of their institution. The Gaelic Society had always considered this transaction everything but fair and above board, but they were at the time, from want of funds, unable to oppose the misapplication of the Fund, which amounted to about £4000. Amicable means were found unavailable, and after obtaining a favourable opinion from eminent counsel, a meeting, held in the month of December 1871, decided upon appealing to the Court of Chancery for the restitution of the Fund to its original object. On the 8th of March Vice-Chancellor Malins gave judgment declining to interfere, thus mulcting the friends of Gaelic in £100 of law expenses. We find, from a report of the case in the *Times*, that Colin Maccallum, Donald Macgregor, and John

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Cameron MacPhee, three prominent members of the Gaelic Society, were the petitioners.

The next subject of importance which we find the Society taking up is the preparation of the Collection of "Gaelic Melodies" recently issued by them. In this undertaking these Gaelic patriots were imbued with the same public spirit which had hitherto impelled them in their noble work; but we regret to find their success in this field failing to secure what could hardly be expected, and what, perhaps, was impossible, the same unanimous approval which their previous actions in the good cause had received from their brother Highlanders. Making no pretence to a critical knowledge of music, we have hitherto refrained from expressing any opinion on the work, and shall not, at this late period, express any regarding its merits, favourable or otherwise. It has, however, produced one important result, for had it not been for the Highland melodies, we question if the Celtic Choir, numbering about a hundred members, under the leadership of a Professor of the Royal Academy of Music, formed under the auspices of the Gaelic Society, "for the study and preservation of the songs and melodies of the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland," had ever been brought into existence, to say nothing of the many imitators which are now found in the field, striving who can do most to preserve the songs and the music of the Scottish Highlands.

On more than one occasion the members of the Gaelic Society have been in request as Gaelic interpreters in the House of Lords. The present President, John Cameron Macphee, acted in this capacity in the famous Breadalbane peerage case, while the late President, Colin Chisholm, did the same duty, as well as decipher ancient Gaelic MSS., in the Mar case. A Society with such a history can well afford to celebrate, and well deserves the effective celebration which we have recently attended, and of which a full report appears below.

A. M.

CENTENARY DINNER.

THE Centenary of the Gaelic Society of London was celebrated on Wednesday evening, 6th June, by a banquet in St James's Hall, Regent Street, London. There was a large and influential attendance. The Right Hon. the Marquis of Huntly, chief of the Society, occupied the chair; and Mr J. Cameron MacPhee, the President of the Society, discharged the duties of the vice-chair. Among the gentlemen present were—J. F. Campbell of Islay, Jesse Grant (son of ex-President Grant, United States), James Cowan, M.P., C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., Surgeon-General W. A. Mackinnon, C.B., A. H. Gordon, Ewen Macdonell of Keppoch, Dr Charles Mackay, R. W. Johnston, Dr Farquhar Matheson, Robert Hepburn, David Hepburn, Captain Jay, W. A. Crouch, J. Macnab, Dr D. S. Macdonald, Andrew Maclure, jun., John R. Macdonald, Macrae Moir, George Grant, John Taylor, W. H. Burton (Vice-President), John Forbes (Secretary), A. Mackenzie Mackay (Treasurer), Donald Campbell (Gaelic Secretary), Donald Kennedy

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(Librarian), George Mackellar, Donald Grant, T. L. Corbett, Charles Robertson, David Laing, S. Booth, —. Chapman, James Macdonald, Donald Macgregor, ex-Vice-President, A. Mackenzie (*Celtic Magazine*), Thos. Wilson Reid (*London Scottish Journal*), Robertson Rogers, Dr Martin, R.N., —. Mackean, W. Peyton, William MacPhee, Ewen MacPhee, A. Macgillivray, James Irvine, James Habler, Edwin Hooke, Herr Louis Honig, &c.

Letters of apology were received from General Grant, ex-President of the United States; the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunmore, Viscount Macduff, M.P., Viscount Reidhaven, Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, W. Cunliffe Brooks, M.P., Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, M.P., Professor Blackie, Professor Henry Morley, Professor Geddes, Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, D.D., Peter Maclagan, M.P., Dr Cameron, M.P., Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., Donald Matheson, John Mackay, C.E., Swansea, Colonel John Macneill, V.C., Dr Erasmus Wilson, C. S. Jerram, M.A., Oxon., H. J. Younger, Duncan Macneill, Dr J. M. Crombie, Colonel Morrison, &c.

The letter of apology from the ex-President of the United States was as follows:—

"17 Cavendish Square, June 6th, 1877.

"Sir,—General Grant desires me to express his thanks for your very kind invitation for him to be present at the Centenary Dinner of the Gaelic Society of London, and the very cordial language in which it is conveyed, and to assure you that it would have given him great satisfaction to avail himself of your courtesy, especially as he is most willing to accept the kinship which you are good enough also to claim; but he has already accepted another invitation to dinner on that day.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"H. Badeau,

"Brevet Brigadier-General, Aide-de-Camp in Waiting.

"J. Halley Burton, Esq., Vice-President of the Gaelic Society of London."

The dinner was served in Mr Grieve's best style.

After the loyal toasts, the Chairman gave "The Army, the Navy, and the Reserve Forces." He was glad to see that Scotsmen stuck well to the Volunteer movement, and they deserved the greatest credit for so doing. (Applause.) He coupled the toast with the names of Surgeon-General Mackinnon, C.B., and Captain Jay.

Deputy-Surgeon-General W. A. Mackinnon, C.B., who was most enthusiastically received, responded for the Army, and said—My Lord and gentlemen, the toast of the Army is one so universally well received in all assemblages of our countrymen—(cheers)—that there is little more for me to say, than to thank you for the honour you have done the service; and I can assure you that the army greatly appreciates the good opinion of its fellow citizens. (Cheers,) As a Highlander, I cannot refrain on this occasion from carrying my thoughts back to the first half of the century, the close of which we are now celebrating, and all of us might look with pride and satisfaction on what the Highlanders did for the army during that period—(applause)—and when we recall the great number of officers and men that the Gaelic speaking inhabitants of Scotland sent forth to fight the battles of the country, we cannot but feel proud of our native land. (Cheers.) Referring to the Isle of Skye,—(cheers)—to which I have the honour to belong, I may mention that 1,600 private soldiers from that Island fought at Waterloo, besides many officers. I could go into greater detail on this subject, but merely give you this as an instance of the military spirit which prevailed at the period referred to in this small spot of the Highlands. (Applause.) It has been computed by a competent authority that during the period of the wars with America and France, in the latter end of the past and beginning of the present centuries, the Isle of Skye produced 10,000 foot soldiers, 600 commissioned officers, under the rank of colonel, 48 lieutenant-colonels, 21 lieutenant-generals and major-generals, 4 governors of British colonies, 1 governor-general, and 1 adjutant. But, sir, our feeling of pride is mixed with one of regret that now so few men can be obtained for Her Majesty's service in the Highlands—but the men are not there.

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Go to many of the straths and glens, which in those days contained a happy and loyal peasantry, and you will find lots of the antlered monarchs of the glen, but very few of the kilted men which were at one time the pride and glory of our Highland chiefs. The systematic and cruel depopulation that was at one time so rife is the cause of this. I do not mean to blame any of the present generation for those proceedings, as I feel sure that the present race of Highland proprietors regret the depopulation of the glens more than I can express, and that a repetition of it in this our day would not, for an instant, be tolerated. (Renewed cheers.) But although many of the Highlanders are now flourishing in other countries, and have made their homes in other and distant lands, they still retain their ancient national renown—(cheers)—as was not long ago exemplified in the greatest war of modern times, viz., the late American war, where both in the North and South they had Highland regiments which performed excellent service. (Cheers.) A few days ago I met an old brother officer, who had been adjutant-general with General Beauregard of the Confederate army, and he told me that the finest body of men he ever saw was a regiment from Virginia, entirely composed of Highlanders—Macs of all clans, all speaking the Gaelic language; and the words of command and drill were given in that language. I should like to say a great deal more on this subject, but must conclude by again thanking you heartily in the name of the army for the reception you have given to the toast. (Great cheering, amidst which this distinguished and patriotic Highlander resumed his seat.)

Captain JAY replied for the Reserve Forces in suitable terms.

Mr J. F. CAMPBELL of Islay next gave "The Legislature," to which Mr FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P., replied.

The CHAIRMAN then proposed the toast of the evening, "The Gaelic Society." He felt it was a great honour to stand in the position in which he did, for some of his "forbears" had been connected with the Society. (Applause.) The Gaelic Society (the Chairman continued) was formed in 1777. There was no special object contemplated by its founders beyond mere social advantages, the majority of its members being but birds of passage on their way to join the British army serving in the American war. As, however, some of them had subsequently become residents in the English capital, the Society was thereby strengthened in numbers and influence. That position enabled it to advocate from time to time matters of importance to the Highlands. (Cheers.) At this period, the natives of that portion of the country were precluded by an Act of Parliament from wearing tartan in any article of dress. The members of the Gaelic Society, in conjunction with their countrymen of the Highland Society, decided on taking steps for the repeal of this obnoxious Act, which they succeeded in accomplishing in 1782, when the Disarming Act, so called, was removed from the Statute Book. (Applause.) The Society being then composed exclusively of Highlanders, and Gaelic being the language of all classes—chiefs as well as vassals—the preservation and cultivation of its literature, music, and poetry, became prominent features of the Society, and continues to be so to the present day. In pursuit of these objects, and to provide for the spiritual wants of the many Highland soldiers then in the army and stationed in London, or passing through, a sum of £4000 was collected as a "Gaelic Chapel Fund," by which means Divine services were, with few interruptions, conducted from 1810 till 1844, when, in consequence of the disruption in the Church of Scotland and other causes, the services ceased, and the fund was transferred to the use of the Caledonian Asylum. The Society having thus provided for their countrymen in London, directed their attention to the improvement of the means of educating clergymen, intended as pastors in Highland parishes, by the establishment of a chair for Celtic literature in one of the Scottish Universities. (Applause.) The Society's attempts in this matter were begun in 1836, ably supported by Lord Aboyne, Chief of the Society, Sir John Sinclair, Sir George Murray, Campbell of Islay, W. A. Mackinnon, C.B., and others; but it was not till 1869, when the question was taken up by the more powerful Council of the University of Edinburgh, that,

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in the hands of the indomitable Professor Blackie, any real progress was made ; and now, to the great glory and praise of that gentleman, the work is nearly accomplished. (Loud cheers.) Although the Society was thus directing its attention to the spiritual and educational wants of the people it represents, it was ever ready to give, so far as it was able, material help in times of need. When the total failure of the potato crop in 1847 resulted almost in a famine in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, the Society responded to their suffering kindred by sending £500 to their help. (Applause.) The subject of teaching the youth of the Highlands through the medium of their mother tongue—the Gaelic—received the attention of the Society in 1870, when a deputation waited on the Lord Advocate to urge the adoption of a clause to this effect in the Act ; but, as yet, nothing has been done towards meeting their requirements. As, however, the subject had now received the support and advocacy of Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P. for the Inverness Burghs, the just demand of the Highland people could not much longer be refused. (Cheers.) The last work that occupied the attention of the Society was the compilation of some ancient melodies of the Highlands. These relics of the past were arranged with modern accompaniments, and, judging by the reception already accorded to them, are destined to become great favourites, not only among those connected with the Highlands, but among those who have no national sympathy with the airs or sentiments of the songs. (Applause.) Till within the past fifteen years the Gaelic Society of London was the only society of the kind in existence ; now, incited by its example, there are few towns of importance in Scotland without a Gaelic Society. Moreover, the Celtic Choir of London was founded last year, under the presidency of Lord Macduff, to practice the singing of Highland songs ; and these songs were very favourably received at the recent concert given by the Society. (The Chairman resumed his seat amid loud applause.)

Song : "The Dowerless Lass." *Ged tha mi gun Chrodh gun Aidhean.* Miss Clara Leslie.

Mr CAMERON MACPHEE at this stage stood up, and addressing his Lordship, said—Will you permit me to claim the company's attention for an instant, while I state that the oldest member of the Gaelic Society—Mr Colin Maccallum—is obliged to leave, his residence being some distance in the country. He is desirous of saying a few words on the present occasion, not being likely to be present at the bi-centenary. (Cheers and laughter.)

Mr MACCALLUM, who was greeted with great applause, said—Marquis of Huntly and Gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you for acceding to the appeal to allow me to express my gratification at being present here this evening to witness this cordial gathering to do honour to my ancient friend, the Gaelic Society. (Loud cheers.) My friend, Mr MacPhee, looks upon me as a natural curiosity, and it may be so, as I am now upwards of forty-five years a member of the Society—(great applause)—and although, as he prophesies truly, I am not likely to see its second centenary, yet I am thankful to have lived to see what I have seen, and hope that the rising generation of Highlanders will remember Ossian's injunction, "*Lean gu dlu ri cliu do shinnsir.*" My Lord and Gentlemen, again I thank you for this privilege, and bid you all good night. (Prolonged applause, amidst which Mr Maccallum left the meeting.)

Song : "The Melody af Love"—*Ealaidh Gaoil.* J. C. Macnab.

Mr CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P., in rising to propose the "Toast of the Visitors," said—I must at the outset state how glad I feel at being present on this interesting occasion. Your noble Chairman, in his speech, has touched on many points in the history of the Society, whose Centenary we now celebrate. He mentioned that it was first started as a bond of union amongst the officers from the north, who had been engaged in the American War of Independence. It is a circumstance within my own knowledge, that from my own county of Inverness alone, there were scores of officers and hundreds of men. It is not a little interesting, that now we are celebrating our Centenary, we happen to have among our guests, the son of ex-President Grant. The President's letter, just read, acknowledging the kindly ties of kinship with the old country was, as it ought to be, most warmly received. (Applause.) Our country has made great progress since 1777, and so has America. I am sure there is none here who does not wish well to the United States, or that they should be other than our friends. (Cheers.) There are many of our countrymen in the States who are as enthusiastic and clannish as we could

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wish. This Society has done good work in its day, else it would never have existed. Its members are active, hearty, and sympathetic with all that Highlanders delight in. (Cheers. Our noble Chairman is no Highlander carrying his sympathy in his sleeve, but has about him the true ring. (Great applause.) I hope that our young friend, Mr Jesse Grant, who is to respond to this toast, and who will open his mouth in public in this country for the first time to-night, will be pleased with his reception and the manner we Highlanders conduct our festivities, and I do hope that he will carry back with him to his own land, the same kindly feelings to us and our country that we do to him and his. (Prolonged cheers.) There are other visitors to whom I would wish to refer, but the evening progresses, and I must conclude: the health of our Visitors, coupled with the name of Mr Jesse Grant. (Loud and repeated cheers.)

Song: "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Mr JESSE GRANT, who was very heartily greeted, replied and expressed his great pleasure at being present at such an enthusiastic Highland gathering. There always had been a friendly feeling between his countrymen and the Scots, but it was peculialy so in his case and that of his family, for they were proud of their connection with Scotland, bearing as they did a Highland name. (Cheers.) His father, in the letter read, had already acknowledged the kinship with pleasure, and they were all proud of their Highland origin. (Great applause.) His father would have been with them that evening had he not made another engagement before receiving the Society's invitation, but he did the next best thing he could, he sent his son to represent him. (Cheers.) He was not a speaker, and for the reception he was everywhere receiving, he "had to thank his lucky stars that he was the son of his own father." (Cheers and laughter.)

Mr SHANNON STEVENSON proposed "The health of the Noble Chairman, the Marquis of Huntly," and passed a high and well-deserved eulogium on his Lordship for the active part he had always taken in everything calculated to benefit his countrymen, and especially for the interest he had invariably taken as Chief of the Caelic Society. The toast was received with great enthusiasm.

The Noble MARQUIS, in reply, expressed the pleasure he had on all occasions derived from his connection with the Society. (Cheers.) He felt sure that he was doing the right thing when he followed the example of his late father, who was at once the Patron and a pupil of the Society. (Loud cheers.) While he admitted the benefits conferred upon the Highlands, in one way, by the introduction of sport—for his own part, he much preferred the sight and proximity of stalwart men and women. (Cheers.) These should be the glory and the pride of a Highland chief. (Great applause.) When he was left a minor under charge of trustees, he was always taught to live in the South, as the Highlands were only considered good to draw rents from, and to visit for a few weeks in the summer time. When he became of age, and could act for himself, he thought and acted differently,—(cheers)—and spent a great part of his time on his property among his people. (Great applause.) It would always afford him the greatest pleasure to be of service to the Society. (Continued cheers.)

Song: "The Black-haired Laddie"—*An Gille Dubh Ciar Dhubh.* Miss Helen D'Alton.

Dr CHARLES MACKAY, in rising to propose the toast of "Kindred Societies," said—The subject is a wide one, and may be said to extend over all the civilized portions of the globe. It is not only in London, in Manchester, in Liverpool, that there are Celtic or Gaelic societies—not only in English, and, as was to be expected, in Scottish cities and towns—in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Greenock, Inverness, and in beautiful little Oban and other places, that Scotsmen, whether of Lowland or of Highland origin unite in brotherhood to keep up the national spirit, and encourage one another to speak the venerable language of the Gael—the oldest language now spoken in the world, except perhaps the Chinese and the Hindostani. The Irish—a kindred people—if not originally the same as the Highlanders, were equally enthusiastic with respect to the old speech, and there had recently been established in Dublin a society, to which he had the honour to belong—(hear, hear)—to cultivate the Irish Gaelic. (Cheers.) And not merely in the British Isles was this movement in progress. In all the great cities of the United States in the Dominion of Canada, in the flourishing South African Colonies, in Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon, and wherever Highlanders were to be found in search of fame and fortune; and where on the face of the earth were they *not* to be found?—(loud cheers)—there was sure to be a Highland or Gaelic Society. (Renewed cheers.) In fact there was more of Scotland out of it than in it; the more was the pity, as Great Britain might some day find to her cost if she were sorely pressed for soldiers to maintain her place in the forefront of the world. But Scotsmen—many of them self-banished, and many more banished against their will by the cruel policy of Highland proprietors half of whom were Englishmen, and not one-fourth of them able to understand a word in the noble language of their ancestors—never lost their love for the land of their birth, but loved it all the more fondly when far away from it—(cheers)—some of them perhaps cherishing

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the thought that if fortune favoured them in the New World, they might return in the afternoon of their days to their old home to spend the evening of their useful lives, and purchase a few acres, or a few hundred or thousand of acres in Scotland. (Loud cheers.) It was among such men as these that Gaelic societies flourished. To some parts of what were called the Townships in Ontario, Canada, there were more Gaelic spoken than English—the warlike tones of the pipes were heard at every social gathering—(cheers),—the trades of the shopkeepers and merchants were painted in Gaelic over the doors—an example which the Highlanders at home would do well to imitate,—and what was more to the point, one if not two newspapers wholly printed in Gaelic, had been successfully established—(loud cheers)—which was not yet the case in the Highlands, though, he hoped, it soon would be. (Renewed cheering.) Englishmen, in criticising what had been called the "Celtic revival," were fond of asking of what use it was to perpetuate a decaying language in which to carry on the world's business. No doubt it was, but Gaelic, though perishing, would not be allowed to die any more than Greek or Latin. (Loud cheers.) These languages, though no longer spoken, still remained for the delight of scholars, as Gaelic would do, that copious and musical speech, on which the Greek and Latin were partially built up—(cheers)—and which had contributed largely to the French, the Spanish, the Italian, and notably to the English and Lowland Scotch, though such ignorant makers of Dictionaries had failed to discover the fact, or contemptuously refused to investigate it. (Loud cheers.) In proposing the toast entrusted to him, he would couple it with the name of his friend, Mr Macrae Moir, now present, so long and so favourably known in connection with the Highland Society, and the Scottish Hospital in Crane Court—(cheers)—not forgetting another friend unhappily absent, Professor Blackie (cheers), who had all but unaided raised £10,000 for the establishment of the Celtic Chair at Edinburgh (loud cheers), and who would assuredly, if his brilliant and useful life were spared long enough, add a few more thousands to that handsome but not sufficient sum. (Loud applause.)

Solo pianoforte: "Echoes of Caledonia." Louis Honig.

Mr MACRAE MOIR, in reply to the toast of the "Kindred Societies," said—My Lord Marquis and Gentlemen, on behalf of the widowed mother with her fatherless child on her knee, whose "tooties" she is endeavouring to keep warm until he is old enough to be admitted into the Caledonian Asylum, I thank you. On behalf of the aged, infirm, and care-worn, whose latter days are made sunny, love of life preserved, and genial recollections of kith and kin and fatherland are magnified and glorified by the generous support cheerfully given by the Scottish Corporation—(cheers)—I also thank you. On behalf of the Caledonian Society, which so warmly supports everything Scottish in London by its sedate conviviality and bounteous liberality, I am allowed by my friend on my right, Mr Anderson Souttar, the honorary secretary of that Society, to thank you. On behalf, likewise, of the Highland Society of London—(applause)—whose funds are devoted to the maintenance of manly sports, the cultivation of those thrilling notes which Highlanders only can fully appreciate,—(cheers)—the establishment of Gaelic bursaries,—(cheers)—and the support of Scottish charities, it is my privilege heartily to thank you. On behalf of each and all of the many kindred societies established in London and elsewhere, I hope I may, without presumption, be allowed on this occasion to express most grateful thanks. The Chief of this Society, your Noble Chairman, has, by his words and deeds, made for himself a position of which any Scottish nobleman may be proud, and one worthy of the rightful heir to the Dukedom of Gordon. (Loud and repeated cheers.)

Surgeon-General W. A. MACKINNON, C.B., proposed the health of John F. Campbell of Islay, and said—My Lord and Gentlemen, I am desirous to propose the health of a gentleman whose name should not be omitted in the programme of toasts at such a gathering as the present. I have very great pleasure in proposing the health of a most distinguished Highlander, and when I give you the name of John F. Campbell of Islay, —(great applause)—I feel confident that you will receive the toast with that pleasure and enthusiasm which his name must always command among his countrymen. (Cheers, again and again repeated.) We are much indebted to our friend, Professor Blackie,— (cheers)—for what he has done for the Gaelic language, and he has done a great deal;— (cheers)—but, I think, no man living has done more for our native tongue than John F. Campbell of Islay,—(cheers)—and so long as the Gaelic lasts, and wherever, in any part of the world, it may be spoken, the name of *Iain Caimbeul* will be held in love and veneration by all true Highlanders. (Loud applause.) The toast was drank with Highland honours.

Mr CAMPBELL, on rising to respond, was vociferously cheered, again and again repeated. He first acknowledged the compliment paid him by Surgeon-General Mackinnon in sonorous Gaelic, and said that Gaelic was a bond of union between those who spoke it which a non-Gaelic speaking Southron could never understand, after which, in deference to those present who did not understand the more refined Celtic language, he briefly thanked

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them all in the "vulgar tongue" for the hearty manner in which his name was received by the company. (Cheers.)

Solo piano: "The Huntly Waltzes" (dedicated to the Marchioness of Huntly). Louis Honig.

Mr ROBERT HEPBURN said—My Lord Huntly, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, and gentlemen, I have just been called upon unexpectedly to propose to you the next toast. I wish it had fallen into abler hands. However, I do so with very great pleasure, especially as it is one which requires but little on my part to ensure it a most hearty and cordial reception—it is the health of the Office-bearers of the Gaelic Society. (Applause.) You may remember in the Heart of Midlothian that the Duke of Argyle said to Jeanie Deans, "It's a cauld heart, Jeanie, that wadna warm at the sicht o' the tartan"; and truly it may be said it is a cauld heart that could look around this Highland gathering and see so many of the office-bearers and members of the Gaelic Society clad in the "garb of the Gael," without feeling proud of the efforts they have made, not only to preserve that garb in which their forefathers bravely fought and gloriously fell, in their long continued and gallant struggles to uphold intact their civil and religious liberty, as well as the honour and independance of their country—(cheers)—but also in conserving the language and poetry of the olden time, and all those nationalities which have made Scotchmen and Scotland pre-eminent amongst the nations of the earth. (Great applause.) The observations made by the noble Marquis of Huntly in reference to the restrictions enforced by Government forbidding the wearing of the kilt at the end of the last century, reminds me of an anecdote which happened some time after the repeal of that obnoxious Act. A royal personage was reviewing a company of Highlanders one cold, raw morning in Windsor Park, and not being in a good temper, he struck the kilt of the front rank man with his cane, saying, at the same time, "I hate these petticoats." The Highlander, stung to the quick at this remark, proudly drew himself up to his full length, and said in a voice loud enough to be heard by his comrades, "Ta Teil may care, we like them oursel." (Laughter and cheers.) Gentlemen, it is a long time to look back through the vista of a hundred years, but depend upon it, if the Gaelic Society had not within itself the elements of what was leal and true, it never would have outlived one quarter of the time. (Applause.) Gratitude and thanks are due to the Society for what it has accomplished, and more especially to its office-bearers. I trust they will long live to carry on the noble work of preserving these characteristics and nationalities so dear to the hearts of all loyal and patriotic Scotchmen, and thus be enabled to hand down to posterity the records of a race which never felt fear or knew dishonour. (Loud cheering.) I beg to propose the Office-bearers of the Gaelic Society, coupled with the name of their much respected and esteemed president, Mr Cameron MacPhee. (Continued applause.)

Song: "Colin's Cattle"—*Crodh Chailean.* Miss Clara Leslie.

Mr CAMERON MACPHEE—Most Noble Chief and Gentlemen,—As an office-bearer, it is my pleasant duty to offer you the grateful thanks of my colleagues and fellow-members of the Gaelic Society, for the warm manner you have been pleased to receive the toast proposed in such handsome terms by our friend Mr Hepburn. It is gratifying to us to hear that you appreciate our endeavours to maintain intact the existence of the Society as handed down by our predecessors, and the cultivation of its objects, with undiminished interest. (Cheers.) After the address you have just listened to from our Chief, giving a sketch of the proceedings of the Society from the date of its institution, I will not trouble you with any remarks of mine, but beg to repeat our acknowledgements for your sympathy in countenancing with your presence the Centenary; and, while wishing you all long life and happiness, I would express my hope that the celebration of the next Centenary will be presided over by a Marquis of Huntly. (Great cheering.)

Song: "Sad and Weary"—*Gur Trom Trom a tha Mi.*

A number of other toasts followed, and the evening was spent in a very agreeable manner. The musical portion of the Centenary was one of its marked features. The *artistes* were—Miss Helen D'Alton, Miss Clara Leslie, Mr J. C. Macnab, Mr J. T. Heddle; Solo Pianist and Conductor, Herr Louis Honig. It is almost needless to state that Mr Honig did his duty well, and that Mr John Mackenzie, piper to the Royal Caledonian Asylum played with his accustomed ability. "Auld Lang Syne" was sung by the whole company, after which several reels were danced in the hall.

We heartily sympathise with the Editor of the *London Scottish Journal* in his expressed wish to be present at the next Centenary of the Gaelic Society of London.

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LITERATURE.

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ORAIN AGUS FUINN GHAIDHEALACH: *Popular Gaelic Melodies, with the Gaelic and English Words (Sol-Fa Notation). Edited by* W. S. RODDIE *and* L. MACBEAN. *Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart. Glasgow: W. Love.*

MUCH attention has been of late devoted to the preservation of the melodies of the Highlands, and we welcome this unpretending little work as the most successful attempt as yet made in that direction. It contains twenty-eight popular Gaelic songs, with English translations; and, on the whole, the airs given are those best known throughout the Highlands. The work has one great recommendation in our estimation—with a few exceptions, and these exceptions are decided blemishes—we have the airs in their native and primitive simplicity. The exceptions are—in "Fear a Bhata" and "Ealaidh Ghaoil" we have too many slurs; "Bruthaichean Ghlinn Braon" is slightly touched up and improved the wrong way. We have a most decided antipathy to all translations of poetry, for we are firmly convinced that no translation, however able and faithful, can do justice to the original. A good translation requires a thorough knowledge of both languages; and, to be of equal merit with the original, the translator must needs be possessed of equal poetic genius with the original composer. Aye, more, for he is trammelled by a necessary adherence to an original which was composed without any such clipping of the poet's flights of imagination. The versions in this *brochure* have, however, softened down our dislikes considerably, for those by L. Macbean and H. Whyte are out of sight the best renderings we have yet seen, excepting a few of Professor Blackie's, and Sheriff Nicolson's translation of Macdonald's *Birlinn*. Even the Professor's efforts are sometimes quite as much original compositions as translations.

We find one or two unhappy renderings of the titles of the songs, such as "The AUBURN Maid," for "*An Ribhinn Donn*." This is neither pretty, poetical, nor correct. "The BROWN Haired Maid," would be all three. "We will up and March away" is not so good a rendering of "Gabhaidh Sinn AN RATHAD MOR," as "We will take the King's Highway."

We have no patience with those who have the presumption to improve (?) our Highland melodies. Improve the primrose into a rose! It is just as easy and as wise to attempt the one as the other. Both would suffer and die. Captain Fraser of Knockie, when preparing his Melodies for publication, submitted a few specimens to John Thomson, of the *Musical Miscellany*, Edinburgh, who replied, in a letter, hitherto unpublished, as follows:—"Having carefully examined the airs you have sent me, I must frankly confess that they have disappointed me, with one or two exceptions. They are almost all too florid—they are not at all characteristic—*i.e.*, they have not the peculiar Highland accent which would stamp them as real national Highland airs. It is one thing to have melodies composed by a Highlander, and quite another to have Highland melodies, for in the former case the airs may have no distinctive features at all, while in the other the distinctive feature is absolutely

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necessary. My own compositions are not necessarily Scotch because I am a Scotchman, and so of the Highland melodies you sent me. . . . . In calling the first two classes good, I do not mean to imply that they are by any means what I expected in Highland melodies. Those which I have heard Mrs Macleod of Macleod, senior, sing were wild and plaintive in a remarkable degree, totally unlike other music. They were sung with Gaelic words, and the effect was striking. Such are the kind of melodies I had in my mind when I expressed myself to you so warmly in admiration of them. The accompaniments, I am sorry to say, will not do; besides being too incorrect for publication, they want character, and are greatly overloaded with notes. Should this, however, not appear to you and to your friends a sufficiently strong objection to their retention, I must be relieved from all responsibility of superintendence which could for a moment imply my sanction."

A careful perusal of this extract might prove of real service to those engaged in the preservation of our national melodies. We want them as they really are—not as some admirers of German, Italian, French, or English melodies would wish to have them. We would not exchange the characteristics of our heather even for those of the lily or the rose; and it is because the "Popular Gaelic Melodies" are so redolent of the soil, and preserve, on the whole, the original simplicity of the airs, that we heartily commend them to all lovers of our Highland muse. The songs selected are all popular and well known, and many of the airs are extremely simple, beautiful, and sweet.

NOTE.—This month we have given eight pages more than usual, to enable us to place before our readers the only *full* report given, by any publication, of the CENTENARY CELEBRATION of the Gaelic Society of London; and, at the same time, avoid any curtailment of the space almost invariably devoted to the literary purposes of the *Magazine*.

MONUMENT TO JOHN MACKENZIE, OF THE "BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."—Alex. Fraser, Esq., Drummond Estate Office, Inverness, Treasurer, acknowledges *receipt* of the following additional subscriptions:—A. Macdonald Jeffrey, Esq. (born at Inverewe), 8 Station Terrace, Camberwell, London, £1 1s; A. C. Mackenzie, teacher, Maryburgh, 5s; A. Morrison, spirit merchant, Ullapool, for self and friends, 15s:

The following have been *intimated* to the Honorary Secretary, Alex. Mackenzie, Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, since our last issue:—Kenneth Mackenzie, Aird, Ullapool, 5s; Simon Mackenzie, Inverbain, Applecross, 10s; John Mackenzie, Boor, Poolewe, 2s 6d; James Mackenzie, Poolewe, 2s 6d; Kenneth Mackenzie, do., 1s; Kenneth Maclean, do., 2s 6d; Alex. Mackenzie, do.. 1s; James Mackintosh, do., 2s 6d; Hector Maciver, do., 2s; Donald Grant, do., 2s; Kenneth Mackenzie, do., 1s; Alex. Macrae, Kernsary, 2s; Alex. Mackenzie, Coast, 1s.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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HIGHLAND BATTLES AND HIGHLAND ARMS.

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III.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR.

The particulars of this engagement are invested with strange, though melancholy, attractions for the student of the period of Scottish history at which it took place.

The extraordinary and providential mistake on the part of the Jacobites which, to all human appearance, snatched victory from their hands, and converted into a drawn battle what would otherwise have proved a complete success, invest its details with more than ordinary interest; and when the probable result of Argyll's having been defeated is taken into consideration, it may safely be asserted that on few engagements have events of so much political importance to this country depended.

The singular fact, which appears from at least one contemporary Memoir (viz., the Master of Sinclair), that the Lowland aristocracy of Scotland had not even then altogether abandoned their belief in the power of feudal militia, and regarded the red coats with something like jealousy, adds a singular feature to the narrative.

The Highlanders, as has been previously explained, had a thorough conviction of their superiority over modern infantry; but this arose from their confidence in their own superior tactics, whereas, in the case of the Lowland gentlemen, it derived its origin solely from the old traditions of the desperate defence of their country and liberty which had been so successfully effected in former times by the feudal militia of Scotland.

It is not my intention to give any account of this insurrection, but simply to narrate the leading events of the battle, and submit to the reader the true tactical principles which may be deduced from these facts.

Mar, after having lingered longer at Perth than has generally been considered prudent, upon Thursday, the 10th November 1715, marched from Perth with apparently about 8000 men, with the intention of crossing the Forth at whichever of the fords the bulk of his army could seize.

He marched to Auchterarder that night, and rested the following day, and on the morning of the 12th, General Gordon, with 3000 foot and eight squadrons of cavalry, was ordered to advance and take possession of Dunblane. But, while on the march, they were informed that Argyll had anticipated them, and was already in possession of that town—he

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having obviously determined rather to risk an engagement, although far inferior in numbers, than permit Mar to get a chance of crossing the Forth.

Upon this intelligence being received by General Gordon, he determined to encamp for the night, and after some deliberation, a loop formed by the River Allan, near Kinbuck Bridge, was selected as the proper situation.

Brown, in his History of the Highlands, does not give the name at all, but simply says it was near Kinbuck Bridge, which could not, however, have been then in existence, as it would have afforded the means of crossing the Allan, which the Jacobite generals were averse to do by fording, on account of exposing their men to the effects of wet on a frosty winter night.

The Master of Sinclair describes it minutely, but does not give any name. According to him, it was a little hollow on the east side of the Allan, with farm houses, barnyards, and enclosures, commanded on all sides by the surrounding high ground, and far too small to contain comfortably the number of men whom it had to accommodate.

This description agrees so perfectly with a place named Craigton, a short way south of Kinbuck Bridge, that it is impossible to suppose otherwise than that it was the site of the Jacobite encampment; although to a non-military man it does not appear so unfitted by its size to accommodate 8000 or 10,000 men for a single night.

It is surrounded to the west on three sides by the Allan, which there, as well as in some other parts of its course, forms an almost rectangular loop around the ground. On the west side of the river the ground rises high, which would prevent its being properly defended against an attack of musketry from that quarter; whilst it is exposed from the east to the same disadvantage.

However, no attempt was made by Argyll to disturb the Jacobite quarters, and early in the morning Mar broke up his encampment, with the intention of marching towards Dunblane, although it does not appear that he was even then perfectly certain of his movements, and was almost meditating a retreat to Perth in the event of his finding it impracticable to pass the fords of Frew, which was now rendered almost impossible by the bridge over the Teith having been broken down—the Teith being a river in many respects fully as difficult to ford as the Forth.

Immediately, however, on Mar's commencing his march, Argyll's horsemen were seen on the high crest of the Sheriff's Muir, facing almost directly westward, so that it was impossible for Mar to have marched in the direction of Dunblane, through which alone he could have reached the Teith or Forth, without exposing his flank to Argyll.

In these circumstances Mar summoned his officers to a consultation, upon a rising ground, which tradition has pointed out as Duthieston (where there is now a villa bearing that name), about a mile in a southerly direction from Craigton, on the road to Dunblane, and there put it to his officers whether they should fight Argyll or retreat again to Perth, at-

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tempts upon the fords of Teith and Forth being now abandoned as hopeless.

After a very short consultation it was almost unanimously resolved by the officers to fight, and this resolution was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the private soldiers, who manifested their joy by such heartfelt demonstrations as induced the Master of Sinclair, trained as he had been in Marlborough's wars, and distrustful of militia, to say that no man who had a drop of Scots blood in him but must have been proud of the alacrity displayed by the Scottish peasantry, Lowland and Highland, on that occasion, who showed themselves so anxious to engage in mortal combat with tried and experienced British veterans.

I am not aware that any plan of this engagement exists, and it is certainly not very easy to follow in every respect the various descriptions of it which have been given; but if the one inch to a mile ordnance sheet, No. 39, where the ground is laid down, be examined, it will be found that the Jacobite army may be assumed to have marched from Craigton to Duthieston, and after the resolution to fight, was drawn up by General Hamilton, to whom the details were entrusted, in two lines, with cavalry on either flank, the right resting on Duthieston, and the left thrown well forward—that is, the whole lines formed by a half wheel to the right, taking the wheel from the road leading from Craigton to Duthieston; and formed in this order, a march straight up the hill would bring the army to what is marked in the survey as the site of the battle; while the Duke of Argyll, supposing it was Mar's intention to march upon Dunblane, drew up his army upon the high ground between the roads passing Stonehill and Dykedale, and facing in the direction of the road leading from Perth to Dunblane. If this conjecture be correct, the Duke's first position seems determined.

Observing, however, that the Jacobites were advancing up the hill considerably to his right, he marched his men by the right to the right, which, with possibly a small inclination to the right by the head of the column, would bring his army opposite the Jacobites upon the site of the battle, and at the same time account for his line not having been completely formed at some points when the Jacobite attack was made.

The ground up which the Jacobites marched is now much intersected by fences and plantations, but was then, though rugged and uneven, quite open and unenclosed. It was, therefore, perfectly in General Hamilton's power to have marched his lines up the hill in the order in which they had been formed, as Mackay did in his formation at Killiecrankie, in place of which he broke up his two lines into four columns, and marched them up the hill in a straggling order.

According to the Master of Sinclair, however (who expresses his opinion that the march should have been made in line of battle), the half of the first line formed the first column, and marched by the right, so that the cavalry on the right of the first line formed the leading squadrons of the first column.

When the first column had advanced a considerable distance, the second column, or left of the first line, followed, marching likewise by the right. Then the right hand division of the second line marched like-

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wise by the right, and was followed by the second or left hand division of the second line, which also marched by the right, so that the cavalry posted on the left of the rear line was in the rear of all, and the Fife squadron, which was on the extreme left of the rear line, was the last to leave the ground where the army had been drawn up.

In re-forming line, however, Lord Mareschall's and Drummond's squadrons, who formed the right of the first line, took their position to the left, in place of the right, of the foot, as they had been originally posted, and thus became the centre, in place of the right flank, of the first line. This fatal mistake having apparently been observed, a cry of "Horse to the right" was raised, and re-echoed through the field, and an aide-de-camp came up and ordered Rollo's squadron, which was next the foot of the left column of the second line, and consequently in front of Lord Southesk's and the Fife, to go along with the squadrons in his rear, immediately to the right.

This order was obeyed by Rollo's and Southesk's squadrons, and, after some hesitation and remonstrances on the part of the Master of Sinclair, by the Fife squadron also; and thus, in the manner above described, the cavalry designed for the protection of the right flank, found itself posted in the centre of the front line, and the cavalry designed for the protection of the left flank was transported to the right, leaving the left flank unsupported by horse.

The Master of Sinclair does not allude to any horse as being posted upon the Jacobite left flank; but other writers mention that some horse still remained there, who behaved with great resolution, though unable, from their small number, and the lightness of their horses, to cope with Argyll's cavalry. Thus there is nothing in either statement to affect the acknowledged circumstances which caused the defeat of the Jacobite left wing. It was here, therefore, that the powerful support of Rollo's, Southesk's, and the Fife squadron was so much needed, and the Jacobites suffered so sorely from the consequences of this blunder.

By all accounts, the Fife squadron (as Fife cavalry always has been, and remains to this hour) was admirably mounted* and most efficiently appointed, and as many of the privates were disbanded troopers, there seems no reason to doubt that, had they encountered the Grey Dragoons and Evan's regiment, they, along with the other squadrons, would have given their adversaries sufficient occupation, and left the Highlanders and the regular infantry to try conclusions between themselves, which was all the Highlanders required.

From every account it would appear that the left of the Highlanders and the right of the Duke of Argyll were the first to engage, and that the Highlanders did not immediately close and try the effects of cold steel, but that a hot fire was kept up by both parties at a very short distance, and that during its continuance the Duke of Argyll had leisure to form his cavalry (chiefly the Scots Greys, and also Evan's Dragoons, now

* It is said that George IV., in witnessing the review of the Yeomanry which took place at Portobello in 1822, was particularly struck with the efficient appearance of the Fife squadron; and the mounted volunteers of Fife at this day need not fear comparison with any British cavalry whatever, so far, at least, as the physique of men and horses are concerned.

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the 7th Hussars) in such a manner as to enable them to charge the Highland infantry in flank, which, as was to be expected, at once broke them, and forced them to retreat, although their resistance was obstinate and their loss extremely small, owing either to the protection afforded by the cavalry, who remained on the left wing, or the boggy and treacherous nature of the ground, in many places quite impassable for horse in spite of the recent frost.

The supporters of Bayonet and Brown Bess may here, however, if the confused details of this part of the engagement be at all reliable, claim the credit of having kept the Highlanders for a few minutes at bay, till the dragoons had time to form and charge.

The left being thus defeated, was pursued for nearly three miles, but this pursuit took as many hours for the Duke of Argyll and a large part of his army to accomplish.

In the meanwhile, however, a very different scene was being enacted on the right, where Rollo's, Southesk's, and the Fife squadron protected the right of the Highland infantry. Upon the order to charge being given, the 2000 Macdonalds, who formed the right wing, rushed in upon Argyll's left, as the Master of Sinclair says, in a very disorderly manner, with their broadswords and targets, and in four minutes pierced and broke Argyll's left wing in every direction; and so complete was the rout, that the panic seized General Witham's cavalry, who were formed to protect his left, but who fled without making any attempt to support or avenge their defeated infantry.

Mareschall's and Drummond's squadrons, and apparently also Huntly's, who had so inopportunely taken their position in the centre in place of the right, seeing the success of their infantry, in place of attacking that portion of Argyll's line immediately opposite to them, suffered their antagonists quietly to march to the right, and support Argyll's victorious movement against Mar's left, and galloped in the direction of the victorious Macdonalds, in order, as the Master of Sinclair satirically says, that they might skin those whom the Highlanders had butchered.*

In executing this ill judged manœuvre the cavalry suffered considerably from a flank fire from Argyll's centre, which disabled at least 18 men, and some were also killed, and a standard taken by a squadron of Argyll's horse which attacked them, although, as it did not follow up its success, it seems never to have been understood either where it came from or where it went to.

General Witham's horse, although they retreated, were not broken, or even touched in any way, and there seems nothing to have prevented them from attacking the Macdonalds, scattered and disordered as they were by their success; but the Fife squadron, and apparently part at least of Southesk's, remained steadily posted on the right, and were thus in a position to have attacked Witham's cavalry had they attempted any operations against the disordered Macdonalds.

* The Master of Sinclair says that the Macdonalds, upon receiving the first fire of their adversaries, threw themselves on the ground and waited till the fire slackened. This is the only instance that I am aware of in which the Highlanders are alleged to have adopted similar tactics.

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The Master of Sinclair, and the cavalry who followed his example, have been greatly blamed by all writers and song makers for the inactivity they displayed at this crisis of the engagement,* but it must be recollected that General Witham's cavalry were then quite unbroken, that Huntly and Mareschall's squadrons were then scattered, and unfit for action, so that it is at least possible that it was the firm and imposing, though passive, attitude assumed by the Master of Sinclair, and those who followed his example, which alone prevented General Witham from sweeping down upon the right wing of the Jacobite infantry, when disordered by their brilliant success.

Before proceeding further, however, it may here be mentioned that if the site of the battle be correctly laid down, and limited as in the ordnance survey, it does, to a non-professional spectator at least, appear very unaccountable how the two wings of each army should have been so long ignorant of the movements of the other, as all accounts state them to have been.

The ground on either side of the road which marks the position of the two armies is quite level, and anything done at either end of it would seem to be at once perceivable by the other, and their actual ignorance seems therefore difficult to account for; but the fact is too well authenticated to admit of dispute.

If, however, the site be extended in a westerly direction, into the ground now occupied by a plantation, there may be such inequalities as will fully explain the ignorance in which each party remained of the manœuvres of the other.

Mar having collected his victorious right, and having pursued his antagonists for a short distance, drew up his forces upon a high ground at the farm of Stonehill, on the estate of Kippendavie, as marked in the ordnance plan, and the Duke of Argyll, returning from his pursuit of Mar's left wing, came sufficiently near Mar's position to allow of the engagement being renewed, and both armies seem to have contemplated the possibility of such renewal, for the Master of Sinclair states that they came within about 400 yards of each other, and stood at gaze for about half an hour, when Argyll slowly and cautiously filed off towards Dunblane—Mar not having the resolution to attack him.

Considering how greatly the Jacobite cause was dependent upon a successful engagement, and that, in his circumstances, the effect of a drawn battle was equivalent to defeat, there can be no doubt but that Mar was guilty of either most pusillanimous or treacherous conduct in not hazarding final conclusions with Argyll.

At the same time, if the modern idea of the superiority of disciplined bayoneteers over sword and target men be correct, Argyll was equally to blame in not having proved the superiority of his infantry by crushing out the last remnants of the Jacobite army.† But it is per-

* The old song says:—

"Perth, Fife, and Angus, who were horse,
Stood motionless, and some did worse."

† Argyll evidently had not the same opinion of the Highlanders that the Duke of Cumberland afterwards expressed, viz., that they were the most contemptible of all adversaries.

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fectly plain that he, at least, had no such confidence in his bayoneteers, and that he considered his cavalry might have enough to do to hold their own with those of Mar, and that in these circumstances he thought it sufficient to secure the solid advantages which a drawn battle would bestow upon his party.

Whatever, however, may have been his motives, it certainly appears to be a great compliment to irregular troops that a tried and victorious body of veteran foot, supported by first-rate cavalry, declined to engage so-called undisciplined Highlanders, scarcely a man of whom had ever previously fought, and only supported by cavalry whose efficiency had never been actually tested.

It is said by Sir Walter Scott, and other writers, that Mar's position was so superior to that of Argyll that the latter might actually have been seriously annoyed by Mar's hurling down stones upon the Government forces; but an examination of the ground amply proves that, unless Argyll had been totally incompetent to direct his men, they never could have been brought into such a position. The Master of Sinclair never hints at such a contingency, and the idea must have arisen from the name of the position which Mar ultimately assumed, as above mentioned, viz., a part of the farm on the estate of Kippendavie, then and still known by the name of Stonehill, and so laid down in the ordnance plan.

The indignant and bitter exclamation uttered by old Gordon of Glenbucket, when he saw Mar's inactivity—"Oh, for one hour of Dundee"—seems rather directed against Mar for not risking the chances of a second attack (as Dundee certainly would have done), than for his neglecting to avail himself of any opportunity he might have had of taking Argyll at a particular disadvantage.

From the Master of Sinclair's account it would appear that the Earl of Linlithgow was inclined to attack Argyll with his squadron upon his own "hook," but his rashness or gallantry was restrained by the remonstrances of the Master and others more conversant with the routine of discipline, although such routine is not always the surest road to brilliant military glory and success.

In considering the tactical principles deducible from this engagement, it would still appear that the Highlanders were correct in their assumption of the great superiority of the broadsword and target over the musket and bayonet.

The Master of Sinclair says that the only thing that deceived him in the course of the whole campaign was that he never thought the Highlanders would have stood the fire of regular troops. If they did stand the fire then, he almost seems to concede that they had the advantage; for in his account of Mackintosh's operations, when he had crossed the Firth with 1500 men, and stationed himself in the old citadel of Leith, which Argyll did not venture to attack by assault, he gives it as his opinion that Argyll acted rightly, for he says that in the melee which follows an assault the sabres of the Highlanders are very dangerous weapons; and in narrating the occurrences subsequent to the engagement at Sheriffmuir, he refers to the *rough rebuke* which had been received by

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the Government infantry as tending greatly to inspire the Highlanders with confidence in their system of warfare.

The fact of Argyll's defeated left wing being composed of tried and experienced veterans, trained in Marlborough's wars, while scarcely a single man of the victorious Highlanders had ever previously been engaged, at least proves that they possessed no advantage derived from former practice.

In regard to the success of Argyll's right, it was due solely to his cavalry, an arm which the Highlanders never considered they could resist, if the horsemen were really efficient, and understood how to charge with proper velocity, and therefore Argyll's success in that quarter occasioned no after panic; and the Highlanders only blamed the misconduct of their own generals, who, with a force of cavalry amply sufficient to have covered the left wing, left it almost completely exposed.

Very singularly, the Master of Sinclair gives his opinion that troops armed with the musket and bayonet are not in this respect better off than swordsmen, for he says (vide Memoirs, p. 230):—"For even regular foot with bajonets, and all their order and battalion quarrè, have not given many instances that they can stand horse on a ground where they can act. I never heard above two or three."

In this opinion he is certainly not generally followed, the power of the musket and bayonet being almost universally considered sufficient to avert the attack of the most determined cavalry. Some modern writers have indeed advocated the Master of Sinclair's views, and cited remarkable incidents in support of them, but it would be out of place here to enter upon this controversy.

The cavalry forming Argyll's right flank, and whose successful charge determined the fortunes of the day, was principally composed of the Scots Greys, or as the Master of Sinclair calls them, the Grey Dragoons, adding the epithet, "the most terrible of any." Evan's Dragoons must not however be forgotten. Considering the unsettled state of public opinion in Scotland at that time, and the almost universal dislike to the Union then existing, there can be no doubt but that a decided victory on Mar's part would most seriously have imperilled the Revolution settlement, and that the Scots Greys and Evan's Dragoons, by their successful charge at Sheriffmuir, did more to strengthen the seat of the Hanoverian dynasty on the British throne than has ever been effected by any two regiments either before or since.

I may further be permitted to allude to one or two strange prejudices and unfounded traditions which exist regarding this engagement—the most extraordinary being that it was a battle between the Scots and English, totally forgetting that a great portion of Argyll's forces were Scots. To such an extent was this feeling carried, that when the railway to Perth, in the neighbourhood, was being constructed, the English navvies attempted to destroy a large stone which tradition said formed the centre of Mar's position, and where the Highlanders sharpened their claymores on the morning of the engagement; and the present Mr Stirling of Kippendavie has, with laudable patriotism, protected the remains of the stone by a strong iron grating, with an inscription.

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The stone, however, is situated upon the crest of the rising ground, and to the south-west of the field, so that, as the Highlanders marched from the northwards, they never could have come near it, and as the engagement began immediately on their reaching the crest of the point of the hill to which they marched, they would, even if they had reached it, have had no time to sharpen their swords.

The stone, in point of fact, marked the centre of the position on which the feudal militia of the district formed, when they held their wappinschaws under the Sheriff of the county, from which the ground derives its name of Sheriff's Muir, and the stone, as correctly marked in the larger ordnance plan, was simply called the "Gathering Stone."

In conclusion, attention may perhaps be called to the singular turn which the ballad poetry giving an account of the engagement assumed.

In the olden times the rugged but impressive verses in which wars were described, were framed in the serious and melancholy strain in which it is most natural and becoming to pourtray the shedding of blood and infliction of human suffering, and this strain, with the exception of a few ludicrous allusions in the accounts of some of the engagements in the great civil war, and the battle of Killiecrankie, was maintained up to 1715; but in describing the battle of Sheriffmuir the Scottish muse threw off her dismal weeds, and turned the whole into a matter of reckless fun and jollity. It is indeed difficult to conceive human life and suffering more recklessly or more cleverly laughed at. One ballad, in describing the defeat of Mar's left, says:—

"The Cameron's ran as they'd been caught,
Lifting their neighbours' cows, man—
Mackenzie and the Steuart fled,
But philabeg or trews, man."

Nothing can be more graphic, or yet present the defeat of brave men in a more ludicrous attitude.

J. M. W. S.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL AND OSSIAN.—During His Majesty's recent visit to Inverness, he went to look at our beautiful and unique Cemetery on Tomnahurich, and was pleased to tell his guide—Mr G. Fraser—that the view therefrom was the most magnificent he ever saw. On noticing the monument erected over the grave of the late James Macpherson, solicitor, Inverness, the Emperor asked, "Is that the monument of James Macpherson, the translator of 'Ossian'?" Creditable to His Majesty and to Ossian! Intelligence and fame!!

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HIGHLAND SUPERSTITION—*ALLAIN DUINN.*

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Under the heading "Highland Superstition," in the *Celtic Magazine* for April, is an article by Mary Mackellar in reference to *Allan Donn.* That Mrs Mackellar's article is well written no one will deny, but that it is far from being a correct story, every one in Harris and Lewis, having any knowledge of the matter, will bear ample testimony. She not only does not give it as narrated in these places, but prefaces it with part of another story—*Iain Ruadh MacDhughail.* With your permission I shall give the facts of the story exactly as they occurred, and as they are to this day told in the Long Island.

Donald Campbell of Scalpay, Harris,—whose name is on record in connection with Prince Charles, when a refugee in the Western Isles after his defeat at Culloden—had a very beautiful daughter, who was so modest, pleasant, and affectionate, that she had few equals in the Isles. The charming Annie was for some considerable time, previous to the year 1768, loved by Allan Morrison, son of Roderick Morrison of Stornoway, a ship captain. Being a gallant, and withal a comely young man, his affection was reciprocated by the fair Annie. Captain Allan—he was seldom called Morrison—traded with his vessel principally between Stornoway and the Isle of Man, but he frequently went to Spain. Like many other lovers, Captain Allan, when he returned from abroad, presented the object of his affections with small presents of silk and linen—rare articles in the Highlands in those days. The more Allan saw of his Annie, the more he loved her, and he ardently longed for the day when they should be united in wedlock. This day was at length fixed; but before the happy event could take place, a voyage to the Isle of Man and back had to be accomplished. It was arranged, however, that the preliminary ceremony—the "contract"—should be gone through prior to setting out on the voyage—the evening before setting sail. For this purpose, one afternoon in the spring of 1768, Captain Allan left Stornoway for Scalpay with his vessel. Besides having a select number of relatives on board, who were to be present at the ceremony, he was accompanied by another ship, commanded by his brother, Captain Roderick. It was a fine day, with a nice breeze of fair wind, when they set sail. They did not proceed far, however, when the wind, which veered round to the south, rose suddenly to a perfect hurricane. To make matters still worse, a blinding sleet shortly afterwards set in. Nobly, but in vain, did both the ships strive to bear up against the furious onsets of the rolling Minch; but, notwithstanding their brave efforts to reach Scalpay before nightfall, they had barely reached the Shiant Isles when it was pitch dark, and thus their already dangerous situation became more perilous still. That each vessel might know the position of the other, a red light, in addition to the usual white one, was exhibited on the masts of both, and the brothers, being determined to reach their destination that night, if possible, continued to battle against the mighty billows, which now dashed themselves with fearful force against the creaking planks of the vessels, and anon broke

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over them with a deafening noise. This did not continue long when it became apparent that they could not possibly hold much longer together. This was at least part of Captain Roderick's surmises, when he suddenly heard loud cries proceeding from his brother's ship. Being slightly in advance of Captain Allan at the time, and supposing that the shouts were intended as a sign for him to keep up his courage, he paid very little attention to the matter, for under the circumstances there was no possibility of rendering the least aid, should such be required. Above the sound of the raging tempest, the shouts from Allan's ship continued to be distinctly heard for a few seconds, when lo! all of a sudden the screaming ceased, and the lights on the mast suddenly disappeared. It was then, and only then, that Captain Roderick understood the real meaning of the shouts which came from his brother's crew, whose ship had been sinking, and had now evidently gone to the bottom. Although there was but little hope of his being able much longer to keep his own ship afloat, Captain Roderick, like a brave sailor and an affectionate brother, directly made for the spot where the lights of his brother's ship were last observed, but nothing, alas! was seen or heard of the ship or crew. The deep wail which now rose from Captain Roderick's crew was truly heart-rending. From that day till now nothing was seen of either Captain Allan's crew or ship.

Soon after the foundering of Captain Allan's ship, the gale moderated so much that Captain Roderick was able to reach the north harbour of Scalpay early next morning. Being expected there the previous night, none of the Campbells—who were, as might be supposed, greatly concerned for Captain Allan's safety, knowing, as they did, that his non-arrival arose from the furious tempest—went to bed that night. They were, therefore, by early dawn on the top of the hill which flanked their house, which is still standing, and from which they secured a view of the Minch in all directions. From this position they early descried Captain Roderick's ship making for the Island. As the brave vessel passed up through the narrow sound of Scalpay, the Campbells, and chief among them the fair Annie, some relatives and friends, stood on the north-east point of the Island, and, thinking it was Captain Allan's ship, welcomed her with waving handkerchiefs. But their gay signs of joy were but of short duration, for presently a small flag was observed half-mast-high, and the next moment a sharp scream burst from the lovely Annie, exclaiming that *Allan Donn* was gone! Captain Roderick's ship soon cast anchor, in a few minutes he landed, and conveyed the sad tidings of his brother's and relatives' untimely end, as above described.

I will not attempt to describe the effect which this melancholy intelligence had upon the fair Annie, whose grief at that moment knew no bounds—her heart broke for him whom she would never see again. Refusing to be comforted, she might be seen at early dawn, mid-day, and twilight, wandering sorrowfully on the shore, looking for her "dear Allan's body," and crying "*Allain Duinn shiubhlainn leat.*" She continued thus while she lived, which was only a few days, her heart having, it is said, literally burst. It is even asserted that her pure white breast wasted to that extent that an aperture was formed opposite her heart. She composed a song or lament for her devoted lover every day afterwards while she lived.

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The song composed by Annie Campbell on the day she received the tidings of her beloved's death, and which Mrs Mackellar says she could not get "from any of the old people" in Harris, is entitled, "*Allain Duinn, Shiubhlainn leat.*" It has a peculiarly touching air, and is still sung by many people in the Island of Harris. It was contributed by a Harris gentleman to a well known journal, in which it appeared some six years ago, and it can now be found in Part II. of Mr Sinclair's "*Orain-aiche.*"

It was an oft expressed wish of the broken-hearted maiden that her body should be buried in the sea, that she might share her "dear Allan's grave." But whether her friends promised compliance with her request is not said. It is worthy of note, however, that his name was the last word she uttered. Surrounded by a crowded chamber of weeping friends, her gentle spirit took its flight to that brighter region which lies beyond the grave; and, though grief had wasted her body to a mere shadow, the same pleasant features which graced her in life continued to adorn her even when embraced in the cold arms of death. Her demise excited universal regret in the whole Outer Hebrides.

The respect and admiration in which Annie Campbell was held by her acquaintances in life were fully demonstrated at her death, for during the week in which her body lay in state at Scalpay, scores of people who could not, on account of the throng, obtain admission to the house of mourning, although kept open day and night, might be seen, with sad countenances and sorrowful hearts, standing around it from morn to eve, and eve to morn, and the respectful silence which prevailed among them was such that "the fall of a pin might be heard." Some people may be disposed to say that to devote a whole week to the ceremony called the "leekwake," was a needless waste of time. But, considering the great preparations which had to be made for the deceased lady's funeral, it must be confessed that it was short enough. Fifteen gallons of whisky, two or three large creelfuls of beef, mutton, and fowl, and a corresponding supply of newly-baked oaten cake, and cheese, were generally required at the interment of a common person in the Highlands in the olden times; and, although they had neither pastry nor confections from Edinburgh, nor brandy from Cognac, at Annie's funeral, the expenditure was, nevertheless, most profuse. There was gin from Schiedam, wine from Oporto, and whisky from Berneray, in unlimited quantities; and as to the supply of oat and barley meal cakes, cheese, beef, mutton, and fowl, it was simply enormous.

Rodel, the place of interment, was only twelve miles from the Island of Scalpay, but, on account of the large number of people which were to take part in the proceedings at *Cille Chlìaran* (Rodel church-yard), which is supposed to have been built in the tenth century, and was dedicated to St Clement, three large galleys, or boats, were required for the funeral procession. One of the boats, which was manned by a selected crew, was intended for the coffin and chief mourners; another was for deceased's kinsfolk and friends, and the third for carrying the provisions. The day fixed for the funeral arrived—it was a Saturday in the year 1768—a day which will be remembered in Harris while a Highlander breathes on its soil. On the morning of that day, the three boats left Scalpay for

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Rodel. In the foremost boat, *Am Bata Caol Channach*, was the coffin, and the chief mourners were Kenneth Campbell, deceased's brother; Campbell of Marrig, Campbell of Strond, Macleod of Hushnish, and Macleod of Luskintyre, and two or three other leading Harrismen. It also contained several casks of rum, gin, &c. The morning was so calm and pleasant that the surface of the Minch seemed like a huge sheet of glass, so that the sails, which seamen depend so much upon, were useless; but, stripped to their shirts, the stalwart oarsmen pulled their respective galleys through the briny water with great speed. The little procession had hardly passed *Rhudha Reibinish*, when a smart head-wind began to blow. The horizon was soon afterwards darkened by a sheet of black clouds, that betokened the approaching storm, which almost immediately set in. It soon blew a perfect hurricane, against which oars could make little headway. At the outset of the rising wind, the *Bata Caol Channach* set sail, was thus carried far out to sea, and was in mid-channel when the tempest was at its height. The sails were torn to shreds, and the snow, which began to fall thick and fast, hid the land from view. They were now in a most critical position, for it was impossible for any boat to live long in such an awful sea, and the boat was half full of water. They gave up all hopes of surviving many moments longer, and each began to pray earnestly for his soul's salvation, when, to their still greater horror, the form of a female—Annie's phantom—was observed quite near them, following in the wake of their boat. This extraordinary circumstance was at once laid down as one of the direst omens. Nor need we wonder much if it did, when we consider the peculiar circumstances under which the figure appeared, and the superstitious beliefs which then, and to a certain extent still, prevail in the Highlands. Each time the phantom, which seemed to scowl angrily upon them, appeared, the *Bata Caol Channach* shipped fearful seas. Life being sweet, the poor fellows used every means in their power to keep their vessel afloat. They used the wine and gin ankers, out of which they knocked the ends, spilling the liquor among the salt water, for bailing the boat. The phantom still followed, and was coming closer and closer to the boat's stern, when they recalled to mind Annie's oft expressed desire to be buried in the sea, that she might share Allan's grave; and they at once concluded that her spirit followed them, first in the storm, and now in visible shape, to enforce compliance with her last request. Some of them, therefore, advised that the coffin should immediately be committed to the deep; but to this proposal Kenneth Campbell, deceased's brother, would not consent. He was sitting in the stern of the boat, and his late sister's spirit drew so near him that she could put her hand on his shoulder. He chanced to have a bunch of keys in his pocket, to which some fabulous charm was attached, and threw them to the phantom to appease her, but without effect. By this time some of the crew lay down helplessly in the bottom of the boat, when one of the most courageous proposed that, to lighten the craft, the "knocked up" men should be thrown overboard. "Not one," replied an elderly man, "of the living shall be put out, till the dead are put out first." He had hardly finished speaking, when a huge sea rolled over the boat, which almost swamped her, and the coffin, which was then floating in the boat,

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striking Kenneth Campbell on the chest, had almost pitched him overboard. He, thereupon, immediately ordered it to be thrown out, an order which, we need hardly say, was directly obeyed; but another tremendous sea again threw it into the water-logged boat. They managed, however, with great difficulty to unship it again, and knocking one of the ends out of it with their oars, all that remained of the fair Annie in a twinkling sank to the bottom of the sea, and the angry spirit immediately disappeared.

Meanwhile, the other two boats, which had never raised their sails at all, went ashore at Manish. Having landed, the men proceeded at once by land to Rodel, where they communicated the manner of their parting with the *Bata Caol Chamnach*, as above described. All agreed that she had foundered, "for it was impossible," they said, "for any open, or other, boat to live in the Minch that day." This was a terrible circumstance—a calamity which plunged the whole country into an overwhelming grief. The deaths of Annie Campbell and *Allan Donn* were wholly absorbed by this extraordinary affair—an affair which seemed, to all appearance, to be nothing less than a judgment from God; for the flower of the Harris gentlemen shared in one hour the same watery grave. The sorrow caused by this sad occurrence was so universal that a dry eye could not be found that evening from one end of Harris to the other; and this general grief continued for days and nights together, for all sympathized with the bereaved.

Two bards—Donald Macleod and Tormaid Cleireach—who lived in Harris at the time, immortalized the distressing event in song, of which I shall give a few verses as a specimen. The following is part of Donald Macleod's song:—

A Choinnich Chaimbeil a Sgalpaidh,
Bu tu fear macanta smearail:
O, bu mhaith am fear iuil thu,
Agus stiuir na do ghlacaibh.
'S iomadh long agus curaidh,
San deachaidh cunnart air t-anam;
Ach a nis chaidh do bhathadh,
Ann s' a "Bhata Chaol Chamnach."

'S iomadh long le cruinn arda,
Thig air airin do bhaile,
'S theid a dh'ionnsuidh do Roide,
'S bhios a foighneachd do thalla,
Nuar a chluinn iad nach beo thu,
Fhir nach soradh a ceannach—
Gu 'm bi bratach gun solas
Ac' a seoladh o t' fhearan.

'S Iain Mhic Aonghais a Marrig,
'S truagh mar tha thu gun tarmad—
Se do shuil bu ghlan fradharc,
Fo 'n aghaidh neo iargalt.
Cha do mheal thu ni fhuair thu,
A thaobh dualchas do chairdibh;
'S gur olc leam mar thachair,
Gun do mhac bhi na t-aite.

Mar sin is Dughal Mac Aulaidh,
Duine caomhbridheach smearail,
Sealgair eala agus geoidh thu,
Agus roin ri cois mara.
Bu tu sealgair an fhireoin,
A bhuic mhin, eoin mara;
Cha robh cron ort ri raitin,
Ach nach b' ard thu o'n talamh.

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'S Clann Raonail on Linnean
A dh'fhas gu fearachail fiorghlan,
Agus Raonail o'n d'thainig iad
Cha robh na ghnas a bhi briobail.
Agus brathair an athair
A dh'fhas gu foigheantach finealt',
'S ged a sgriobht' e air paiper
Trian do nadair cha 'n innseadh.

This song has a very beautiful and melancholy air. Let me now give four stanzas and the chorus of Tormaid Cleireach's song, which is also sung to a very plaintive air:—

Chorus—Ochadan gu 'n lagich 'm eucha,
'S eadar stad air bheagan feuma;
Na fir shunndach bha ro threubhach,
Bhi sa ghrunnd gun chomas eiridh.
Dh' fhalbh iad leis an oigh bha taitneach,
'S dh'fhag sin bron gun cheol 'a Sgalpaidh;
An teaghlach muirneach 's an robh maonus,
Bha gle dhlu do cheum na creastachd.
Ochadan, &c.
Be sud Di-Sathairn an uathais—
Cha b'ann gu mathas a ghluais e;
Cha chumadh i ceann na gualainn,
Is marseachd-sine an druim gach stuaidhe.
Ochadan, &c.
Sud an sgriob a dh' fhalbh gu soilleir
Bho taobh gach Tir-mor is Eilein—
Alasdair chluaitich Mhic Cheinnich,
Bu chall duthcha do ghnuis loinneil.
Ochadan, &c.
Teaghlach Shraanda riabh bha buaidhmhor,
O shuidh Iain air tus na uachdar—
A Mhic ic Choinnich tha sud cruaidh ort,
'N t-offigeach priseil 'nochd 'sa ghrunnda.
Ochadan, &c.

But to return to the *Bata Caol Channach*, which we left water-logged, and about to go down in the middle of the Minch. It was a remarkable coincidence that as soon as the cold clay of the fair maiden sank in the sea, the furious storm immediately abated, and the raging billows ceased their wild commotion. The *Bata Caol Channach* was then bailed as quickly as possible, and one of the men—Malcolm Macleod—happening to have his plaid along with him, it was hoisted before the wind instead of a sail. The boat's stern was turned to the wind, which drove it forward at a considerable rate, but, being pitch dark, none of them knew whither they were going. A new danger now began to alarm them—the danger of being dashed to pieces on some shore. This fresh evil had only presented itself when the *Bata Caol Channach's* keel struck the ground. What gratitude to an all-ruling Providence filled their hearts at that moment, none but those similarly situated can tell. They immediately leaped ashore, leaving the boat in the spot where it stopped; and after wandering about for some time, stumbled upon a house, where they were kindly received and cared for. On entering this house, they discovered that one of their number was amissing, and, hungry and exhausted though they were, they immediately went to search for him, and found him lying insensible in the bows of their boat. He was at once carried to the house which they had just left, and with much care and attention he soon recovered. The place where the *Bata Caol Channach* went ashore, and where the men were so hospitably entertained, was Snizort, in the Isle of

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Skye. It was some time before the Harrismen had thoroughly recovered from the hardships they underwent; but, as soon as they were able to undertake the journey, they returned home. Shortly after their return to Harris, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in the parish church at Scarista, formerly Kilbride, and the two bards above referred to being present on the Friday of the Communion, they were requested to sing their respective songs for *Di Sathairn an Fhuadaich*—the day on which the *Bata Caol Channach* was supposed to be lost, and of which I have already given a specimen. This they did in the church in presence of the whole congregation. Donald Macleod was awarded £5 for his song, while Tormaid Cleireach received £1 for his. Of a song which Donald Macleod composed in the church that day, and sung, *extempore*, when he was awarded the £5, I will give two stanzas :—

Gu ma slan do 'n duin uasal,
'S robh uaisle is mor-chuis,
Aig an d'fhuaradh am breacan
Nuair a shrachdadh a seol oirn.
Nuair a bha iad nan eigin
Bha e feumail gu leor dhoibh ;
'S ged a thug e gu tir iad
Gu 'm bi mhiorbhuile mhor e.

Carson a bhiodh sinn fo ioghnadh
Air son miorbhuil' cho mor 's sid ?
'S gur a tric sinn a leughadh
Mar a dh' eirich do Ionas.
Nuair a chuireadh a mach e
'S a ghlac a mhuc-mhor e.
Chuir i rithist gu traigh e
Is e gu sabhailte beo uaip.

* * * * *

The *Offigeach priseil* mentioned in Tormad Cleireach's song was a John Macleod, who had been an officer in the 92d, or Gordon Highlanders. He was said to be one of the best swimmers in the Outer Hebrides. He lived for a long time after *Di-Sathairn an Fhuadaich*, but though he escaped that day, he was at last accidentally drowned in Loch Borrodale, near Rodel. Kenneth Campbell, Annie's brother, was also drowned. He commanded a vessel, and being met by a French pirate, his ship, after being robbed, was sent to the bottom—every soul on board perishing. There are many other anecdotes connected with the men who composed the crew of the *Bata Caol Channach* on the occasion referred to, but I must stop, merely mentioning, in conclusion, that the body of the unfortunate *Allan Donn* was found at the Shiant Isles shortly after the death of his sorrowing lover, Annie, and was interred with befitting solemnities in the family sepulchre in Lewis. As a most extraordinary coincidence, the body of the fair Annie Campbell was soon after *Di-Sathairn an Fhuadaich* also found at the Shiant Isles, and in the very spot where the body of her lover was recovered. Whether it was placed in the same grave as Allan tradition does not record.

Malcolm Macleod—grandson of Malcolm Macleod, whose plaid was used as a sail in the *Batta Caol Channach*—elder in the Free Church at Tarbert, Harris, who only died about two years ago, repeatedly told me this story. The *Bata Caol Channach* was so called on account of being purchased by the Campbells from a man in the Island of Canna.

MAC IAIN.

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THE EDUCATION OF THE HIGHLANDER.

By Professor Blackie.*

—o—

The fundamental postulate of all healthy education is that it be native and national—that is, growing naturally out of a firm local root, and under the influences of a healthy local environment. On the Highland braes in September a man likes to see the flush of the heather; and, if any man were to take a fancy to pull up all this native bloom and plant rhododendrons, no man will either praise his taste or approve of his work. On my estate, if I were a Highland laird, I should be more proud of having the sturdiest old Scotch pines, and the greatest wealth of graceful-waving birches, than if I had in my pinery all the wealth of California, New Zealand, and Cabool. You ask why—Simply because Nature is Nature, and by Divine right possesses both a strength and a propriety which only a false taste and a shallow affectation will dispute. Let this, therefore, stand. The education of the Highlander, if it is to be natural, vigorous, and graceful, and in harmony with the congruities of his position, and the divinely ordered system of the universe, must be characteristically and emphatically Highland. There is, indeed, only one way of escaping this proposition, and the corollaries which we shall see flow from it; and that is, by asserting that the Highlander is an obsolete animal, and not entitled to any recognition in the social system of Great Britain. And it is unhappily only too true that, in particular districts of the Highlands, the Highlander is not only an obselete animal, so far as Celtic nature and character are concerned, but actually an extinct animal, inasmuch as, in extensive districts once dotted with happy houses, he is not to be found at all—a most unnatural and unsound state of things, arising from the folly or selfishness of a certain class of Highland proprietors, who, utterly forgetful of their noble position, and their high vocation as the heads and representatives of society in the Highlands, have followed a course of social economy which has ended in the abolition of all local society, and in the extermination of the noble race of peasantry whom they are specially bound to protect. Wherever these persons have had free sway, the Highlander, certainly, has become an extinct animal. Landlords who look upon their estates principally as a means of getting money, which they may spend in luxurious living and idle dissipation, in London or elsewhere, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of their people; or that other class who cannot be distinguished except by the scale of their own performances, from the lowest class of muck-rakes and money-grubbers, and who will willingly surrender a whole beautiful glen to desolation, provided they can screw another hundred pounds or two out of it, with more certainty to themselves and less trouble to their factor; and that third class, scarcely more reputable—certainly not less selfish than the money-loving, rent-gathering absentee—the gentlemen, I mean, who hold Highland estates principally for the culture of deer and other wild beasts, who make a business and a consuming passion of what should only be a manly sport and a healthful recreation. All these classes are

*Abridged from his Address at the Annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

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the natural enemies of the population in the districts that are legally subject to their unfortunate masterdom, and are systematically employed in the unnatural work of making the Highlander an extinct animal in his own country. But it is not our business to discuss their doings in this place; we shall leave them, in passing, to the public reprobation and historical infamy which they deserve, and proceed to remark that though such unnatural landlords have succeeded in doing an amount of social mischief that can never be repaired, the selfish feelings and shallow notions by which they are possessed, though fond enough of parading themselves, are yet not strong enough to contend with certain rooted facts, which, like trees of the growth of long centuries, will stand a considerable amount of windy bluster without showing any inclination to fall. It is not easy to calculate the amount of historical ignorance that may exist in the brain-chambers of shallow witlings, incapable of estimating anything but the current fashion and dominant prejudice of the day; but the memories of nations are not so short; and a peculiar people, with their own struggles, their own blood, their own language, their own poetry, their own music, and their own beautiful country, and a people which has performed such a noble part in the history of Great Britain as the Scottish Highlanders, will not so easily become obsolete. The Bible in the mother tongue ought to form the nucleus of all sound moral and intellectual education in this country. And this is specially true with regard to the Highlanders, who are a decidedly religious people. Do we not as Protestants maintain the peculiar privilege and sacred right of every individual Christian to search the Scriptures? And is it not a plain stultifying of our religious professions if we put the casket into the hands of the people, and keep the key to ourselves? To me, and to any man of common sense, it must seem only a necessary corollary that, in whatever parish Gaelic sermons are preached, in that parish Gaelic Bibles ought to be read, and studied, and expounded, historically, geographically, and grammatically, both in the family and in the school. And if there be any Highlander, naturally speaking Gaelic, in whose schooling this element has been omitted, I cannot feel the slightest hesitation in saying that the most efficient engine provided by Nature and by God for the education of Highlanders has in his case been stupidly neglected, and a less efficient engine deliberately chosen. Then as to the *People's Song Book*, every Highlander knows how rich and various, and how full of noble stimulus and elevating inspiration, the Gaelic song book is. We shall find that there are schools, perhaps in the most Highland districts of the Highlands, where not a single note of your rich popular melody is ever heard, not a single heroic ballad ever read, or a single lay of touching beauty and pathos ever sung. We can only say that such schools, however well conducted in some respects, are just as deficient and as unnatural as a Highland river without salmon, a Highland glen without wood, or a Highland ben without granite rock. I have mentioned the people's Bible and the people's song book as the two grand engines of general education, which ought to be as potently at work in every Highland school, as spinning jennies and other whirring machines are in the Glasgow manufactories. But there are some other engines of Gaelic literary culture which ought to receive a recognised position in all well organised High-

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land schools. We should have Mackintosh's Gaelic Proverbs, and another work, which ought ever to receive a prominent place in the furniture of a good Highland school, is the well-known *Teachdaire*, or *Gaelic Courier*, composed principally by the Rev. Norman Macleod, the father of the late Norman, and republished by Dr Clerk of Kilmallie, in three parts, under the name of *Caraid nan Gaidheal*. Any person who has but occasionally dipped into this most delightful volume, full of geniality, humour, practical wisdom, rational piety, and good sense, will not fail to have seen that it is made of the very properest stuff—not to mention the classicality of its style—for the education of young Highlanders; at least all must admit that it contains whole chapters full of useful information, delicate humour, and fine human pathos, that for Highland, or even Lowland, purposes is not surpassed, or rather very seldom been equalled, by any book of English extracts used in the best schools in the kingdom. I have given prominence to the above books principally as specimens of classical Gaelic in prose and verse, with the recommendation at the same time of being literally stuffed with matter of the most strengthening and salubrious quality, for the moral and intellectual improvement of the young Gael. Civil history, or the record of the leading events in the history of human society, and especially of those events out of which the stage of our present social energies grew up, has generally received a certain share of fair treatment in our schools; but I question much if in Highland schools the history of the Highlands proper, or that part of British history on which Celtic heroism and gallantry has stamped such a signature of glory, has received, or does now receive, the prominence which it unquestionably deserves. If there does not exist already, there should certainly be made for every Highland school, a history of Scotland with a peculiarly Highland tinge—a history in which the brilliant exploits of Montrose, and the loyal devotedness of the clansmen in the '45, would appear as prominent scenes in a CELTIC PLUTARCH, performing the same service to young Highlanders that the works of the rare old Chæronean did to the Greeks and Romans of the second century. For such a Plutarch there exist the most ample materials, not only in the memories of 1545 and 1745, but in the wide range of the records of our military history and geographical discovery up to the most recent period. And I need scarcely observe, after what I have said, that in every parish of a decidedly Highland character—that is, practically every parish where Gaelic is preached—such a Plutarch should be written in the mother tongue.

So far as Gaelic, and a characteristically Gaelic culture, is concerned, it will naturally either drop, in the middle schools, or assume a subordinate position; and this for the very obvious reason that the mass of the middle and upper classes, for whom chiefly the middle schools exist, are Saxon, if not always in heart and blood, at least in their speech. At the same time a certain provision should be made in all middle schools in Highland districts for the higher culture of Gaelic; for, not to mention other considerations, there will always naturally be found in these schools a certain number of young men, drawn from the lower classes, destined to become preachers and teachers in essentially Highland districts; and if such provision is not made in the middle schools, their Gaelic, as an

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organ of expression, will naturally become rusty, and (as has very generally happened in Scotland) will have to be refurbished at considerable expense of time and brain at a less convenient season in later years. Anyhow, under a healthy system, even where English alone is recognised in such middle schools, a certain Highland atmosphere will naturally prevail, and certain peculiarities which would distinctly mark out the style and tone of instruction in such a school, say at Inverness, from a similar institution at Perth or Aberdeen. Highland subjects will be treated with a natural preference—sections of British history in which the Gael had performed the principal part will be discussed in fuller detail. Highland songs will be sung every day, and the most sublime passages of Ossian, along with the beautiful descriptions of scenery in Duncan Ban and Alister Macdonald recited, and perhaps acted in character on show days. Shinty, of course, and every characteristically Highland sport, will be cultivated on holidays. The picturesque, the patriotic, and healthy Highland garb will be worn by all the scholars. The Highland plume will wave on the bonnet of every prizeman, and every young Celtic thane will tread his native heath with a healthy consciousness that he is neither a Cockney nor an Etonian, and has drunk in among the breezes of his native hills more strength and more manhood, and more bracing culture, than if he had been drilled for long years at some great English school in pedantic preparation for a course of meagre mathematics at Cambridge, or of Greek metres, Latin elegies, and High Churchism at Oxford. With or without the Gaelic language he will grow up a Highlander, as he was born, and present to the world, undisguised and unperverted, one of the finest types of manhood that history knows, not, as too frequently happens, transplanted precociously into a soil and an atmosphere in which he is obliged to stint and to starve the best elements of his nature, in order to be transformed into a middle sort of creature, destitute alike of the sturdy energy which belonged to his original character, and the native grace of the foreign model. Such is always the penalty which Nature makes those of her children pay who reject the conditions of life which she gave them, and with a snobbish affectation are eager to appropriate what she had wisely denied them. According to her principle, the boy, as the thoughtful poet says, is the father of the man. But according to the notion which seems to have possessed those who send their sons to Eton and Harrow in order that they might forget to be Highlanders and become Englishmen, it is the father that strangles the boy, and the result of this unnatural strangulation is that the creature, by such process, is in danger of developing into something which is neither a Highlander nor an Englishman, but an accomplished coxcomb perhaps, or a heartless prig, or any other form of what the world calls a fine gentleman.

The third stage of popular education is of course the University; and to avoid expatiation, I shall take the special case of a Highland proprietor, and attempt to sketch a sort of model training for him from the time he leaves the school till his entry on the duties of public life, to which his position naturally invites him. I shall suppose the school course finished, and the manly education commenced at the age of eighteen; and, as a matter of course, a young man destined to perform a public part in the organism of Scottish society should go to a Scottish and not to an English or any

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foreign University—at least not in the first instance. Let three years, therefore, be spent in attending classes in the Scottish Universities, those classes preferably which specially bear on the life and occupations of country gentlemen—to wit, agriculture and agricultural chemistry, geology, botany, forestry, moral and political philosophy, sociology, political economy, elements of law, public, private, and constitutional; modern history from the Reformation downwards, and ecclesiastical polity. This is a pretty wide range; but it may be varied of course according to the taste of the individual; philological or mathematical studies, also, where a special talent is indicated, may be pursued into their higher departments; especially the scientific study of the Celtic languages on the inductive principle of comparative philology, ought, if possible, along with a course of Celtic history and antiquities, to receive some academical attention from those who are destined to live as the heads and representatives of a Celtic-speaking population. After finishing this course the young Celtic laird will now be one-and-twenty, and so far as the Celtic root and Scottish growth of his training is concerned, pretty fairly rigged out. But we are Britons as well as Celts and Scots, and we are the subjects of a Gracious Lady on whose Empire the sun never sets; therefore, in addition to a national, but not in anywise as a substitute for it, a certain taste of English, European, and Oriental culture belongs necessarily to every person who is called to take a prominent position in the public life of this country. I therefore counsel two years at an English University, and two years of foreign travel, to equip my model laird completely according to the idea of Plato or the model of John Knox; and after having gone through this rich and various course, at the age of twenty-five he will take his place, not as a stranger unacquainted with the language and the habits of the people, or as a meagre economist, land-merchant, and money maker, much less as an ignorant, self-indulgent, game-preserving, and rent-consuming absentee; but, proud of his position, to use St Paul's noble language, as "a fellow-worker with God" in the social economy of the country, and bound by every principle of honour, and by every bond of human kindness, to maintain and to increase, even to his own loss and hurt, as will happen occasionally, the prosperity of the people to whom he has been appointed overseer. A man so educated as I have sketched will not be apt to surrender his paternal acres to the control of factors or lawyers, a class of men by their position, if not exactly by their inclination, more given to be harsh and severe than kindly and considerate in their treatment of the people. He will see with his own eyes, and if he belongs to the good old school, work stoutly with his own hands as occasion may offer; and while he will gladly follow the example of the good old lairds in bringing down a deer or hooking a salmon in the natural haunts of these creatures, he will not degrade himself nor betray his people by looking on his property mainly as a game preserve, and himself merely as a mighty hunter before the Lord. Such is my model landlord.

It is now your business to ask the question, how far this ideal has been realised? And here I need scarcely say that not only in this case, as in most others, does the real limp lamentably behind the ideal, but the ideal has in a great measure been publicly disowned even by the

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Highlanders themselves, while the Lowlander, as before said, has already fully made up his mind that the Highlander is an "obsolete animal," *civiliter mortuus*, as the lawyers say, and entitled only to recognition by way of parade on a holiday to amuse Cockney lords and ladies beholding Bens and bare legs for the first time, or in a page flushed with Stuart or Macgregor tartan in one of Scott's novels. That the Lowlanders should think in this fashion is quite natural; majorities are always insolent, and in the present case the Saxons have both multitude and money; but the abnegation of the Highlanders by themselves is a monstrosity in social pathology which could not have been a notable and lamentable fact now but for the faults and follies of previous generations of Highlanders, working along with a succession of political and economical mischances, all tending toward taking the heart out of the Highlands and leaving the arms with no nerve in them to strike. It is quite unnecessary that I should particularise the series of unfortunate events which, from 1645 downwards, and at a more galloping pace since the brilliant folly of 1745, have tended to empty the Highlands of its best elements, and to depress and denationalise what remains. A class of people there are who are fond to call this state of social depression and degradation "progress." We ought to be thankful, they say, that, at whatever sacrifice, we have at length escaped from the barbarism and tyranny of the feudal system, and have been redeemed into the glorious independence of a commercial age. I have studied this subject carefully for many years, and my conclusion is, that whatever might have been the occasional enormities practised under the feudal or rather the clan system in the Highlands (for feudalism was never native in the glens), on the whole, the Highlanders have lost a great deal more than they gained by its abolition; and as to the commercial system, to which our wonderful modern progress is so complacently ascribed, I can see no comparison in point of social value between the bond of mutual love and respect, which were the cement of Highland society under the clan system, and the bond of cash payment and merchant lairds that are now substituted for it. The commercial system is a very proper law for merchants, but taken alone, it is utterly worthless to produce patriots or heroes, or even good citizens. But let this pass. What I have to insist on here is that the whole doctrine, sentiment, and practice, in regard to the education of Highlanders for the last hundred years and more, has, in a great generality of cases, been exactly counter to the above sketch. It tended directly not to make but to unmake an accomplished Highlander, and has succeeded in general only too well. The Disarming Act of 1746 forbade Highlanders to wear the Highland dress. It would almost seem as if from that period downwards they had become ashamed of nursing a Highland heart beneath a Lowland coat; for they did actually in many respects act as if they were ashamed of themselves, and the disuse of the outward symbol gradually accustomed them to ignore the existence of the inward thing signified. Certain it is that many of the upper classes, whose example has always exercised a strong elevating or corrupting influence on the lower—even those who were most patriotic in show of tartan and sound of pipe—were utterly ignorant of the literature of their own language, told their daughters never to speak a word of Gaelic, and sent their sons to Eton and Harrow that

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they might with all speed forget the language they had sucked in with their mothers' milk, make their ears incapable of enjoying the music that had stirred the heroism of a hundred fights, and learn to look on their Highland estates as unkindly solitudes fitted only for rearing mutton to line the stomachs of Edinburgh lawyers and Glasgow tradesmen. These things being so, the practical question remains, how far that portion of the Highland people who, under such a press of discouraging influences, have remained faithful to their old traditions, and still feel the force of their old aspirations, may hope to assert themselves, and carry out to a certain extent the ideal of a genuine Highland education for Highlanders, such as I have endeavoured to set before you. The practical means by which this may be done will be various, according to circumstances. I will mention only two that strike me as peculiarly worthy of support and imitation. The first is that the Highlanders of the present day, if they wish to assert themselves in the face of the flood of ignorance, indifference, and prejudice with which they are constantly confronted, must make it a point of honour to support an organ in the public press where their case may be truly stated and their cause ably advocated; and I need not say that the necessary organ has been provided for them, in a way powerful and prosperous beyond expectation, in the *Ard Albannach* of Mr John Murdoch. I am very far, of course, from wishing to connect myself as an individual with some of Mr Murdoch's doctrines, or advising the Highlanders to connect themselves wholesale to his political, ecclesiastical, or economical guidance. He may have made rash statements, and vented perilous speculations occasionally, but what editor has not? But, as a friend of the Highlanders, I consider myself bound to support *The Ard-Albannach*. Next I advise you to follow the noble example of Mr Mackay of Swansea, who has organised a system of school stimulus and encouragement in his native parish of Rogart, the spirit and details of which are worthy of imitation in every parish of the Highlands. But the fact is that whatever means may be thought advisable, according to circumstances, for asserting the Celtic element in Highland parishes as its comparative predominence may require, no means can be of any value, and no machinery will produce any substantial result, unless the people really wish to be Highlanders, and not only wish, but are determined to be so. How much Celtic fire may still stir the veins of the Trans-Grampian people, notwithstanding the long process of depletion to which they have been subjected, I cannot tell. I am only a spectator and a Saxon, anxious, no doubt, that the noble species of the Briton—called Highlander—shall not be extinguished from our glens, but utterly unable to say how far it may be prudent or possible for him to attempt resistance to the dispeopling and depopularizing influences that are everywhere forced so violently upon him. If the lion is not sick, let him roar; if he does not roar I shall conclude that he is either dead or dying. And, if he does die, I shall, of course, drop a few tears over his grave, and console myself in Stoical fashion, by saying that I knew that I had loved a mortal; but if he be indeed sick and ready to die, I am not at all prepared in anywise to rush in with officious polypharmacy to save him. The man who wishes to die is more than half dead already; and the sooner he dies the better, both for the living, with whom he cannot act, and for the dead, to whom he is most akin.

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THE ROUT OF MOY.

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The River Findhorn, which rises in the Monadhliath Mountains, flows through the glen of Strathdearn. Its scenery passes from Alpine to Lowland, exhibits almost every variety of the picturesque, strikes the eye with force or delight all the way from the source to the sea, and is not excelled in aggregate richness by the scenery of any river or stream north of the Tay.

The river is remarkable for the rapidity with which it rises and falls, and for its swift torrent, which, when in flood, often takes a straight course at the cost of much injury to life and property. In 1829 Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, with powerful dramatic effect, told the story of the floods which then ravaged Morayshire along the courses of the rivers descending from the Monadhliath and Cairngorm Mountains, notably the Findhorn and Spey, both of which rose to an unexampled height, in some parts of their course to fifty feet above their natural level.

The valley of Strathdearn will amply repay a visit. The Findhorn begins at the very head of the valley, and first issues forth through a remarkable rent in the rock called Clach Sgoilte, or the cloven stone. As it passes onwards it is joined by various small streams, proceeding from minor glens called shealings, into which the Highlanders were in the habit of driving their cattle to feed on abundance of the richest natural grass, sheltered from the scorching heat of the summer sun. There are indeed many lovely spots along the course of the river, and by the little rills among the hills, unknown *now*, save to the shepherd and the gamekeeper, servants of the sportsman who *rents the district*. There are the natural wood trees, "the oak and the ash, and the bonnie elm tree," the alder and the birch, the lady of the wood, and then the rivulets which drop from pool to pool, and anon hiding themselves among sandstone ledges deeply bedded in dark sedge and broad, bright burdoch leaves, and tall angelica, and tufts of king and crown and lady fern. Up the glens there are bits of boggy moor, all fragrant with the gold-tipped gale, and the turf is enamelled with the hectic marsh violet and the pink pimpernel, and the pale yellow leaf stars of the butter wort, and the blue bells and green threads of the ivy-leaved campanula. And then to stop a few minutes and look around on the earth, like one great emerald, set round with heathery amethyst roofed with sapphire, in the distance the blue sea and blue mountains, and covering all the bright blue sky overhead; and under foot the wayside fringed with the purple vetch, the golden bedstraw and the fragrant meadow-queen, while at intervals the wild rasp bushes, adorned with their crimson berries, offer a tempting refreshment to the passing bird, and the barefooted boy and girl ramblers. The time of the wild rose is past, but the hips and haws will soon put on their red, red coats, the coral beads are even now in cluster on the rowan tree, while the bramble trails over every ditch with its delicious load of juicy, purpling fruit. "Eheu fugaces labuntur anni!" Well does the schoolboy

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love the rough skinned bramble, and often in the sunny days of boyhood do his fingers and lips know the stains of its luscious blobs:—

"The bramble berries were our food,
The water was our wine,
And the linnet in the self same bush,
Came after us to dine.
And grow it in the woods sae green,
Or grow it on the brae,
We like to meet the bramble bush,
Where'er our footsteps gae."

As the ramble proceeds, the surrounding country becomes highly picturesque. Now we have a crag robed in lichen cropping upwards, and crowned with heather and tangled foliage; now we have a little runlet jinking among the seggans, and singing a sweet undersong as it steals down its tiny glen; and now a landscape all yellow with "golden shields flung down from the sun," in the foreground, and the glorious hills backing all behind. Verily, Strathdearn is a lovely glen.

About a mile from the church of Moy there is a singular hollow, called "Ciste chraig an eoin" (the chest of the Craig of the bird), surrounded by high rocks, and accessible only through one narrow entrance. Situated close to the Pass called "Starsach nan Gael"—the Doorstep of the Highlanders—it was used as a place of concealment for their wives and children by the Highlanders during their absences on predatory excursions into the low country. This is the scene of one of those romantic achievements which so marked the rebellion of '45.

Previous to the Battle of Culloden, Prince Charlie was for some days at Moyhall, the guest of Colonel Ann, as Lady Mackintosh was called. The Chief himself, with a prudence to be commended, took the Royalist side, leaving what in this case was hardly the weaker vessel, to espouse the cause of the Prince, for whom the distant clans were arming. Mackintosh himself was absent in Ross-shire, in the King's service, but his wife, who was a daughter of Farquharson of Invercauld, entertained the Prince, and was so enthusiastic in his cause that she afterwards raised a regiment of 400 of her husband's clan and followers to support him.

With these she joined Lord Strathallan, who had been left by Prince Charles at Perth, to collect troops and military stores, and these Mackintoshes afterwards fought at Culloden. Her ladyship was no favourer of half measures. At times she rode at the head of her regiment, with a man's hat on her head, and pistols at her saddle-bow—hence her soubriquet of Colonel Ann.

That Prince Charles was at Moyhall, the guest of Lady Mackintosh, was well known to the Earl of Loudon, whose detachment of Royalist troops then occupied Inverness, about twelve miles distant. At breakfast his lordship, discussing his information with his officers, suddenly formed the decision to move on Moyhall in order to surprise the young Chevalier, gain the offered reward, and save the country from further bloodshed. A Highland lassie who waited at table in the "Horns" over-

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heard their plans, and at once, barefooted and bareheaded, ran on to Moyhall to tell of the danger.

The tidings produced consternation and confusion, for there were no troops to defend the House of Moy, nor meet the coming foe. But Colonel Ann, and the council of war she assembled, were equal to the occasion. Donald Fraser, the Chief's blacksmith, afterwards known as "Caiptin nan Cuignear," the Captain of the Five, at once left his forge, and taking along with him five men whom she named, hurried off with sword and musket to repel the 1500 invading troops.

It was in the dusk of the evening when they reached the narrow pass of Craig an Eoin, two miles from the Hall, and there they waited the approach of the foe. There was a quantity of turf divots and peats set up to dry, in small hillocks or stacks, and Donald and his men, in order the better to watch the motions of the troops, placed themselves a few hundred yards asunder among these heaps, concealed by the shadows of the hills rising on either side.

They were hardly in ambush when they became aware of the approach of the soldiers. It was the dusk of the evening. Now was the time for action. Fraser wait[illegible] till the army was within 100 yards, when, starting up, the command w[illegible] passed from Donald, and then from man to man, in a loud voice, alon[illegible] a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile—"The Mackintoshes, the Macgillivrays, the Macbeans to form instantly the centre; the Macdonalds on the right, and the Frasers on the left." All this in the hearing of the commander-in-chief of the Royal army, accompanied by the firing of the muskets of the concealed party. Macrimmon, the piper in the advance guard of the Macleods, fell, and this, coupled with the fear that masses of Highlanders were ready to surround them, and cut them to pieces, caused the troops to flee back precipitately to Inverness, where Lord Loudon, not considering himself safe, continued his route to Sutherlandshire, a distance of seventy miles, where he took up his quarters.

Fraser returned quietly with the dirk of the fallen piper, and was locally promoted to the rank of captain. He fought afterwards bravely at Culloden, and his sword is still kept, with many another piece of rusty armour, at Tomatin House.

Thus ended what has been humorously called the Rout of Moy.

Among the most celebrated pipers in the Highlands, attached to and holding high rank in their several clans, were the MacCrimmons, the MacArthurs, attached to the Macdonalds—from whom they held the lands of Peingowen, in Trotternish, for the support of a seminary for teaching pipe music, and where the little green hills of Cnocphail were their daily practice ground—the Macgregors of Fortingal, the Mackays of Gairloch, the Rankines of Coul, and the Macintyres of Rannoch.

In the bay of Dunvegan is the farm of Borrevaig, once the site of a college of pipers, instituted by the MacCrimmons, long the hereditary pipers of the Macleods, and universally acknowledged the greatest masters of pipe music in the Highlands. A cave opening to the bay is pointed out as the place in which the scholars received their instructions, which were systematic and protracted.

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Macleod bestowed on them the farm of Borrevaig rent free, but when rents rose, the then Macleod proposed to resume possession, and to secure one half to Macrimmons in fee. This the proud musicians declined, broke up the pipe college of Borrevaig, and from that day ceased as a family their cultivation of pipe music on the "piob mhor."

The MacCrimmons, or Chruimmin, are a minor sept, and were the hereditary pipers to the Macleods of Macleod. The first of whom there is any notice was Iain Odhar, or dun-coloured John, who lived in 1600.

About the middle of the 17th century Patrick Mor MacCrimmon, having lost seven sons (he had eight in all) within a year, composed for the bagpipe a touching "Lament for the Children," *Cumhadh na Cloinne.*

In 1745 Macleod's piper was Donald Ban MacCrimmon. When that Chief, who was opposed to Prince Charlie, along with Munro of Culcairn, at the head of 700 clansmen, fought and were defeated at Inverurie, twelve miles from Aberdeen, by Lord Louis Gordon, Donald Ban was taken prisoner.

On this occasion a striking mark of respect was paid to him by his brethren of the pipes, which at once procured his release. The pipers in Lord Louis's following did not play the next morning as was their wont, and on inquiry into this unusual circumstance, it was found by his lordship and his officers that the pipes were silent because MacCrimmon was a prisoner, when he was immediately set at liberty. He was, however, shortly after killed in the attempt to capture the Prince at Moyhall, as above related.

On the passing of the Heritable Jurisdiction Abolition Bill, in 1747, the occupation of hereditary pipers was gone. Donald Dubh MacCrimmon, the last of them, died in 1822, aged 91. The affecting lament, "Cha till, Cha till, tha till Mac-Chruimean"—MacCrimmon shall never, shall never, shall never return—was composed on his departure for Canada.

TORQUIL.

THE CORNISH LANGUAGE.—Next year (1878) being the 100th year since the date when the Cornish language actually ceased to be spoken, through the death of an old woman at Mousehold, Penzance, the last person who could converse in it fluently, it has been proposed to commemorate the "Centenary" by holding a congress of Celtic scholars at Truro or Penzance.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—"The Depopulation of Aberarder in Baden och, 1770," By Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., will appear in our next.

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DESTITUTION IN THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A.

IV.

When the lands are once converted, as proposed in the preceding article, by a local process of enlargement, into shares, severally adapted for the maintenance of a single family, every encouragement should be given to improvement, both by draining and fencing that which is presently to some degree arable, as well as by trenching in and reclaiming waste lands. It is known to everyone who has made a tour of the Highlands, that vast tracts of land are to be met with in a state of sterility, and without even condescending on the spaces and patches of ground which are presently useless within the very bounds of their measured lots, immense ranges lie under moss, which are presently looked upon as irredeemable. It is acknowledged that waste lands of this description incur considerable expense ere they are reclaimed, and it may be objected that the crofter has no capital, and consequently no means wherewith to effect such improvement. This objection might be justly pleaded were the crofter under the necessity of converting all his waste ground into arable land within the space of a year, or any other limited period. But such need not be the case. Let the work go on gradually, and however small the portion reclaimed in a season may be, the benefits arising from it will prove a more powerful stimulus to proceed with the improvement thus commenced, than could be effected by any advices on the subject, however persuasively given.

As limestone is to be found in most Highland districts, every family might make lime for itself, unless the inhabitants of contiguous hamlets would see fit to club together, and manufacture quantities of that most useful commodity for the benefit of their lands. Lime is very little used by the small tenants in the Hebrides as a stimulant, for many indeed are ignorant of its good effect upon the soil. A variety of very important improvements should thus be carried on, all tending to the advantage of the landlord and tenant, and thus to the community at large. Those domestic concerns which are at present so grossly mismanaged, would be conducted on more approved and genial principles. By the employment of horses both men and women would be freed from a degree of slavery by which they were so long inthralled, and would be no more subject to grievous and unnatural acts of labour. Creels would give place to carts, and the "căs-chrom," so long an instrument of toil, would be for ever discarded. Works of industry would arise from the due management of their more extensive possessions—works which would amply repay their labour. Thus, annual migrations to distant parts of the kingdom for chance employment would for ever cease. Long, fruitless, and fatiguing journeys would be discontinued. The natives would become a sort of domesticated community, who would live in comparative ease and comfort

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on their own resources. Health, happiness, and independence would spring up in every quarter, and even the appearance of famine in future would become, under the blessing of heaven, a matter of rare and almost impossible occurrence.

After thus adverting to the benefits which would flow to the people from a reduction of the population, as well as from an improved system of agriculture, one other source of useful and profitable employment remains to be dealt with, which seems to be the only local source to this effect, besides husbandry, which lies within the reach of the people—that is,

Fisheries.—It has been already mentioned that at one period the herring appeared in immense shoals in every loch and bay which intersect the Hebridean Isles, and that the natives caught it in large quantities, both for the market and for domestic consumption. But while that fish has deserted its wonted places of resort, it is well ascertained that, in its annual migrations, it passes by in the streams and currents of the deep sea, where the people have neither skill nor materials to catch it. Some years ago, when it abounded in almost every creek, the people had nets and other necessaries for procuring it. Their circumstances then enabled them to provide such things as are now beyond their reach—besides that the stations which that fish then frequented enabled them to catch it with far less skill, as well as with less danger and expense, than at the present day. Herring, however, is not the only fish which might, through time, afford the natives lucrative employment. Cod and ling, and endless varieties of lesser fish, frequent the banks and currents of the western seas, which might, through skilful management, turn out of vast advantage to the people. As matters stand at present, the benefit derived from fishing is very limited indeed. With the exception of small quantities which are caught by such of the natives as are able and inclined, in good weather, to go in quest of for the immediate use of their families, little or nothing is secured for the market in many of the Western Isles. The natives of the Lews must, however, be excepted, who are in this respect rather industrious, and catch considerable quantities of cod and ling on the western coast of their island.

The London cod smacks furnish ample proof that white fish of this description is still abundant in the open channels which surround the northern Hebridean islands. These vessels are furnished with "wells," into which the fish is put alive, and is brought in that state to the British capital. A certain number of these vessels visit the Lews coast annually, and supply the London market, during the season, with considerable quantities of fish in excellent condition. When the London season is over, they are generally engaged for some weeks in supplying the Stornoway fishcurers with the fruits of their industry, giving them the ling for sixpence, or so, each, and the cod for threepence or fourpence, according to size and quality. It is said that hand-lines are the only tackle made use of by these English fishermen, and that they are possessed of so much skill in their vocation that a vessel, by leaving Stornoway on Monday morning, and resorting to banks in the deep seas, returns on the following Saturday evening having incredible quantities of fish on board.

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About the year 1810, an English fish speculator of the name of Degraves visited the shores of Orkney and Shetland, and there carried on his traffic with considerable success. The fishermen whom this gentleman is said to have employed were Dutch, and it is reported that, had he not ruined his prospects with over-speculation, the undertaking would have proved very successful.

Several years ago a man from Fraserburgh, in Aberdeenshire, went to the coasts of South Uist, where, from his skill and perseverance in fishing, he not only benefited himself by his industry, but also the natives of Uist by his example. He had, in all, four boats and twenty-one men, and his speculation was so successful, that he cured from forty to fifty tons of fish during the season.

The greatest fishing now carried on in the Western Isles, besides that by the London vessels already mentioned, is by the Irish, who have frequented for some years back the different banks in the channels between Barra Head, Coll, and Tiree. They are supplied with large Portross wherries, well adapted for the boisterous stations which they make choice of, as well as carrying the produce of their labours, generally to the Irish markets.

While such examples are recorded as to the extent to which fishing might be carried on, as well as to the advantages which might be derived from it, it will be observed that the same has been almost entirely effected by strangers, while the natives, who so very much require such advantages, are incapacitated, from want both of skill and means, to avail themselves of the benefits which are otherwise within their reach.

It becomes a matter of serious consideration *how* and *when* they are to be supplied with the means of fishing on a proper system. The question comes to be, whether that should be done under their presently constituted state of society, or whether the same should be deferred until the population be reduced in the manner already suggested?

From the various preparatory steps necessary to establish fisheries on a proper basis, it would appear difficult to accomplish this end under the present accumulated state of population. The very nature of fishing, on a scale thus projected, would require the young to be trained to it, from boyhood upwards, and by looking upon it as their sole occupation, to bestow upon it their undivided attention. But, from what has been already stated as to their present circumstances, such would be almost an impossibility. It is incompatible with the vocation of a fisherman that he pass one half of the year either at labour in the south country, or toiling at the cultivation of a few acres of ground at home. That vocation, if properly managed, requires all his energies and attention. Experience, conjoined with a knowledge of seamanship, are indispensable to secure success to the fisherman. The most rational way, therefore, though undoubtedly the most protracted to get it accomplished, for securing lasting benefits to the islanders appears to be that, after lands are portioned out in proper allotments to such as will live solely by them, at least a part of the surplus of the rising generation be trained to fishing, and be encouraged to prosecute it, for their own benefit as well as for that of the country at large.

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Even under their present mode of fishing, considerable good would result from a temporary supply being awarded them of long lines, hooks, etc. Many might benefit their families by occasional supplies of fish, who cannot avail themselves of the same in the meantime merely for want of such tackle as is used in the place. But for permanent advantage from this source of industry it is necessary to supply them, not only with fishing materials, on approved principles, but also with skilful men to instruct them in the art, to superintend the work, and to arouse them to emulation and industry by their example. Among the various requisites to establish fisheries on this scale are harbours, quays, and store houses. These should be as numerous as possible, at the same time taking care that they be erected at stations judiciously chosen. Without them the occupation of the fisherman can never be carried on with regularity, or equable success. The next requisites are boats, or wood and iron to make them. The boats suited for the white fishing should be from 16 to 18 feet of keel, or even larger, while the kind for the herring fishing should be larger still, resembling those used at Fraserburgh, Peterhead, or Banff. As to the tackle for cod and ling fishing, every boat would require cordage, commonly called long-lines, to rig out 600 hooks, with buoy-strings in proportion, and every herring boat should be supplied with five or six barrels of herring nets. Each boat would require an experienced fisherman, at least for a time, as instructor, and perhaps none are better suited for this purpose than fishermen from Peterhead, and other places on the east coast of Scotland. Some are of opinion that were fisheries thus established it would be necessary to have a general inspector over those of every island, such as Skye, Lews, Uist, etc., for the purpose of superintending the work generally, as well as for seeing that order and industry prevailed at every station.

Before such extensive arrangements as have been thus pointed out can possibly be brought about, several years must necessarily elapse, during which the people will be as liable as ever to be overtaken by the sad consequences of inclement seasons, should it be the will of Providence that such will come to pass. It is therefore earnestly to be hoped that, from whatever quarter relief is to be obtained, for the permanent benefit of the Highlanders, by the adoption of such arrangements as are both judicious and necessary for the purpose, the same will be speedily applied. Though the late cry for bread has been heard, and humanely responded to by a liberal and benevolent nation, and though the Divine Bestower of "every good and perfect gift" has been graciously pleased to crown the year with abundance, and to shed abroad His blessings with bountiful hand throughout the regions of distress, yet it is not enough to rest satisfied under these circumstances, or to view the future condition of the late sufferers with luke-warm indifference. The fact that they have been mercifully rescued from the late calamity, and that they are still, from local peculiarities, more liable than the rest of the nation to similar calamities in future, renders their case worthy of deliberate consideration by all such as have the power to accomplish means of improvement.

While the population of the districts lately visited with distress is so very large, it may happen that even the means of relief already mentioned

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may fail, in some cases, of having the desired effect. Amidst so extensive a community several will, no doubt, be actuated by various inclinations. Of those who may be fit subjects for emigration, some may be willing to avail themselves of it, and some may not. Some may have a wish to engage in the different departments of industry at home, while others may not feel so inclined. It is therefore desirable that the promoters of the Highlanders' welfare should, in a sense, endeavour to be "all things to all men," and thus render the means of relief as various as may be consistent with prudence, and judicious arrangement.

It is well known that the Highlanders have always been a brave and warlike race of people, and though their spirit has, no doubt, suffered considerably of late, through adversity in various forms, yet their characteristic valour, if called forth, would still be an honour to their name and country. To part with brave soldiers, if required as such, would be parting with so much of the national strength. Might not service in Her Majesty's forces be offered to such Highlanders as are inclined to accept of it, in preference to other employments? Might it not be consistent with expediency to raise a "New Regiment of the Isles," and to give the Highlanders another opportunity of distinguishing themselves in the field of honour, as the descendants of brave and dauntless heroes? Let their deeds in former times be for a moment called to recollection—deeds by which the mighty fell, and by which the fame of the victors shall live for ever in the annals of history? As a specimen of their bravery, some of the brilliant achievements of the Black Watch may be called to remembrance, as they were the first Highland corps called to the service of their king and country. This regiment was at first made up of men who held a distinguished rank in society—young chieftains, cadets of principal families, and gentlemen's sons! When garbed in their sombre tartan, and armed with their broadswords, pistols, and dirks, they formed a beautiful contrast with the dazzling scarlet dress of other regiments. As this celebrated body was composed of brave and spirited men, it might be expected that their deeds of valour would be great and glorious! Their gallantry shined forth in brilliant colours at the battle of Fontenoy, fought on the 11th May 1745. This was the first opportunity they had of meeting foemen on the open field of strife. But the most deadly scene in which they were ever engaged was the siege of Ticonderago, in the United States of North America, on the 7th July 1750. In this desperate and sanguinary struggle, a part of them rushed, with more gallantry than prudence, through the barricades and breastworks of the fort, and plunged with a fearful charge among the enemy, against whose deadly fire they had previously stood for hours! The affair crowned the survivors with laurels which shall never wither—laurels which shall last while valorous deeds continue to be recorded in history. As their bravery and loyalty on this memorable day excited the admiration of the world, their Sovereign was pleased to honour them with the name of "Royal." They subsequently distinguished themselves in a manner equally brave in the West Indies, and in various other quarters. In the celebrated Expedition to Egypt, under Sir Ralph Abercromby, this gallant corps, as well as other Highland regiments, fought with most heroic courage. They could submit to no odious dominion, nor could they bear any oppressive or

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degrading yoke. Aboukir Bay and Alexandria will ever testify of Highland bravery. In those places evolutions were executed, and charges made, which no human power could resist, and the enemy only stood before the magnanimous sons of Scotia like chaff before the wind. It were needless to recount the various battles in which these noble soldiers had a noble share during the Peninsular war. Let Wellington, that renowned "hero of a hundred Battles," bear testimony to the manly conduct and valorous exploits of the Highlanders. General Lord Hill, that humane nobleman, will also feel pleasure in calling to recollection the bravery of the 42d, the 93d, and the 79th Highlanders in their various campaigns abroad. At Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Orthes, Toulouse, and in various other deadly skirmishes, how nobly did they acquit themselves under the command of that brave General! Perhaps there was no General to whom the Highlanders were more devotedly attached than Lord Hill. Even in active service they looked upon him as their "father," and were wont to call him by that endearing name. Such proofs of genuine respect must be a pleasing source of comfort to that gallant commander, and cannot fail to be one of his most agreeable reminiscences.

Under the choicest generalship, therefore, the Highlanders desperately fought for the freedom of that land which gave them birth. The cause of justice, liberty, and truth was then at stake, and though some deemed it infatuation even to oppose the formidable legions of the enemy, yet the best of soldiers, under the best of Generals, rushed into the struggle, fierce as the storm of their native hills, and swift as the eagles of heaven flying over their crags and mountains. Thus they obtained the victory!

On the plains of Waterloo the Highlanders acquired the consummation of that fame which had hitherto been so deservedly great. It is said that Napoleon himself could not refrain from expressing his admiration of these brave and warlike men. The stakes to be divided by the fate of that memorable day were, in their nature, most important. The glory and pride of the French nation on the one side, and on the other the patriotism, the liberty, and the glory of Great Britain! For a time the conflict was desperate and deadly. In every quarter the hardy race of Albion did fearful havoc amid the hostile ranks. No barrier could then oppose them, fighting for their liberty and their country. On that eventful day the two greatest generals which the world could produce stood mutually opposed; but the deeds on which the sun went down might well cause the immortal Wellington to exclaim, in the words of the Latin bard, "Exegi monumentum ære perennius." Seeing that in course of the bygone century the four quarters of the world testify to the bravery of the Highlanders as warriors, it cannot be supposed that any unfavourable circumstances in their condition have as yet dampened their native spirit of heroism, or softened them down to diffidence in defence of their liberties, their country, and their Queen. That they have, in general, multiplied to a degree incompatible with the natural resources of support from their possessions, has been already explained. That improvements should be effected, and that emigration should be resorted to, has also been mentioned. But let it be considered that, in the event of men being required to serve their country, every Highlander who may

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volunteer himself for that service will diminish the population of his parish or district as effectually as though he were conveyed, at the expense of the Government, to Australia or North America. It is therefore humbly suggested that this source of relief to the country be added to the rest, and amid a variety of such resources, let the Highlander avail himself of that which he deems most suited to his inclination and circumstances.

[Since these articles were written (1840), another fearful famine overtook the Highlands and Western Islands, in 1847, and other events occurred which may have, more or less, qualified in some respects the opinions then set forth. These will be noticed in the next, and concluding, article.]

GIVE ME A COT.

O! give me a cot 'mid my own native mountains,
A cosy wee nest, with a but and a ben,
Where sounds the strange music of silvery fountains,
That wantonly rush to their home in the glen.
There I would ever be,
Wand'ring in freedom's glee,
Enrapt with the pleasures of wild loneliness,
Breathing the mountain air,
Wooing the flow'rets rare,
Seeking from silence life's soul-happiness.

O! give me a cot where the red lightning dances,
And the lord of the thunder in majesty rides,
Where the bold eagle gazes with unquailing glances,
While Heaven's dread battle in glory abides.
There I would ever be,
Where the swift flashes flee;
Exulting I'd list to the wrath-pealing voice,
Sounding its trump of war,
Rolling thro' skies afar,
Where cloud-bannered armies as conq'rors rejoice.

O! give me a cot where the rolling mists gather,
And the ghosts of the mighty glide over the hills,
Where sadly they troop o'er the dew-shrouded heather,
And heard are their wails in the song of the rills.
There, 'neath the trembling moon,
Would I with them commune,
Beholding the shades of old warriors brave,
Hov'ring still fondly o'er,
Caledon's mountains hoar,
Rejoicing when tempests triumphantly rave.

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

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AILEAN BUIDHE.

THE following is one of the unpublished "Lives of the Bards," found among the papers of the late

JOHN MACKENZIE, OF "THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY":—

Allan MacDougal, commonly called *Ailean Buidhe nan Oran*, i.e., the Yellow-Haired Poet, was a native of Glendoran, Argyllshire. He lived in the 18th century, and, like his father, passed his days in the rural occupations of agriculture and pasturage. In society he ranked in the middle class—he lived removed alike from poverty and riches, moral and virtuous, equally free of temptations and vices in that remote part of the country.

Allan MacDougal was illiterate. He was too far remote from the parish school to have received the advantages of education. He was the poet of nature in the literal and strict sense of the word. Yet his acuteness and information far exceeded what men in his station possessed. The life he led was favourable to a mind inclined to indulge in the playfulness of fancy and humour of a wayward genius. He had leisure to contemplate, and wanted not subjects to attract attention on the mountain or in the glen. Amid picturesque scenery and rural amusements, many objects called forth the latent powers of the bard of the *yellow locks*. His feelings were incited, and the thoughts and meditations of the nursling of nature were poured forth in song. He soon became known as the composer of humorous verses, and notwithstanding his endeavours to conceal the real author by fathering his productions on a gentleman of the same district, every new song was recognised as emanated from the prolific humour of *Ailean Buidhe*. He soon became the life of every convivial meeting, and the most distinguished of every company he frequented.

It is no small mark of distinction to excel all others who might have the same advantages, at a time of life when all have the same prospects, and possess the like opportunities, even in the narrow circle in which young men of a country district move. But the name and fame of our poet were soon known beyond the limits of his glen, and the circle of his youthful acquaintances. His wit and humour were peculiar. He was always ready to compose on any occasion, to speak on any subject, and to reply to anything said to him. Owing to his appearance, and a defect in his looks, he was exposed to the animadversions of those who were strangers to his talents. But whoever he might be that was foolhardy in attacking him, let him be high or low, he was not allowed to escape without a severe castigation. In him the poet could easily find some real or imaginary defect, and could most aptly represent it. Entering the Ford market with a white-faced horse, led with a long rope that trailed after him, a gentleman, who was known to have a poetical vein, viewing him in a ludicrous light, as the squinting bard lifted up his bonnet to see the crowd assembled on the hill. The other gentlemen observed

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to him what a good subject of some satirical remarks he was. A verse was spun out, and as Allan drew near, it was repeated. It was judged to be too severe, as it described the natural defect of the man, contrasted with the horse, whose appearance was not in its favour. The poet thought otherwise, and turning on his heel, he replied in a loud voice, in measured lines, and by much more severe remarks. The people turned to the aggressor to see if he really had such defects as Allan *Buidhe* so well described. The eyes of the whole Fair having turned on the gentleman, he was glad to sneak away from the imputation, and conceal himself in a public house.

Poets of wit and humour are dreaded as severe satirists, but the good humoured become the favourites of all social and liberal minded men. Allan was not only a man of humour, but also of good common sense. His conversation was agreeable, and his company was courted by the high and low. Being a shrewd observer of nature, he was quick in observing anything worthy of attention—"catching the living manners as they fly"—heard all the news, associated with persons of higher rank. His sagacity and intelligence exceeded all known in the Glen, and he made the best use of what he knew. He always took poetical license in embellishing his story. To make it interesting or captivating, he called the powers of fancy and imagination to his assistance. The Rev. William Campbell, minister of the parish of Kilchrenan, in which Glendoran is situated, frequently reprimanded him for going beyond the bounds of truth or reality—admonished him to adhere to facts in his poetical effusions; but all was to no purpose. Allan would have his own way of telling his story. He followed the dictates of his genius in preference to the precepts of his parson. As the good clergyman saw it was in vain to attempt reclaiming this wayward son of fancy in the plain and usual way of reasoning, he would try another way. He asked him, at last, "If he could compose a poem or a song without a word of truth?" Allan said that he would try, and thus they parted.

His ears were always open to whatever news transpired, but for some time he heard of nothing worth mentioning. At length he understood that the minister's gardener had mixed salt with the seed sown in a field, with the intention of destroying worms that were in the ground, and which proved injurious to the young plants. This was thought most extraordinary in the country, and was much talked of. Allan laid hold of the popular opinion, thinking it a good subject for composing such a poem as the clergyman required from him, that is, "One without a word of truth in it." He commenced, and succeeded beyond expectation. He set fancy and imagination to work on improbabilities. The most unlikely part of it was the sowing of a field with salt, and it was the only thing that was true; adding that, should it appear to men incredible, in fact the salt grew so luxuriantly as to produce a firlot from every stalk. When he repeated the piece to the minister, who listened very attentively to him till he came to the passage of the luxuriant growth, "Ah, Allan," exclaimed he, "why add such a lie."

The poet of Glendoran composed as he felt an impulse to animadvert on the incidents of the day, to satirize as occasion presented something

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that attracted his notice or touched his fancy. His songs were sung through the country, his repartees often repeated, and his name became familiar to those who were far distant. In descriptive poetry he was inferior to Macdonald and Macintyre, but excelled them in wit and humour. Six pieces are all that is now extant of his productions.

Correspondence.

"BONNIE DUNDEE" AND KILLIECRANKIE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I have just been reading, and reading with no small interest, let me assure you, the second chapter of "Highland Battles and Highland Arms," in the July number of your always excellent Magazine. The author of these papers seems to me somewhat disposed to make rather "small beer," as Thackeray would say, of John Graham, Lord Viscount Dundee.

Will you just permit me to remark that, whatever his covenanting opponents may have thought and said of him, the Highlanders at least loved him with all their heart, and held him a General of name and fame beyond anyone else then living; and that they so honestly believed, rightly or wrongly, is evidenced by their constantly and fondly speaking of him as "*Iain Dubh nan Oath*"—dark or swarthy John of Battles—a *soubriquet* which must have been proper and *apropos*, for to this day it has never died, and you meet with it in almost all the songs and fireside *sgeulachds* that go back to the days of Sir Ewen Dubh of Lochiel and "Bonnie Dundee." Next to James Graham, the "Great" Marquis of Montrose, Lord Dundee stands first and foremost, if Highland song and Highland story are to be taken as factors in the appraisement.

How highly Dundee was esteemed as a leader or "king" of men, to use the Homeric epithet, how much he was thought of as a gentleman and accomplished soldier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, finds very striking illustration in the bitter exclamation of Macdonald of Clanranald at the battle of Sheriffmuir, when he saw that things that might have gone otherwise were going amiss—"O! for one hour of Dundee!"

It is possible that Mr Mark Napier may have gone too far in laudation of John Graham of Claverhouse. Let "J. M. W. S." beware of erring quite as grievously and grossly in an opposite direction. I am a man of peace, Mr Editor, but I am quite prepared to couch and splinter a lance in honour of Lord Dundee and Killiecrankie, if called upon, were it but for the sake of "auld lang syne," and the days when Scotland was spoken of on the continent of Europe as a "nation of heroes."—Yours faithfully,

ALEX. STEWART, F.S.A.

NETHER-LOCHABER.

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THE OLD HIGHLAND STAGHOUND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Having long given attention to all Celtic matters, and particularly those bearing on the history of our own Highland people, I have read with great interest the letter in your last number, from a "Nether Lochaber" correspondent, on the old Scotch deerhounds. This is not the first time that he has shown minute knowledge on this subject, regarding which there might probably be much additional curious information brought out through your Magazine. The matter in question stands closely bound up with habits, traditions, and folk-lore of a kind not otherwise likely to be recovered before they have passed away. Its reference to Ossianic poetry, as well as to natural history, has been pointed out by Mr Stewart. It has also its value in throwing light on old clan customs and family histories. The hunting practices of the ancient Gael are known to trace back into very remote antiquity. Modern zoology now sets special stress on animal traits and peculiarities of breeding that may seem slight to the ordinary observer, yet have often great significance to the eye of a Naturalist.

In this view it would be worth while to collect whatever is known regarding the true Highland greyhound *par excellence*, of which, in fact, very little information of any authenticity has been obtained since Mr Macneill of Colonsay's short chapter in Scrope's deerstalking volume appeared, and before that time absolutely nothing except through Ossian's poems. My own intention has long been to publish a monographic account of the breed, for which purpose much material is already in hand; but I should be glad to have the benefit of all further local knowledge that can be gathered. Trusting to elicit such through your instrumentality, at the same time in accordance with the objects of the Magazine.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

GEORGE CUPPLES.

GUARD BRIDGE, FIFESHIRE, June 1877.

HIGHLANDERS OF THE RIGHT STAMP.—Writing of the recent Wool Fair, the Inverness correspondent of the *London Scottish Journal* pays the following well-merited tribute to the late D. J. Macrae, Invershiel, and Macleod, Coulmore:—

Donald John Macrae of Invershiel was, last year, as usual, among his friends, with his honest, genial, and open countenance, and stalwart and well-formed frame. But, alas! we shall never see him, and it is doubtful if we "shall ever see his like again," at the Inverness wool market. He, in the prime of manhood, was called to the distant home, amid the keen and genuine regret of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Another, and the last remaining link between the present and the past, between the originators of the great fair and its present supporters, also went to the long home. Macleod of Coulmore, the only and last survivor of the band who started the market about sixty years ago, died a few months ago. A more genuine Highlander, a warmer-hearted man, a truer and more sincere friend, a more hospitable gentleman, or more charitable to the poor and the needy, he has not left behind him. The loss of two such men in one year amongst our leading farmers is a blank which demands a passing notice, and one which cannot be filled up.

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THE SIXTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS came off in the Music Hall on Thursday, the 12th of July, the first evening of the Great Sheep and Wool Fair, under the presidency of Professor J. S. Blackie, Chief of the Society. The meeting was in every respect one of the most successful ever held under the auspices of the Society. The Chief's speech—which, in an abridged form, will be found on another page—has the right ring about it, and must exert a powerful influence upon those who pay any attention to questions connected with the Highlands. An excellent address was delivered in Gaelic by Colin Chisholm, ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London, in which he powerfully advocated the teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools; exposed the iniquity of the present Game Laws; contrasted the noble sport of our ancestors with the butchery called sport in the present day; and, finally, called upon his countrymen, in thrilling and telling periods, to imitate their Irish brethren and to insist upon the introduction of Land Laws like those extended to Ireland by the late Gladstone Government. The pipe music was, as usual (under Pipe-Major Maclennan, piper to the Society), of a high order, while the dancing of the Highland Fling and of the Reel of Tulloch was all that could be desired. Mr Graham, of Glasgow, well sustained his reputation as one of our best Gaelic song-singers. In addition to all these attractions we had a large choir numbering about twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, who had been for some time under the training of Mr John Whyte of the *Highlander*. They sung some of our most popular airs very effectively; still, we think, a considerable improvement is possible. The very strength of the choir was its greatest weakness. There were too many of the members who did not understand the language of the songs, and consequently did not enter into the spirit of them. This crippled the others, and a general want of spirit in the different pieces was the inevitable result. The pronunciation of the non-Gaelic members was anything but agreeable to our Gaelic ears. Miss Watt and Miss Macbean sang their solos very sweetly; and Miss Maclernan, who presided at the pianoforte, sang with her usual success. We have had to do officially with most of the Society's Assemblies since its origin, and are fully alive to the difficulties to be overcome, and the general good management necessary to make these meetings a success. We have, therefore, much pleasure in acknowledging—a thing, by the way, seldom or never done—the excellent and complete arrangements made on this occasion by the indefatigable secretary and Gaelic scholar, William Mackenzie, Inverness representative of the *Aberdeen Free Press*.

NEW WORKS BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.—In addition to Professor Blackie's poem, "The Wise Men of Greece," which is to be published early in the Autumn, we understand that he is engaged on another which cannot fail to be generally interesting, but especially so to Highlanders. The learned author has been taking notes of everything peculiar which he has come across in his various rambles throughout the Highlands. Peculiar "Characters," from the Laird to the Gamekeeper and Gillie, Old Wives and Spinsters, curious Conversations and funny Oddities will be re-produced, as they impressed the Professor at the time, under the title of "My Highland Box."

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DUANAG DO'N UISGE-BHEATHA.

Key G. *With Spirit.*

	:d	m	:-.r	:d	| d	:-.r	:m	m	:-.r	:d	| d	:-.r	
	Tha	fail - eadh	gun	fho - tas	Bho	chneas	Mhic - an -	Toi - sich,						
	:m .m	f	:-.f	:f	| l	:-.s	:l	s	:-.f	:m	| r	:—	
	Chuireadh	blaths' ann	am	por - aibh,	La	reot	a's	goaith	tuath.					

Chorus.

	:s .f	m	:-.r	:d	| r	:d	:l,	s,	:-.l,	:d	| d	:—	
	O !	sid	i'n	deoch	mhi - lis	Nach		pill -	eam -	aid	bhuainn,				
	:r .m	f	:-.f	:f	| l	:-.s	:l	s	:-.f	:m	| r	:—	
	Chuireadh	blaths air	gach	oridhe e,	'Nuair	bhith -	eam -	aid	fuar;						
	:s .f	m	:-.r	:d	| r	:d	:l,	s,	:-.l,	:d	| d	:—	
	O !	sid	i'n	deoch	mhi - lis	nach		pill -	eam -	aid	bhuainn.				

Bu taitneach an ceol a
Bhi g' eisdeachd a chronain,
Ga leigeadh a stop,
A' cuir croic air a chuaich.

'S e gogail a choilich,
Ga ghocadh ri gloine,
Ceol inntinneach, loinneil,
A thoilleadh an duais.

Ma chreidear mo sheanchas,
Bu mhath leinn 'bhi sealg ort,
Le h-urchair gun dearmad,
Fras airgeid mu d' chluais.

'Nuair chluinnte do ghlugan
Ga tharruinn a buideal,
Bu mhath le ar slugain
Am fliuchadh gu luath.

'S tu culaidh an dannsa
Nuair thigeadh an geamhradh,
A bheireadh air seann-duin'
A cheann thogail suas.

Bu mhath thu air banais,
Ga 'r cumail na 'r caithris,
Nuair bhitheadh luchd-ealaidh
Ri caithream na 'r cluais.

Be sid an sluth neartmhor,
Dh-fhas misneachail, reachd-maher,
Ni saighdear do 'n ghealltair,
Gu spealtadh nan cnuac.

Sugh brigheil na tairgne,
Bho fheadan na praise;
Tha spioradail, laidir,
An caileachd 's an snuagh.

Ann an coinnidh, 's an codhail,
Bheir daoine gu comhradh,
'S binn luinneagán orain
Mu bhord ga 'n cuir suas.

Tha thu cleachdta 's gach duthaich,
'N am reiteachadh cumhnant,
Ma bhios sinn as t-iunnais,
Bi'dh sugradh fad bhuainn.

Tha thu d' lighich' neo-thuisleach,
A dh' fhiachas gach cuisle,
Gun iarmailt no duslach,
Air nach cuir thu ruaig.

Gun eugail na failinn
Tha 'n clannaibh nan Gaidheal,
Nach toir thu gu slaint',
Agus phaighear dhut dhuais.

Nuair 'shuidheamaid socrach,
'S e 'ghlaodhte na bodaich,
Cha b' ionnan 's am brochan—
Thoir boslach dheth' nuas.

NOTE.—The above song is the composition of *Ailean Dall*, the well known bard of the late Macdonell of Glengarry. A pleasant sketch of the life and labours of *Ailean* will be found in "Mackenzie's Beauties." This air is very popular throughout the Highlands.—W. M'K.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XXIII. SEPTEMBER 1877. Vol. II.

HIGHLAND BATTLES AND HIGHLAND ARMS.

IV.

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THE FORTY-FIVE.

The events of this insurrection are so well understood, and the facts connected with its romantic and melancholy history so little controverted, that it does not seem necessary to enter into any circumstantial details of the various engagements which took place, and so a commentary upon these facts will fulfil all the purposes contemplated in the present article.

The first point to which the attention of the reader falls to be directed is the character and conduct of Sir John Cope, the unfortunate commander of the Government forces at Prestonpans, against whose memory so much abuse and so much ridicule has been directed.

Sir Walter Scott, in an article upon the subject, describes Sir John as neither a coward nor a traitor, but simply as a pudding-headed martinet, who committed the gross error of marching from Dunbar to Edinburgh by the coast road, and thus fixing the field of battle in the Pinfold (as he terms it) at Preston, in place of taking the higher ground, and thus bringing on the engagement at the open heath at Gladsmuir, where it is said the Highlanders had expected it to have been fought.

An inspection, however, either of the ground itself, or any plan of the battle, will prove that the position selected by Sir John was according to all recognized principles of war exceedingly strong. It was defended on the west by the village of Preston and the stone walls surrounding the gardens and enclosures connected with the houses there, which rendered an attack from that quarter practically impossible; on the south by an impassable morass, and on the north by the sea.

It was only accessible on the east, and that by ground as fair and level as a bowling green, where cavalry had every facility for acting and bayoneteers every opportunity of plying their formidable arm. In fact, a fairer ground than that of Prestonpans has never yet chanced to be the situation of "a stricken field," nor is it possible to conceive one more suited to bestow on either combatant the slightest advantage of ground or position.

The only possible disadvantage to which Sir John Cope's position was exposed, was that he could not have forced an engagement, but as the Highlanders had no alternative but to engage or retreat, that seems no great objection to Sir John's selection.

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It is quite true that Lord Elcho, a Jacobite who fought at Prestonpans, and many others, say Sir John treated the Highlanders with too much respect, which means, I suppose, that he ought to have attacked them whenever he came in sight of them, in spite of all disadvantages of relative situation.

Killiecrankie and Sheriffmuir, however, had shown what Highlanders could do against bayoneteers wherever they had room to wield their broadswords, and how treating them with less respect than was done at Prestonpans would have helped the bayoneteers has never yet been explained.

In an early number of Blackwood's Magazine, I remember a passage in which, talking of Prestonpans, the writer says it was here that a body of Highlanders defeated regular forces, which victory has been considered to redound greatly to the credit of the victors; as if the fragment of the British army there conquered had been worthy of opposition. Meaning, I presume, thereby that Sir John Cope's forces were so cowardly and unskilful that their defeat gave no credit to the victors. Such a libel upon British soldiers cannot, however, be listened to, and is disproved by all facts in history, and that the Highlanders were equally inexperienced as their adversaries is totally overlooked; yet the fact remains undoubted that scarcely a Highlander who fought at Killiecrankie, Sheriffmuir, or Prestonpans had ever been previously engaged.

Marlborough's forces, with which he gained such brilliant successes, were composed to a great extent of youths hurried from the plough tail, and sent to the low countries with scarcely any training; but their indomitable British pluck carried them through the continental mode of fighting. Some, however, of Marlborough's forces who had become trained vegerans, afterwards tried conclusions with raw Highlanders at Sheriffmuir—with what success we have already seen.

The assertion seems paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that troops which have been for some time in arms, and fully disciplined according to the modern system, have not the same advantage over undisciplined forces that existed between the same classes of men in ancient times.

The modern drill is so simple and easily acquired, and so little depends upon individual skill and exertion, that the equality between the two classes is much greater than when, as in ancient times, veterans had the advantage of having acquired a much more difficult and efficient training, and the skilful individual employment of arms.*

As an instance of this, Philip de Comines, the accurate and philosophical French historian, mentions the extraordinary fact that in his times (those of Cresey, Poictiers, and Agincourt) the opinion of the English was that those who were ignorant of war would do a greater exploit in a day of battle than those that had been long trained to arms, and he adds that the English were then the best shots, or users of missiles in the world.

* This refers to the training for hand-to-hand fighting which was chiefly practiced by the Greeks and Romans in their pitched battles, and thus the great superiority of veterans passed into the modern creed as a part of ancient history, although the principal conditions of fighting are now so materially altered—missiles being the stand-by of modern armies.

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However, be this as it may, it is certainly narrated that Sir John Cope's forces, when they landed at Dunbar, and had the immediate prospect of engaging the Highlanders, were all in the highest spirits (vide Home's History of the Rebellion, p. 121, edition 1802) excepting one officer (Captain Brymer by name), who was the only person in the army who had fought at Sheriffmuir, and was found by a friend in a very serious state of mind, and upon being rallied upon his gravity when all his brother officers made light of the enemy, replied that he thought his brother officers would find themselves mistaken, as he had seen Highlanders fight, and was certain they would make a bold attack.

This gallant and clear-headed man perished at Prestonpans with his face to the foe, disdaining to shrink from the Highland claymore.

The same issue was raised regarding the conduct of the defeated troops as had been formerly started as to their conduct at Killiecrankie and Sheriffmuir. The veriest cowards in existence, and all similar epithets were heaped upon them. Home, in his history (vide p. 120, ed. 1802), mentions that not a bayonet was dimmed with blood, which he seems to consider as proof that the regulars offered no resistance—not considering that previous experience had shewn that it was almost impossible for a bayoneteer to hit a targeteer, the wielder of the musket and bayonet's almost only chance being to disable his adversary with a bullet.

Dr Johnson, a contemporary writer, says, in his Tour to the Hebrides, as an explanation of the discomfitures at Prestonpans and Falkirk, that men were not then accustomed to see bare steel flashed in their faces; but how they were to get accustomed to this process he does not explain, seeing that the flash of the steel was in those days almost invariably followed by the death or fearful mutilation of the party upon whom the experiment had been practiced; and how the sight of their comrades helplessly slaughtered was to accustom the survivors to a repetition of the same process is not very clear.

There is, therefore, nothing, in the history of the times to contradict the fact that the British infantry behaved with their accustomed valour, but having been unable to disable their adversaries with shot, the bayonet was forced to succumb to the broadsword and target.

It must, however, be admitted that the cavalry behaved shamefully, for they fled without attempting to close with the Highlanders, and this proves them to have been guilty of disgraceful conduct, such, indeed, as has but very rarely taken place in British history.

In explanation of this, it may, however, be borne in mind that cavalry of all races and nations have upon the whole shewn themselves more susceptible of panic than infantry—the comparative facility with which horsemen can get out of harm's way proving a sore temptation to the instinct of self-preservation or cowardice (if the truth be stated), so inherent in human nature.

Colonel Gardiner, who commanded the two regiments of dragoons, although a man of undoubted personal bravery, was totally ignorant of the power and proper employment of cavalry.

He retreated before the Highland advance, although they were but

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imperfectly provided with fire-arms, destitute of the formidable bayonet, and with scarcely any cavalry, and were certainly under 3000 men, and even during their march from Kirkliston to Colinton the ground afforded ample opportunities for cavalry to attack them with advantage. The idea of requiring a few hundred infantry to draw off the fire of the Highlanders (which was the profound combination suggested by General Guest) was absolutely ridiculous.

It must be borne in mind that about that very period the Prussian cavalry were making wild work with infantry armed with musket and bayonet.

At the Battle of Hohenfriedenberg, the dragoon regiment of Bareith drove over twenty-one battalions of infantry, took 4000 prisoners, 66 stands of colours, and 5 pieces of artillery; and at the Battle of Rosbach, twenty squadrons of Prussian cavalry drove 50,000 French in utter confusion from the field.

General Fowkes was, however, Colonel Gardiner's superior officer in the retreat, but he never seems to be mentioned in any account of the engagement. Colonel Gardiner's timorous conduct simply demoralized his forces, who certainly fled much faster than he either expected or approved of; but when commanders sanction an unmeaning retreat, they must be prepared for the consequences which naturally follow.

At the battle the cavalry fled without even attempting to close with their adversaries, and thus showed how completely the manner in which they had been previously led had told upon their nerves. It is, however, narrated that the actual reason of their flight was that one of their officers, observing that they were coming very near the Highlanders at a very slow pace, ordered the men to go three's about that they might take ground to the rear, and return again at full gallop, but the men having got their backs to the enemy by word of command, forgot the intention, and neglected the subsequent instructions of their commander and never faced about again.

It is said that a similar feat of arms was performed in the present generation by a crack cavalry regiment at the Battle (I think) of Chillianwallah. The word three's about having been given—it never having been ascertained by whom—was promptly obeyed, but the order to face about was either never heard or given till the regiment was fairly off the field.

Considering the state of demoralization into which his troops had been thrown, it was not creditable either to Colonel Gardiner's zeal or judgment that he went to his residence and slept soundly all night, while his troops in the immediate neighbourhood were bivouacking in an acknowledged state of uneasiness and discomfort.

The gallant manner in which he sacrificed his life has, however, amply redeemed his memory from the slightest imputation of personal cowardice, but the accusation sometimes levelled against the Highlanders of barbarously murdering him is completely without foundation. He was cut down while actually engaged in encouraging and urging soldiers to fight to the utmost, and if officers so employed ought to expect their lives to be respected by their adversaries, warfare, in so far as the destruction of human life is concerned, would be practically terminated; unless, indeed,

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it be considered legitimate to slay only soldiers without Government commissions, and spare those holding these precious documents.

It is quite beyond the province of the present article to describe the particulars of the Highland advance to Derby, and the retreat from thence to Scotland.

In regard, however, to this retreat, there are some observations which, although scarcely strictly relevant to the purely military point of view to which the present articles have been directed, may yet be found not unacceptable to the reader.

By a singular revulsion of public feeling or caprice, the idea of the men who were defeated at Prestonpans being such cowards as to render the success of the Highlanders no credit to the victors, was subsequently forgotten, and the victory of Falkirk being mixed up in men's minds with the intermediate event of the retreat from Derby, the opinion of historians has almost unanimously been given that had the Highlanders advanced they would have proved successful, and that the retreat from Derby was a hasty and ill considered manœuvre.

According to almost all writers, had the Highlanders only got possession of London, a strong French force of at least ten thousand men would have been immediately landed in England. The English Jacobites would have risen in overwhelming numbers, and altogether the prospects of the House of Hanover would have been somewhat (to say the least) discouraging.

The Jacobite army had, however, no certain intelligence of the wonderful effects that would have been produced by their occupation of the capital. All they knew was that having marched unmolested into the very heart of England, they had scarcely been joined by a single Englishman; that altogether there were three armies amounting to nearly 30,000 men hovering around them; that their numbers were actually under 5000, and that even if they succeeded in reaching the capital, it seemed almost physically impossible for so small a body of men to take military occupation of it.

Lord Elcho, who, in his unpublished Memoirs gives an admirably distinct and well-written account of the Insurrection, explains the whole motives of the parties who advocated the retreat from Derby in a few sentences, which, I am sorry to say, I can only quote from memory, but I think their substance will be found accurately given.

"We (Lord Elcho says, meaning the Scotch Jacobites in opposition to the French and Irish followers of Prince Charles) never thought that 4500 Highlanders could set King James upon the throne of Great Britain. We trusted to the support of the English Jacobites and they had failed us, and no material succour had come from France, we could not therefore see how the occupation of London could further our interests, and that therefore nothing remained but a retreat to Scotland." By this retreat his Lordship seemed to think that the war might have been prolonged so as to give time for the French to make their appearance, and the Highlanders would at least have had the protection of their native fastnesses.

It is perfectly true that Prince Charles was much opposed to the retreat from Derby, but the Prince was not a man of sufficient power of

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intellect to enable him to bend men's minds in conformity to his own convictions; and when it is remembered that the reason for his confidence in the success of an advance to London was principally that he believed a great number of the Government forces would desert their colours and join his standard, his followers may certainly be pardoned for having no confidence whatever in his judgment. Lord Elcho also mentions that the Scottish Jacobites always adhered to the principle of a constitutional monarchy, and never acquiesced in the great prerogatives of the Crown claimed by the French and Irish followers of the Prince.

The consternation which existed in London at the prospect of the arrival of the Highlanders was excessive, and seems to have been inflamed by many of the writers of the period. Fielding, among the rest, has pictured the most frightful anticipations of Celtic violence, and Donald, as the late Professor Aytoun humorously observes, as innocent a creature as ever starved upon oatmeal, is represented by that author as being about to be guilty of atrocities equal to those lately perpretrated in Bulgaria.

The conduct of the Highlanders throughout the whole of the campaign, and indeed throughout their whole mention in modern history, proves how unjust and unfounded these anticipations were, and every man with either a drop of Celtic blood or love of truth in him must indignantly and confi dently deny that such accusations had any foundation.

There was, however, existing in London a very great indifference as to which party might prove successful, and Horace Walpole's anecdote of hearing two respectable citizens talking of hiring a carriage to go and see the Highlanders march from Derby is no doubt perfectly true.

A curious colour has, however, been lately given to the spirit of this anecdote in a history printed for the use of schools, for it makes it out that had the Highlanders reached London they would simply have been taken up by the police. That is, that the men who could defeat the *elite* of British troops would have been lodged in the police cells by the "Charlies" of the day. The humour and antithesis of this generalization are both admirable, but such is not the style in which histories, intended to convey to the rising generation the true state of previous times, ought to be written.

It is foreign to the purpose of the present article to enter into any detail of the remarkable skill and activity with which the Highlanders effected their retreat and eluded their numerous foes fast closing round them.

Bonaparte said that as much success was gained in war by the legs as by the arms of soldiers, and certainly the Highlanders in this retreat demonstrated their superior rapidity of movement, as they indeed had often previously done.

At the skirmish of Clifton, the Highlanders completely repulsed the Government forces, and were enabled to effect an unmolested retrograde movement, under circumstances in which few regular forces would have succeeded when similarly situated.

Perhaps, however, the principal military feature in the whole insurrection is the Battle of Falkirk.

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In this engagement Highlanders, scarce a man of whom had ever been engaged, excepting at Prestonpans and Clifton, proved successful over the finest and most experienced troops in the service of Great Britain. It is true, the success was not so complete as it might have been had the Highland leaders been aware of the full extent of the advantages they had gained (owing to the great tactical powers of their soldiers), and of the opportunities they had to follow them up. When one part of the Government forces were flying in complete rout and disorder, an officer in the Highland army, named John Roy Stewart, who had served abroad, stopped the pursuit of his men, remarking that his adversaries had behaved admirably at Fontenoy, and that he was confident the Government forces meant to draw them into an ambuscade. It would indeed have been well for the cause of Prince Charles if he had had no such scientific and experienced officer in his service.

It must also be acknowledged that a portion of both armies being stationed on the opposite sides of a ravine, the fire of the regular forces proved superior and forced the Highlanders to retreat—there being no attempt made on either side to try the conclusions of cold steel.

At Falkirk, however, a charge of the Government cavalry was attempted by order of General Hawley, who had been major of Evan's dragoons at the Battle of Sheriffmuir, and, judging from his experience on that occasion, said that the Highlanders were good militia, but that they would not stand the attack of horse.

He forgot, however, that at Sheriffmuir the morass by which the left wing of the Highlanders was protected was rendered passable for horse owing to the frost of the previous night; but at Falkirk the ground was so deep as completely to prevent cavalry from acting with proper velocity, and in these circumstances the Highlanders met them upon equal terms; indeed their broadswords, targets, and dirks gave them great advantages, and one Highland soldier afterwards described the slaughter of the Government cavalry as being as easy as slicing bacon, or baacon, as he grimly emphasized it.

There is, however, no similar instance in modern warfare of bayoneteers having so dealt with cavalry as the Highlanders did at Falkirk—all that has ever been effected by the bayonet having been the simple repulse of horse.

It is here impossible to avoid mentioning the melancholy fate which befel an officer of the Macdonald clan, in connection with the fearful power of the claymore, and also to hand down to posterity an account of the brutal conduct of the English General, Huske.

The unfortunate gentleman having got separated from his men, advanced in the dark to a small party of soldiers whom he mistook for Jacobites, and called upon them to advance with him and follow up the success already gained; on perceiving, however, that they were Government forces, he endeavoured to elude observation by passing himself off as a Campbell, and as his cockade was much soiled with smoke and dirt he had nearly succeeded, but his claymore, which was *covered with blood and hair*, betrayed him, and General Huske gave orders "to shoot the dog instantly,"

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and a party of musketeers immediately presented their pieces at Macdonald's breast, but Lord Robert Ker generously interposed, and beating down the arms, saved his life.

General Huske refused to receive Macdonald's arms, and they were accepted by Lord Robert. When pulling his pistol from his belt, previously to surrendering his arms, Huske became alarmed, and exclaimed with an oath that the dog was going to shoot him, but Macdonald indignantly observed that he was more of a gentleman than to do any such thing, and that he was only pulling out his pistol to deliver it up.

More brutal and ungentlemanlike conduct by a general officer to a prisoner has scarcely ever been described in history. The unfortunate gentleman was ultimately executed as a rebel, but for this, however, no one can blame the Government, as he fell to take his chance with all others seized in open insurrection.

Looking to the results of the engagement, there can, however, be no doubt but that the victory of the Highlanders might have been more decided had they succeeded in defeating the Government forces stationed on the east side of the ravine—indeed, the destruction of the Government army would in that case have been almost complete.

As it was, however, the consternation produced by the victory of the Highlanders was excessive ; the excuse that the royalists who fought at Prestonpans were raw troops (however unfounded in itself) could now no longer be urged, for at Falkirk, the men who were defeated were the veterans who had served in the foreign campaigns and fought the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy.

Indeed it is narrated that when the news reached London, which it did when one evening his Majesty was receiving company, dismay was depicted in the faces of every one present excepting two—the first was his Majesty, who, whatever may be alleged of him in other respects, was a man of iron nerves and undaunted resolution, and the second, Sir John Cope, who was naturally not sorry to see that his successor was served with the same sauce as himself.

It is, however, stated with great plausibility by many writers that had Prince Charles advanced from Falkirk to London, his chances of success would have been much greater than had he advanced from Derby to the same place.

The Highland army was, after the Battle of Falkirk, more numerous than it had been at Derby ; the adherents of the Government, as well as the Government forces, were dismayed by the defeat which the *elite* of their troops had sustained, and the English Jacobites would have had as much reason to confide in the prowess of the Highlanders as if they had previously reached London, and so would probably have supported them in great force.

As Charles and his advisers did not, however, attempt the second advance to London, it is needless to speculate further upon the subject, and nothing now remains but the discussion of the facts relating to the final catastrophe of Culloden.

In commenting on these facts it is, however, necessary to advert to

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two very remarkable manifestoes which were enunciated first by General Hawley, and second by the Duke of Cumberland, as to the tactical powers of the Highland soldiers, and, thirdly, to an observation made by Lord George Murray in his Memoirs upon the same subject.

After the Battle of Falkirk, General Hawley, having requested an interview with the civil officers of the Crown, is said to have upbraided them with not having given the Government in England proper information as to the military qualities of the Highlanders, having represented them as an undisciplined rabble, and that had the Government been aware of their true military character, they would have sent down such a numerous force as would have crushed the insurrection in the bud, and he stated in contradiction to the idea of the undisciplined character of the Highlanders, that he had never seen troops form more rapidly and precisely than they did at the Battle of Falkirk; and this reasoning of the General's seems to have met with the approbation of some historians.

It is, however, totally absurd to imagine that the civil officers of the Crown should have been expected to have been better acquainted with the military efficiency of the Highlanders than the officers in command of the forces in Scotland; all that the civil functionaries could be expected to do was to repeat the lesson they learned from the military, viz., that the Highlanders were an undisciplined rabble, and without bayonets.

General Hawley had seen the Highlanders fight at Sheriffmuir, and, as already mentioned, said they were good militia, but that they could not withstand cavalry, so that his harangue against the civil officials is quite a self-contradiction, and as he saw the Highlanders form at Sheriffmuir, he could not be ignorant of the manner in which they did so; and General Wightman, his brother officer, described this formation as having been executed in a manner which he never saw executed by any regular troops.

The General's harangue can therefore be regarded as nothing else than an unmeaning and ungenerous explosion of rage and mortification, and the only fault of the Government officials was that apparently they did not tell him so, plainly, to his face.

J. M. W. S.

A HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.—A history of this Clan, from the earliest times down to the present, by the Editor, founded mainly on old MSS. in the possession of the writer, will be commenced in the November number—the first of Vol. III.—of the *Celtic Magazine*, and continued throughout the whole year. The early history of the Clan will be examined, and the Irish-Fitzgerald-origin discarded in favour of an ancient native Gaelic descent from the Old Earls of Ross. The various Chiefs of Kintail and Seaforth, from Kenneth, the ancestor and founder of the family, down to "the last of the Seaforths," will be treated in the order of their succession, after which the various branches, beginning with the oldest Cadet —Mackenzie of Gairloch—will be taken in their order of seniority.

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THE DEPOPULATION OF ABERARDER IN BADENOCH, 1770.

By Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A., M.P.

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To any right-minded Highlander nothing is more deplorable, in rambling over the country, than the constant recurrence of remains of houses, townships, and once tilled lands long run to waste.

We have had some experience of Inverness-shire in this respect, and had heard of the like in Perthshire.

Having last year, for the first time, seen Loch Katrine and the Trossachs, the pleasure of seeing this world-renowned scenery was quite marred by observing, from the steamer's deck, the frequent appearance of old cultivations. Now, there is hardly a house on either side of the lake, and having in view some objectionable proceedings in Badenoch, we resolved to write this paper.

If the question is now asked, Why did these depopulations take place? the probabilities are that the answer would be, To make room for deer and game. There is, however, in this reply but a grain of truth, for the real, main, and paramount object was to make room for sheep.

There is upwards of a century since the introduction of sheep into the Highlands, and before rapacious Lowland sheep farmers the people disappeared as surely as the Red Indians from the advance of the Whites. The sheep farmer could not help himself—the greater his bounds the greater his profits, for, save rents, costs do not rise in proportion. Many proprietors were needy and embarrassed. Their rents, numerous and small, were irregularly paid, and temptation came in the form of an increased rent and certain payment. The change was chiefly brought about by Lowlanders, but many Highland tacksmen, whose names are known to us, in the districts of Lochaber and Badenoch, also took up the nefarious business, meeting their certain reward according to the Gaelic saying, that the "Highlander who expatriated his fellow man and possessed his holding would, in his own person, or that of his immediate descendants, become bankrupt or, if prosperous, insane." The law further took the sheep farmer under its special protection, and the stealing of sheep was punished by death. The great advance in agriculture in the Highlands, and increase in the area of cultivation, owe nothing to sheep farming, unless it be that more green crop is raised on low lying lands.

Forty years ago deer forests were commenced, and, while in some cases they have been the cause of a certain shifting of population, yet it may be safely said there are more people employed about forests, and better paid, than on hill farms.

There is a deal of old cultivated land within the present Glenmore forest in Abernethy, but the removal of the considerable population—a primitive race, around whom floated many interesting traditions—was effected when the place became a sheep walk, and long before it became

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a forest. Well authenticated cases of depopulation should be published, as it is only in this way true conclusions are arrived at; and it is very much because the Aberarder case is authentic, and created a sensation in its day, that it is now made public. Although this paper chiefly concerns Aberarder in Badenoch a century ago, it would be improper not to refer to an event that occurred also in Badenoch in the year 1876. What, it may be asked, caused the clearance of Glen Banchor, in the parish of Kingussie? It is, indeed, difficult to conceive what prompted so cruel, so mean, so unpaying a step.

In former times Glen Banchor, Glen Balloch, Tullichiero, and Dalnashalg, all forming one great strath whose waters run into the Calder, contained a considerable population. The two former glens now belong to the heir of entail of James Macpherson, translator of Ossian. Many good, honest Highlanders were born and lived there who spent their days in a simple manner. Mirth and song had here a home, and the marvellous stories told of Murdoch Macpherson, wadsetter of the Davoch of Clune, known as *Murchadh a' Chluain*, who flourished in the early half of last century, would of themselves fill a volume.

The depopulation since the death of James Macpherson has been carried on steadily. In 1875 the Kennedys were removed, and in 1876 the four remaining tenants, with their haill followers and dependents, were removed, in order to make room for the summering of one farmer on the banks of Spey. No increase of rent has, it is understood, been given. It is to the credit of the Inverness correspondent of the *Aberdeen Free Press* newspaper that he drew attention to these nimious proceedings. His communication, which appeared on the 6th of April 1876, is well worthy of perusal.

We must now leave this painful story, which appears to have only one redeeming feature, viz., that the new tenant, when he came to consider his position, was most desirous, as is commonly reported, to renounce his offer, and leave the old tenants in peace. That tongue which had but to speak the word, and this would have been agreed to, was then silent, though it has since found mystic utterance in an impossible religious book.

The lands of Aberarder are pleasantly situated on the west bank of Loch Laggan, and were at a very early period granted to the Bishopric of Moray. About the time of the Reformation they were alienated to Grant of Freuchie. The Grants, in 1696, feued the lands to Archibald Macdonald, in Achnacoichen of Brae Lochaber, and from time immemorial the people were Roman Catholics, as the Crathy people in Laggan, and the Glen-Roy and Glen-Spean men in Brae-Lochaber, continue to this day. The lands belonging to the Bishop of Moray were called the Davoch of Laggan-Kenneth, the church of Laggan being dedicated to St Kenneth, and were divided into four ploughs, whereof the three wester ploughs were sold by Archibald Macdonald's representatives to the family of Mackintosh. Lachlan Mackintosh of Mackintosh agreed, in 1726, to dispose of these in form of wadset, under certain conditions and burdens, to Macpherson of Cluny; but the old wadsetters and possessors seem not to have been in anywise disturbed. After the forfeiture of the estate of Cluny,

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Mackintosh had a severe contest with the Forfeited Estate Commissioners for the recovery of Aberarder and other lands in Laggan. Though successful in the Court of Session, he was ultimately defeated in the House of Lords. This was a bad business for Mackintosh, but worse for the poor people who resided at Aberarder, for, it may be safely asserted, Mackintosh would no more have thought of removing these men than those on his adjoining lands of Brae-Lochaber. At the present time there is not a greater contrast in all the mainland of Inverness-shire than betwixt Aberarder the desolate, and Gaelmore, Bohuntine, and Inveroy, &c., which turn out an exclusive company of volunteers—"pretty men," to use Scott's words—handsome fellows, of whom their Chief may well be proud.

The decision in the House of Lords brought the lands of Aberarder under charge of the Commissioners, and, as their factor, an unscrupulous but clever man, named Henry Butter, who gave satisfaction to no one but "my lords," his employers, and feathered his nest handsomely—an unfavourable specimen of that Englishman who does *not* recross the Border. The lands were not long under charge of the Commissioners on Forfeited Estates, and sheep farming on an extensive scale being then the rage, it occurred to the righteous mind of an unmarried half-pay chaplain that he would better his worldly circumstances, do his duty to his cloth, and religious persuasion (however unacceptable these steps might be deemed above), if he got Aberarder for a sheep walk, and cleared off the whole Roman Catholic possessors, to find their way across the seas, and a home wherever they might.

This scheme, unfortunately, as will be seen from the paper hereafter quoted, being the cases for the appellants and respondent in the House of Lords, was successful. "Gheibh baobh guidhe far nach fhaigh a h-anam trocair"—"A witch, or evil-disposed woman, will get her wish though she may not obtain mercy for her soul"—is an old saying in the Highlands.

The print referred to, and after quoted, has endorsed upon it, in faded ink, the ominous words, "4th April 1770—interlocutor affirmed," and "the fourscore honest Highlanders," as they style themselves, were ruthlessly removed beyond seas, and saw Loch Laggan thereafter but in dreamland.

Return, dear lake, to thy shores, return,
Return, return, return, we shall never!

The appellants, who are Ronald and Alexander Macdonald, and others, state in their case that they and their ancestors have, for above a century past, possessed the farms of Aberarder, Tullochromb, &c., which belonged to Mackintosh of Mackintosh, as part of his family estate, but had been granted in wadset to Macpherson of Cluny.

On the attainder of Ewen Macpherson, because of the part he took in the *rising* of 1745, the estate of Cluny was claimed by the Crown. It being, however, discovered that Mackintosh held a right of redemption, the Court of Session gave judgment in his favour, which the House of Lords reversed.

The appellants, while they imagined Mackintosh to be their landlord,

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did all in their power to improve their possessions, as he gave them assurances that he certainly would not remove them, so long as they did their duty by him and the land. Immediately after the decree of the Court of Session had been reversed, and before judgment had been put into execution, a "Rev. Mr Macpherson, a half-pay chaplain of a regiment, unmarried, and without a family," applied for and got a lease of the appellants' farms. This person, besides his half-pay, had a salary of £40 a year "for preaching in the Irish language, and had considerable possessions of his own in that corner."

The means adopted by Macpherson for turning adrift the appellants and their families, "to the number of fourscore souls," were such as would not have been expected of a person of his cloth, and did him no credit. He visited the district, was well received, and hospitably entertained, and after having spied out the land, and obtaining all necessary information regarding its capabilities, he saw it was a good land to dwell in, coveted it, and took means to get the lease above referred to. All attempts on the part of the appellants to undo this vile proceeding were of no avail, notwithstanding their allegation that the petition whereby Macpherson got possession "proceeded on gross misrepresentations, unpardonable freedoms with their characters, and was stuffed with downright falsehoods."

The Barons of Exchequer appointed Mr Henry Butter their factor on the estate of Clunie, and in order to make way for Mr Macpherson, who was to pay the same rent as the appellants, a special warrant was obtained for ejecting them from their holdings. In 1767, pursuant to this order, Mr Butter brought an action of removing before the Sheriff of Inverness, against the appellants. This action was, however, dismissed by the Sheriff on the ground that Butter had no title to sue. This judgment was affirmed by the Court of Session, on appeal.

Next year a similar action was raised by Butter against the appellants, with a like result.

Mr Macpherson was still determined to persevere in his scheme, and, through influence, obtained a third order from the Barons for removing the appellants, and on this an action was raised in the Court of Session.

In this action the Lord Ordinary (Kennet), on 21st June 1769, after hearing, pronounced an interlocutor ordaining the appellants to remove from their possessions, excepting therefrom, however, Alexander Macdonald, wadsetter of Inverwidden, whom he found entitled to remain in possession of his lands until they were redeemed by the Crown.

In the course of the proceedings various representations were made to the Court by the appellants, as to the informality and irregularity of certain steps in the action, but as these have no real bearing upon the case, they need not be noticed.

On the merits of the case the appellants pleaded—1st, That Mr Butter's title being a commission from the Barons of Exchequer, and proceeding on the Vesting Act, 20 Geo. II., whereby the estate of Clunie was said to be vested in His Majesty, and that if the estate was not so vested, the pursuer's title of course fell to the ground. In support of this argument the appellants referred to the judgments of the Court of

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Session in the question between the Crown and Mackintosh of Mackintosh, so far as unaltered by the House of Lords. It was there alleged that Lachlan Macpherson of Clunie had survived the attainder of his son Evan, and on a proof of this being allowed, the Court, on 27th July 1763, found that such was the case, and that accordingly the estate of Clunie had not vested in Evan Macpherson at the date of his attainder on 12th July 1746.

Upon advising the case on 7th December 1763, the Court of Session, without giving any special judgment, adhered to their former interlocutor of 4th August 1761, sustaining the claim of Mackintosh, which judgment, as formerly stated, was reversed by the House of Lords.

Under the Act 26 Geo. II., the estate of Clunie could not fall under the forfeiture of Evan Macpherson. True, by coming afterwards to an attainted person it was escheat to the Crown *ob defectum haeredis*, but not *under* the Vesting Act, and therefore Butter's commission, in virtue of that Act, was invalid as to this estate. The Commission set forth "That we, the Barons, &c., in pursuance of the Act of Parliament made in the 20th year of his late Majesty, intituled, 'An Act for Vesting,' &c., do by these presents nominate, constitute, and appoint Mr Henry Butter, factor and steward on the estates, real and personal, which formerly belonged to Evan Macpherson of Clunie, and the estate of Lochgary, &c., which estates, by the foresaid Act of Parliament, are vested in His Majesty, and by an Act of the 25th of his said Majesty, annexed inalienably to the Imperial Crown of the realm."

This Commission is therefore limited to such estates as *belonged* to the forfeited persons, and were vested in the Crown by the Act 20 Geo. II. Now the lands in question never did, at any period, belong to Evan Macpherson—they belonged, at the date of Evan's attainder, to his father, Lachlan, and upon the death of the latter they fell to the Crown as escheat, as Evan was the next heir, and he being attainted, they would not belong to him; consequently the Commission to manage estates which *formerly belonged* to Evan Macpherson could not include lands which never belonged to him.

The respondent contended, that estates which fell to the attainted persons, subsequent to the forfeiture, were understood to be in the same situation, with those that were with him, at the time of the attainder, and in support of this, relied on the following clause:—"Be it further enacted, etc., that all and every the lands and heritages, etc., and generally the estates, goods, and effects, heritable and moveable, real and personal, descendable to heirs or executors, liferent jurisdictions, rights, or of what nature or kind soever they be, in that part of Great Britain called Scotland, or elsewhere, whereof any person or persons who, since the 24th day of June 1745, hath or have been attainted, or before the 24th day of June 1748, shall be attainted by any laws or statutes of this realm, of high treason for levying war within this realm, or for conspiring the death of his Majesty, or for any other high treason whatsoever, committed before the said 24th day of June 1748, within Great Britain, or elsewhere, was, were, or shall have been seized or possessed of, or interested in, or entitled thereunto, on the 24th day of June 1745, or at any time

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afterwards, in his, her, or their own right, or to his, her, or their own person or persons, was, were, or shall have been *seised* or possessed of, or interested in, or entitled unto to the use of, or in trust for them, or any of them, shall according to the several and respective estates and interests, which the said person or persons attainted, or to be attainted, within such days and times as aforesaid, or any in trust for them, or any of them, had or shall have had therein as aforesaid, or did or might forfeit by such attainder, stand and be forfeited to his Majesty, his heirs, etc."

Upon a fair construction of this clause, however, it will not be found to extend so far—the only means of throwing in these general words appearing to be to declare that such estates as were actually vested in the attainted person, on the 24th of June 1745, though not discovered to be in his person till after that period, should fall under his forfeiture, but estates which never belonged to him must be in a different position, and whatever may be the meaning of the Act, it is clear the respondent's commission only gives him the management of the estates which *belonged* to Evan Macpherson, and it seems clear that the estate in question never did belong to him.

The appellants further insisted that, supposing the lands in question to be comprehended in the Vesting Act, and so falling under the administration of the Barons of Exchequer, they are now annexed inalienably to the Crown, and put under different management by the Act 25 Geo. II. This Act declares certain estates, and particularly that of Cluny, to be so inalienably annexed to the Crown, lays down a plan for the management of these estates, and gives certain other powers to His Majesty. Section 9 of the Act is in these terms—"That in case the property of any of the said lands or estates so claimed by such subject superiors as aforesaid, shall be finally determined to be forfeited to His Majesty; or such subject superiors shall be agreed or compounded with for such claim, in manner hereinbefore mentioned; then, and *in either of the said cases*, until such superiority shall be purchased as aforesaid, it shall, and may be lawful to His Majesty, his heirs and successors, to vest, in such manner as shall be agreeable to the laws of Scotland, the said lands and estates held of subject superiors, or such part of the lands and other, the premises hereinbefore annexed to the Crown, as shall appear to have been formerly held of subject superiors in one or more trustee or trustees, their heirs or successors, to be renewed from time to time by His Majesty, his heirs and successors, &c."

By Section 17 of the statute, the Commissioners so appointed were empowered to grant leases for 21 years, and upon certain conditions being agreed to by the tenant, for 41 years. They were likewise authorised to raise actions in their own names for arrears of rent, and for implement of the leases granted by them.

In consequence of the powers thus given, commissions were issued by George II. in 1755, and George III. in 1761, superseding the Barons, and vesting in certain noblemen and gentlemen, as trustees, the whole of the estates mentioned in the Act 25 Geo. II., and particularly that of Cluny. The appellants, therefore, contended that the sole and exclusive right of managing these estates was by the said commissions vested in the trus-

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tees therein named, and that the Barons ceased to have any power in regard to them, even supposing they *once* had this power under the Vesting Act. Butter's own commission sets forth that the estate of Cluny is inalienably annexed to the Crown. If so, they are unavoidably subject to the conditions of the Annexing Act, and one of these conditions is that their administration shall belong to the trustees so named, and not to the Barons.

The respondent tried to maintain that the Duke of Gordon was subject superior of the lands in question, that he had not yet been compounded with, though a treaty of compromise had been set on foot, and therefore these lands did not fall under either of the leases mentioned in the Annexing Act. But the respondent's own commission shows that the annexation had taken place. It sets forth "that the said estates are, by an Act of the 25 of his said Majesty (Geo. II.) annexed inalienably to the Imperial Crown of this realm." There was also satisfactory evidence that the Duke of Gordon was not superior, but Sir Ludovick Grant, and this the respondent admitted, in a memorial presented by him to the Court.

Sir Ludovick Grant being thus admittedly the superior, and he never having entered any claim in terms of the Act, there can be no doubt that these lands are now finally in the Crown, and that of course His Majesty was fully empowered to vest the lands in any manner he thought proper; at all events, so far as regards any lands falling under the Vesting Act, for if they were *once* vested, they were *now* annexed, and, on the other hand, if they were never vested in terms of the Act 20 Geo. II., it was also conclusive of the question.

On the 1st August 1769 the Court decerned against the appellants in the removing, except in so far as regards the lands of Inverwidden, which they found Alexander Macdonald entitled to remain in possession of, until redemption thereof was made by the Crown.

Against this judgment the appellants appealed, but the Court, though divided in opinion, adhered to their former interlocutor, only ordaining the removal to take place at Whitsunday 1770. The appellants therefore appealed to the House of Lords, for the following reasons:—

1. On the technical grounds already referred to, owing to informality in point of form.
2. Want of title on the part of Butter.
3. Want of power on the part of the Barons to give a title to the respondent, as the said estates had been inalienably annexed to the Crown, and so not under the management of the Barons.

The respondent, Henry Butter, in reply avers that the said lands were surveyed by order of the Barons in virtue of the powers conferred on them by the Vesting Act, as forfeited through the attainder of Evan Macpherson of Clunie. Æneas Mackintosh of Mackintosh, however, pretending right, assumed the title of them immediately on Macpherson's attainder, and remained in possession for some years, until the discovery of Macpherson's title, when Mackintosh was obliged to claim the lands in the Court of Session, under the saving clause of the Vesting Act. The Court

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sustained his claim, and gave judgment in his favour, but this judgment was reversed on appeal by the House of Lords, and in virtue thereof the lands came into the possession of the Barons, for the benefit of His Majesty, as a forfeiture through the attainder of Evan Macpherson.

The Barons, in pursuance of the powers given to them under the Vesting Act, appointed the respondent factor on the estate of Cluny, with the usual powers, and particularly that of removing tenants, which powers he exercised, and received payment from the appellants of their rent.

The Barons, judging it expedient to remove the appellants at Whitsunday, 1767, directed the respondent to take the necessary steps for having this done, having already let their farms to other tenants. The respondent accordingly raised an action of removing against the appellants for removal at Whitsunday 1767, but failed therein, as his commission had not been approved of, by that time, by the Lords of Treasury.

After his commission was approved of, he instituted a second action for the appellants' removal at Whitsunday 1768, but in this he was likewise defeated, on the ground that he had failed to qualify by taking the oaths to Government.

The Barons being informed of these things, issued a new order on 2d August 1768, instructing the respondent to remove the appellants from their farms, and to put other tenants, therein named, into possession thereof. Accordingly, a new action was raised in the Court of Session against the appellants, towards the close of 1768, and passing by the objections on the ground of informality before referred to, the respondent argued that the lands in question were held by Macpherson's family, of and under Mackintosh, under burden of a feu duty, and the latter again held them of over superiors, and as such lands are only annexed in event of judgment against the claim of subject superiors, or composition with them, the administration of the lands in question properly continued with the Barons. That the appellants had no right or title to question the powers of the Barons, the Commissioners of the annexed estates being the only parties entitled to do so.

The appellants' argument on these points is fully stated in their case.

As already stated in the appellants' case, after various steps of procedure, judgment was finally given in favour of the respondent, and in answer to the appellants' argument that "the lands in question never belonged to Evan Macpherson, and that they fell to the Crown, not by forfeiture, but as escheat, and that therefore the Barons had no power under the Vesting Act to appoint the respondent factor over the lands in question," the respondent answered, that as the lands had been recovered, under authority of the Vesting Act, as a forfeiture through the attainder of Evan Macpherson, this objection could not be entertained, and that as the Vesting Act gave His Majesty every estate which Evan Macpherson was possessed of, from and after 24th June 1745, even though his father might have survived him, yet on the death of the father they vested in His Majesty, and so fell under the administration of the Barons. Judgment was accordingly given in favour of the respondent on 1st Aug. 1769, except as regards the lands of Inverwidden.

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The appellants reclaimed against this judgment, but unsuccessfully, as it was affirmed on 10th August following. Finally the respondent craved the House of Lords to dismiss the appeal of the appellants on the following among other grounds :—

I. Protestation is a necessary and well known form of proceeding in courts of law in Scotland. Had the protestation been extracted, there could not have been a doubt but it put an end to the present action; and the respondent's having got the keeper of the minute book to score the protestation, and prevent the extracting, he should not be allowed to derive any benefit from such proceedings; and at any rate it was not competent for the respondent to withdraw his summons, and again to return it, after the *inducia* in the former summons were elapsed, and protestation put up.

II. It is established law in *Scotland*, that the plaintiff, in an action for removing a tenant, must have an unexceptionable *title* in his person to insist in such action. The law is very strict in this particular. An apparent heir, though often considered as the same person with his ancestor, and actually levying the rents of the estate, cannot remove a tenant. A factor or steward, although entitled to manage his constituent's estate, cannot remove tenants, without express power given him for that purpose. Neither, by the Vesting nor any other Act, is there any power given to the Barons to remove tenants. That Act allows the Barons to appoint stewards or factors for levying the rents of these estates; but it does not follow that they have the extraordinary power of removing tenants; and it cannot be with justice maintained, that it is *jus tertii* to the memorialist to maintain this plea; because if the respondent is found to have no *title*, there is an end to this unfavourable suit: and besides, the appellants having their all at stake, had, surely, a right to inquire into the respondent's *title*, and the reasons for bringing so unexpected an action. They were conscious of having given no occasion for such harsh treatment—*they were not in arrear of rent, and could hardly persuade themselves that the mildness of Government would allow fourscore honest Highlanders to be turned adrift, without having any where to go to, and their bread to be eat by a bachelor clergyman*, who was to pay no higher rent than they had done. Courts of justice will always view in a most unfavourable light such hardships, and have an honest lean to preserve possession, in examining even critically flaws in such a title. The present action is the first instance of the ancient possessors of these estates being turned out of their possessions; and if the respondent has brought this action, and set forth as his title that which is not his title, in a case so circumstanced as the present, a court of justice will not allow such action to proceed, if his powers are not in exact conformity to what he sets forth.

III. The respondent's title is a commission from the Barons of Exchequer, appointing him steward over the estate of *Clunie, which formerly belonged to Evan Macpherson*, and is said to be granted *in pursuance* of the Act of Parliament made in the 20th of his late Majesty. But the appellants have shewn that this estate was not vested in his Majesty by this Act, having never belonged to *Evan Macpherson*, but come to the Crown as *escheat* on the death of *Lauchlan*.

IV. Supposing the lands in question to be comprehended in the Vesting Act, and, as such, to have fallen to the Crown, and under the administration of the Barons of the Exchequer, upon the footing of that Act; of necessary consequence, it is now one of the estates annexed inalienably to the Crown, and put entirely under a different management, by the Act of the 25th of his late Majesty.

But all was in vain, decree of dispossession went forth and was executed. Many a time, from across the lake, had we looked upon the slopes of its western shores, and seen with regret the old waste lands of the towns of Tullochcrom, Corrichrousa, Rieduanenach, Kilnadrochit, Strathrunachan, Rienalachken, Correarder, Maggach, and Corriecrumachan, dotted all over—green spots in the wilderness of heather—and wondered when and how had this depopulation taken place. No local information could be had, other than the tradition that the people had all gone to America about a century ago, but the accidental discovery of the paper above quoted threw full light on the pitiful story.

It would be well if others in possession of documents bearing on similar cases would hasten to give them publicity, and thereby add to the store of authentic local history.

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Correspondence.

"BONNIE DUNDEE" AND KILLIECRANKIE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I have just received your August number, in which your esteemed correspondent from Nether-Lochaber considers that I have made "small beer" of "Bonnie Dundee," and completely underrated his military talents, and in proof of this he mentions the very high esteem and respect which the Highlanders entertained for him as a leader of men.

Now, I have simply to say, that I had no intention whatever of depreciating the respect and veneration which the Highlanders entertained for Dundee, and am of opinion that it was perfectly just, and that he was a man of first-rate military ability, and of high religious and moral feelings (vide Memoirs of Locheil). In his (perhaps properly called) persecutions of the Covenanters, he was actuated by the firm conviction that it was necessary that law should be maintained; and, upon one occasion, in narrating the execution of a Covenanter, he says, "I am as sorry for the death of a Whig as any man, but law must be upheld."

In writing, however, what I have done as to Dundee's military antecedents, I was combating the absurd proposition maintained by so many historians, viz., that Mackay's soldiers were struck with awe at seeing so great a general as Dundee permit them to get through the Pass of Killiecrankie unmolested; and, possibly, in stating my objections to this theory, I may not have said all I might have done in regard to Dundee's actual ability, but still the question remains where it originally stood, which is, not what the Highlanders thought of Dundee, but what the Lowlanders did; and in this way I thought that his military antecedents might fairly be stated, and your correspondent has not attempted to answer me upon that point.

My object certainly was to maintain that Mackay's troops fought under no depressing moral influence, and that the Battle was, so far as regards the soldiers concerned in it, as fair a fight as ever took place between mortal men, and therefore, I think, the victory was much more creditable to the Highlanders than had their opponents been weighed down by the terrible feeling that the awful Dundee was against them, and so rendered them unable either to fire their muskets (which they did so well) or to use their bayonets; but, if your correspondent thinks differently, I can only say that he is welcome to his own opinion, but I can neither agree with him, nor think that the argument contained in my article is in the slightest degree affected by anything he has already said. I would have thought my contention would have met with the sympathy of the descendants of the heroes of Killiecrankie.

Your correspondent expresses a wish to break a lance with me as to Dundee's character, but where is the difference between us. I admit, with pleasure, his great ability and the well-deserved admiration the Highland-

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ers entertained for him. I only question whether the common soldiers who served under Mackay, and who were composed of English and Dutch, as well as Scottish men, many of whom were from the north-eastern shires, where Dundee never was in pursuit of Covenanters, could have had such conceptions of his transcendent abilities, as to depress their nerves at Killiecrankie. But if your correspondent can shew me that there were reasons why Mackay's soldiers should have been so aware of his great capacity as a General as to depress their spirits at Killiecrankie, I will be thankful for the information, and cry *peccavi;* but my argument that the designedly leaving the pass open would have been a great error, remains intact.

I may further mention, that I quite agree with all that Mr Napier has said as to Dundee's general character. What I have found fault with is his (along certainly with most historians) treating the leaving of the pass open, as having been designed by Dundee, and being a professional piece of strategy; and I have further, I think, proved that Mr Napier's idea of Dundee's taking Mackay in flank was a piece of pure imagination.

By the way, it was from Mr Napier's work that I first learned that General Dalziel considered Dundee to have acted with rashness at Drumclog. Had I not read Mr Napier's work, I do not think I would have been aware of the fact, and this certainly shews that Mr Napier did not write without discrimination.

Your correspondent writes that the Highlanders named Dundee "*Swarthy* John," but if I can trust my memory at all, the picture of him at Abbotsford makes him fair, if not nearly red-haired.

It was Gordon of Glenbucket, and not Clanranald, who made the celebrated exclamation at Sheriffmuir of—"Oh! for one hour of Dundee."

It occurred after the engagement, when Mar declined to attack Argyle's forces, who were after their victory over his left, marching back to Dunblane. Gordon was an able man who had actually served under Dundee. Clanranald, however, was mortally wounded at the very commencement of the Battle, and was probably dead before the exclamation was uttered.

I would strongly recommend your correspondent to write no more about Dundee and Killiecrankie till he has read the Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron of Locheil, in which he will find ample justice done to Dundee's character, but his military conduct reconciled with common sense and the correct principles of the Art of War.—I remain, &c.,

J. M. W. S.

EDINBURGH, August 1877.

HIGHLAND SUPERSTITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In the *Celtic Magazine* for August, "MacIain" refers to my version of *Allan Donn's* story, and if he had merely said that he heard a different version of the story, that would be all right; but when he says that I have not given the story correctly, nor as it is told in Harris, I feel called upon to say that I gave the story exactly as I got it from several

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people in Harris—although I did not perhaps give the *minutiæ* of it, such as the number of gallons of spirits provided for the funeral.

"MacIain" will probably be surprised to find that two of those who gave me the story declared themselves grandsons of the person who supplied the plaid that was used as a sail to the *Bata Caol Cannach* on the day of Annie Campbell's extraordinary burial; and as "a living dog is better than a dead lion," and as for the purposes of witness-bearing, a very humble individual in life is of more importance than the noble dust of Alexander at the stage at which it stops a bunghole; so, although these two men never attained to the dignity of eldership in the Free Church, nor in any church, as they are still living, and are very decent men, they can give evidence as to the manner in which the story is told by them and by scores besides in Harris. Shortly after my article appeared in your Magazine, Sheriff Nicolson of Kirkcudbright told me that he read it, and that I had given the story exactly as he got it some years before from a gentleman in Harris. Hoping soon to resume the Chapters on Superstition, I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

MARY MACKELLAR.

P.S.—In regard to the song, "*Allain Duinn shiubhlainn leat*," I asked Mr Malcolm M'Aulay, water bailiff to the Earl of Dunmore, if it was not the song, "*Allain Duinn nach till thu 'n taobh so*," which I had been accustomed to hear from my girlhood, and he said No; that this was quite a different song, that his own mother used to sing it, and that it was from her Dr Mackintosh Mackay got it, and committed it to paper.—M. M.

—o—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I was delighted reading in the *Celtic Magazine* for this month "MacIain's" story of "Fair Annie Campbell of Scalpay," which, with a few trifling variations, is true to the letter, as I heard it forty years ago from one of the crew of the *Bata Caol Channach*, named John Maclennan *(Iain MacRaonail)*, residing in the Island of Tarrensay, and with whom I was intimately acquainted. He was a very intelligent old man, then between seventy and eighty years of age. All his faculties continued unimpaired; he had a most retentive memory, and often repeated to me most minutely everything connected with "*Di-sathairn an fhuadaich*." The old man took as much delight in reciting his story as I took in listening to it. "Phantom" Maclennan, as he was called, told me that he himself did not actually see the phantom. He, however, said that he heard the rest of the crew mentioning, at the time, that they had seen it. The reason he assigns for his not seeing it is intelligible and likely. Being a very powerful man, he was selected for the difficult task of filling the cask, out of which the end had been knocked, with a small bucket, and handing it to another man when full to pour it overboard. Such was the quantity of sea the boat shipped at every wave, bailing required to be so incessant that he could not raise himself up, except when handing the full cask to the man sitting on the thaft for the purpose of pouring it out, and so, sitting in the bottom of the boat, he could not see what was passing around.

The coffin, when thrown out of the boat, he said, was carried by a

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tremendous wave back again, did not actually come into the boat, but rested on the gunwale near the stern. It was while removing it from this position with the oar that the end was, accidentally, not intentionally, knocked in. The coffin thereafter immediately disappeared.

The "*Offigeach priseil*" was not a Macleod, as stated by "MacIain," but a Campbell, known as the "*Offigeach Sheanda*," one of the handsomest men then in the Outer Hebrides, and a wonderfully expert swimmer. His death by drowning was a very sad one, while spending an evening with the skipper of a vessel then anchored in "*Poull Bhorosdale*," near Rodel. The entrance to this pond is dry at low water, hence the name "*poull*," or pool. It is not more than six hundred yards wide. The vessel was anchored in the middle, so that the "*Offigeach*" had only three hundred yards between him and the shore. He was alone going ashore in a small punt, and it was supposed that the tiny craft had some how capsized; but tradition, in Harris, attributes the accident to witchcraft, as the people could not believe that so expert a swimmer could be drowned in "*Poull Bhorosdale*." His body was found next morning on the beach, three hundred yards below high water mark. Tradition also says that three weeks previous to his death he had some sharp words with a woman at Strond, who was not considered "canny," and who said to him, "You will soon have a wet coat which will not require drying." So popular was he, that all the inhabitants mourned for him as for an only son. After his death his father took to his bed and never left it. When he was, one morning, told that his son Kenneth had returned from America, his response was, "*S math clibean* (a fusionless grass growing at the bottom of the sea) *an aite cruach*."

Mrs Mackellar could have had no difficulty in hearing the song "*Allain Duinn shiubhlainn leat*" in Harris, as there has not been a "*luadh*" (waulking of cloth) in Harris since "*Di-sathairn an fhuadaich*," at which "*Allain Duinn*" has not been sung, is so even to this day, and a most melodious and plaintive air it is sung to. The words are most appropriate to Annie's state of mind. I often listened with delight outside the "*Tigh luaidh*" to the singing of this exquisite song. When performed by a number of sweet-voiced females, who are not rare in Harris, the effect is grand.

You may perhaps consider the foregoing few sentences worth publishing as a supplement to "MacIain's" interesting and remarkably well-written story.—Yours, &c.,

KENNETH MACDONALD.

SCARISTAVORE, HARRIS, August 1877.

—o—

THE ROUT OF MOY AND DESTITUTION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The two articles in the current number of your Magazine under the above titles being written by gentlemen of so much acknowledged fame, one is shy of appearing in the same field with them, and more especially so when the occasion is somewhat of a controversial nature. The

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statements hereafter on the articles in question are submitted with the utmost deference to their writers.

Taking the article first in order, and that portion of it which refers to the tune of MacCrimmon's Lament, "Torquil" states, "On the passing of the Jurisdiction Bill in 1747, the occupation of the hereditary pipers was gone. Donald *Dubh* MacCrimmon, the last of them died in 1822, aged 91. The lament—*Cha till Mac Chruimein*—was composed on his departure to Canada."

This version of the origin or occasion of its composition differs from that given in Angus Mackay's Book of Pipe Music, and which is as follows:—"In the affray, none were killed, save MacLeod's piper (Donald *Ban* MacCrimmon). It is said he had a presentiment of his fate, and composed this lament."

The two last lines of the refrain corroborates, in a measure, the latter version—

Ged philleas MacLeoid,
Cha bheo Mac Cruimein.

This sentiment bears no resemblance to the *farewell of an emigrant*, but rather that it was on the occasion of an expedition similar to that on which the piper and his master were engaged.

The portion of the second article—"Destitution in the Highlands"—to be noticed is that referring to the Highland soldiers' affection for Lord Hill during the Peninsular War, viz.—"That humane nobleman will also feel pleasure in calling to recollection the bravery of the 42d, 93d, and 79th. At Vittoria, &c., how nobly did they acquit themselves under the command of that brave General—perhaps there was no General to whom Highlanders were more devotedly attached than to Lord Hill. Even in active service they looked upon him as their father, and were wont to call him by that endearing name."

I cannot gather on whose authority, or from what source, the reverend writer is able to make the representation in the foregoing quotation. I take no exception to Lord Hill's character for humanity, but as a matter of fact, not one of the three regiments mentioned were for any time under *his* command—either singly, in brigades, or in divisions. It is true that the 92d was, for a portion of the campaign (1811-13), one of the nine regiments forming General Hill's division; so also did the 71st, but the latter possessed few Highlanders during their service in Spain, inasmuch that since 1808, the regiment was recruited from among the Lowlanders of Glasgow. Moreover, as a general of division in the army, he could scarcely be expected to cultivate friendship with the men of any corps to the extent of being esteemed their father, and especially with those of the Highlanders whose Colonels, as a rule, were on familiar terms with almost every man in their ranks. It is well known that they were not in any way indifferent to their welfare, and therefore it would be ungrateful to supersede them for a stranger. With much respect, I am, your obedient servant,

MALCOLM MACALPINE.

London, August 7th, 1877.

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"SUARACHAN" AND THE BATTLE OF PARK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Looking over your *Celtic Magazine*, and in reading the "Ceilidh" it struck me that *Kenneth Fraser* was wrong in his account of "Suarachan," the big strong Maclennan, who contributed so much to the victory of the Mackenzies. I now forget if "Suarachan" was really the name, as I have not the No. by me to refer to, but it struck me at the time as being an entirely different version of what I often heard in my boyhood. I always heard what K. Fraser narrates about *Maclennan* applied to the case of "Donnchadh Mòr na tuagh"—Big Duncan of the Axe—a fierce, gigantic man of the Macraes of Kintail, who contributed very much to the Mackenzies' victory at the Battle of Park, 1464; and I rather think that owing to the distinguished part Duncan took in this engagement, the Battle of Park has become the "March of the Macraes."

I repeatedly heard the story, and it was to this effect:—The then Chief of the Mackenzies quarrelled with the Chief of the Macdonalds, owing, I think, to the former having ignominiously returned his wife, who was a daughter of Lord Macdonald, at least of Macdonald. When Mackenzie was mustering his men, and after they marched from Islandonnan, this Duncan, who was then a bareheaded, powerful, ungainly fellow of about 18 or 19 years, took it into his head to take part in whatever fighting might be going on. He tried to get some serviceable weapon, but could not, no one seemingly paying any attention to him. At last he fell in with an old big rusty battle-axe, of which he at once possessed himself, and set off after the others, arriving at the scene of strife when the battle was commencing. Duncan, from his youth and uncouth figure, was not much observed or taken notice of by any one. He, however, promptly enough took part in the fight, exclaiming as he rushed into battle, and delivered his thundering blows, "Buille mhor bho chul mo laimhe a's ceum leithe, am fear nach teich romham, teicheam roimhe." He soon killed a man, whom he dragged aside and sat upon. I ought to have first said that before Duncan took part in the fight at all he was merely an onlooker, strolling about in an aimless, vacant sort of way. The commander thus seeing him, accosted him, asking him why he did not fight, and assist his Chief and comrades. Duncan replied "Mar faigh mi miabh duine, cha dean mi gniomh duine"—"Unless I get a man's esteem, I won't do a man's work." The commander answered him, saying, "Deansa gniomh duine, as gheibh thu miabh duine." It was then Duncan engaged in the battle. After killing, as I have said, a man, and sitting idly upon him, the commander, coming the way again, saw him, and asked him why he was not engaged. Duncan replied that "If I only get the *esteem* or *value* (literally) of one man, I will only make one man's work." The commander answered, saying, "Do a man's work, and you will get a man's wages." Duncan then entered the battle, slew another man, dragged him, and laid him upon the top of the first man he killed, then sat upon both. The commander, again seeing him idle, asked him the reason. Duncan said that he killed two men, and thus earned two men's wages. The commander answered, saying, "Do your best, and your

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reward will not be counted to you." Duncan, thus admonished, answered, "Fear nach cunntadh rium cha chunntainn ris," and again took part in the battle, and his prowess was such that Lachlan Mor MacErlich, one of Macdonald's chief officers, and their most redoubtable warrior, put himself in Duncan's way, to stop the carnage the latter was doing. Duncan and he encountered each other, but MacErlich being clad in mail, and being a most powerful man, well versed in arms, Duncan could make nothing of him. Duncan, however, having no armour on, and being light and active, kept pecking away at his opponent, waiting his opportunity. MacErlich, kept pressing Duncan so hard that the latter kept retiring inch by inch, until he was backed against a ditch. MacErlich, thinking he had him nailed at last, made a most determined attack upon him. Duncan jumped the ditch backwards, still watching his opportunity. MacErlich, as Duncan jumped the drain, made a heavy plunge at him, his sword sticking in the opposite bank. While he was withdrawing it he bent his head a little, and, the helmet rising, exposed part of his neck. Quick as lightning Duncan's axe descended upon MacErlich's neck, severing the head from the body. The Macdonalds, seeing the fall of their principal officer and greatest warrior, were so discouraged that they were soon afterwards routed. That evening the Mackenzies took possession of Castle Leod, Strathpeffer, and at the feast which followed the victory Duncan was enjoying himself. Mackenzie, seeing Duncan at the lower part of the hall busily engaged in polishing the flesh off a large beef bone, and inclined to have a joke at Duncan's expense, remarked, loud enough to be heard by him to whom the taunt was pointedly referred, "Is this the brave man whom I saw to-day retreating before Big MacErlich?" Duncan's fierce, fiery temper was at once aroused, and, stung by the apparent reflection on his courage, sent the big bone he had in his hand flying, with unerring aim and full force, at Mackenzie's head, Duncan exclarming at the same time, "A mhic na bleide mar a deanain-sa sin, cha bhiodh thusa nochd ann a Cùl da Leoid." Mackenzie narrowly escaped having his head broken. He dodged it aside, the bone flew past, and was shivered to bits upon the wall behind.

"Duncan, in his old days," says the account of the Macraes referred to in my letter, "was very assisting to Hector Gairloch's predecessor, against the Macleods of Gairloch, for he, with his son Dugal, who was a strong, prudent, and courageous man, with ten or twelve other Kintail men, were always, upon the least advertisement, ready to go and assist Hector whenever, wherever, and in whatever he had to do, for which cause there has been a friendly correspondence betwixt the family of Gairloch and the Macraes of Kintail, which still continues, though not perhaps on that account altogether, as more peaceable times soon wear out the remembrance of such obligations not on record."—Yours, &c.,

MURDO MACRAE.

BADACHRO, GAIRLOCH.

To Contributors.—The article on "Lyrical Poetry," by the Rev. Geo. Gilfillan, will appear in our next issue, and that on "Our Own Lyrical Poetry" in the succeeding number—the first of Vol. III.

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DESTITUTION IN THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A.

V.

The state of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland has already been fully commented on in reference to this painful subject. The remarks, however, which have been made refer only to the sweeping destitution of the years 1836 and 1837. It was the will of Divine Providence to afflict those extensive districts with a still more appalling destitution in 1846 and 1847, exactly ten years after the previous visitation. The causes, nature, and extent of this second calamity were exactly similar to those which gave origin to the first: viz., the total failure of the crops and esculents all over the districts that became the victims of the desolating scourge. It may, therefore, prove interesting to wind up these remarks with a summary or abstract of the various circumstances connected with this important subject.

The parts of the country chiefly affected by the severe calamities of the years mentioned, were the western coasts of Argyleshire, Invernessshire, and Ross-shire on the mainland; the islands of Mull, Tyree, Coll, the Small Isles, and the chain of Islands from the Butt of Lews to Barrahead, which generally pass under the name of the Long Island; and, particularly so the Isle of Skye.

It may not be out of place to give a brief account of the early history and social circumstances of the natives of those regions. A minute knowledge of Highland manners and character is indispensably necessary to form a proper and correct estimate as to the physical and moral condition of the inhabitants of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. It is not enough to take a superficial glance at the circumstances in which they were placed at remote periods of time, and hence to arrive at illegitimate conclusions as to their real position. It is not enough to stigmatise them as an indolent and improvident race, without fully investigating the various remote and immediate causes which have led to their subsequent abject state, and without distinctly ascertaining whether or not those causes were such, as over which they could have had no control whatever. It is therefore necessary that the different changes which have taken place, from age to age, in their social economy, should be carefully traced, and properly comprehended. Some centuries ago, when feudal law possessed absolute sway all over the Highlands and Islands, agriculture, even of the rudest description, was but little attended to, and far less encouraged. The young and hardy men were, from the days of boyhood, destined for employments entirely different. They were trained, in short, to set their hearts on objects more suited to their warlike temperament of mind, and more in accordance with the usages of the periods in which they lived. It was then that the Highland chieftains, like petty kings over their respective domains, had each a stated number of follow-

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ers or retainers, according to the extent of their possessions. Their heritages then were not valued as now, according to the amount of rents raised, but according to the number of men reared, able and willing to carry arms, and to fight for their chief in his feudal battles with some neighbouring clan. Although the population was then less numerous than now, yet even at those early periods, the evils of land-splitting had been encouraged to go recklessly on, to serve an important purpose. The influence, and also the safety of feudal lords, depended solely on the number of retainers that they could bring to the field of strife. The consequence was, that proprietors sub-divided their lands into allotments as small as possible, to secure a greater number of followers. Men were then more valued than money, and hence the desire to multiply their number. Circumstances rendered this necessary on the part of the feudal chiefs, as the dangers, hardships, and conflicts, to which the Highland youth were then exposed directly tended to decrease their number. Under such a state of matters, there was neither leisure nor desire to effect such changes as would ameliorate the social and domestic comforts of the people. Lands were but little valued by their owners in a pecuniary point of view. Proprietors, indeed, appeared to vie with each other as to their liberality in awarding life-leases, rent free, of eligible little farms to their "*Seanachies*," foster-brothers, bards, pipers, as well as to the most heroic of their retainers. Even at later periods, when proprietors became loyal to the present royal dynasty, they found it advantageous to have the power of raising as many men as possible to serve the king and country. As a reward for this, they were favoured with commissions in the army for members of their families; and thus security was obtained for a continuance of their friendship and loyalty. In this way fencible regiments were raised in the Highlands and Islands. There was no difficulty in procuring recruits, as the proprietors gave pledges of rewarding them for their services, by furnishing crofts of land to their parents, as well as to themselves on their return under Government pensions.

Such was the state of matters to a more or less degree, until the close of the Rebellion of 1745-6. When the last ray of hope in favour of the House of Stuart had vanished, and when the House of Hanover had come to wield the British sceptre, things assumed a more gentle aspect. Then feudalism vanished by degrees, under the influence of laws judiciously enforced, and the wild spirit of the Highlanders became softened down to tranquillity and obedience. Wars no longer distracted the minds of this brave people, and deadly feuds with their surrounding clansmen, ceased entirely to exist. All these old events were happily forgotten, except when rehearsed in their tales, or chanted in their ancient Gaelic songs.

It is, however, a matter of deep regret that since the restoration of National peace, and the extinction of all feudal differences, the agricultural resources of the Highlands and Islands, have been allowed to remain almost dormant. Although civil animosities have happily come to an end, yet it can hardly be said that the Highlands have "beaten their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks." As to this, the Highlanders are not to be blamed, but their superiors undoubtedly are. The land-owners stand guilty of a dereliction of duty, and also of a very solemn duty, in not improving their possessions to a degree adequate to

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the numerical, but natural increase of their dependents. The Highlanders, especially the poorer classes, have all along been an agricultural people, but the nature and condition of their agriculture has not been such as to prove a guarantee against the inroads of periodical seasons of famine and distress. This is the more apparent, as in other parts of Scotland improved modes of agriculture are attended, as might be expected, by a total absence of general distress.

Not to speak in the meantime of the overwhelming destitution of the years 1836-7, and 1846-7, which so powerfully and effectually called forth the national sympathy, it happened on several occasions in olden times, that public relief was requisite to supply the poorer classes with the means of subsistence. But with two exceptions, no appeal for a direct supply of food was made to the Government of the country, in the memory of any person now living, previous to that made for the destitution of the above-mentioned years.

The first appeal was made in 1782, which was a year of an extensive and sweeping famine. It happened that Government had a large supply of pease on hand, in consequence of the peace with America, and the same was appropriated to the relief of the distressed Highland districts. The pease-meal year, or "*Bliadhna na peasrach*," is still remembered in the Highlands as an epoch for dates.

The next appeal was in the year 1817, which was a season of great scarcity, on account of the crop-failure of the previous year. Government responded to the appeal, and sent a large supply of oats for the relief of the distressed districts.

But the important question which ought to arrest public attention is this: What is to become of the unfortunate natives of the Highlands and Islands in future? They have no staple resources to depend upon, and their means of livelihood, at all times scanty, are so very precarious, that one inclement season would cast them at once into a state of pinching want. While the destitution of the years already mentioned was tided over by the results of British philanthropy, and while, no doubt, many lives were saved from starvation and death, can it be either patriotic or Christian to leave that brave and loyal race of men to the hazard of a similar calamity in time to come?

The causes of the appalling distress of the years mentioned have already been fully explained in the previous articles. An immense population in all the afflicted districts became at once immersed in dire destitution, and the sad tale soon came to the knowledge, not only of philanthropists all over the British nation, but of the humane and wealthy in the most distant of our colonies. A huge charity speedily poured its blessed results in gold and silver into the coffers of the various relief committees. It was calculated by a Government official at the time, that the number of sufferers in the destitute districts exceeded 150,000, while the enormous amount of about a quarter-of-a-million of money was subscribed for their relief. This noble charity, so creditable to the philanthropy of the British empire, no doubt saved many lives, yet, under its management, it was attended with several unhappy results, in its bearing so directly on the character of the distressed population. This, however, will be afterwards explained.

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Notwithstanding the frequent drainings by emigration to the British colonies, the population of the distressed regions was never so great as at the period of the destitution under review. This statement is denied by many well-meaning commentators on this painful subject, but

As facts are chields that winna ding,

the population of the Parish of Kilmuir, in Skye, taken at intervals during the last century and a half, as given in the note below, may be taken as a fair criterion of that in the several parishes of the Highlands and Islands.* A judicious system of emigration to the colonies was absolutely necessary at the period of the painful crisis under review, to save the lives of the redundant population. It is at once acknowledged that this was a very painful alternative, and an alternative that ought not to have existed had land owners previously done their duty. To no one living was emigration a matter of deeper regret than to the writer of these papers. But there was at the time a starving people, the majority of whom had no lands, no possessions, no means, nothing but famine, with its stern accompaniments, staring them in the face. It was of no use then to descant on the mismanagement of their superiors—no use then to reason on the possibility of such a calamity being averted, had prudent measures been previously adopted—and no use then should tenements of land be awarded at once to the distressed people, as they had no means to stock, to cultivate, or to occupy them. Like the opening of the safety-valve of an over-pressed steam-boiler, to save the engine from being splintered into fragments, so emigration behoved to be resorted to, in order to save the remanent population from being annihilated through starvation and death. Such measures, however, were excessively painful and revolting to the feelings of all benevolent hearts. It was distressing to behold a brave and patriotic race of people compelled to leave their romantic hills and glens, and to emigrate to strange and foreign lands! It was a sad sight to see glens and valleys laid waste, and the hearths and homesteadings of once happy coteries covered with ferns and fox-glove, and all through the short-sighted policy of unpatriotic landlords. The truth and reality of such cruel proceedings were too palpable either to be concealed or denied. The helpless families thus compelled to quit their legitimate holdings had no alternative, unless they emigrated, but to huddle together in humble cots by the sea-shore, or to find shelter by squatting in rude huts on the barren outskirts of the larger farms. During the last period of severe destitution, a gentleman re-visited his native Isle of

* The population of Kilmuir stood as follows in the given years:—

Years.		*Population.*	*Years.*		*Population.*
1736	...	1230	1831	...	3415
1755	...	1572 (according to Dr Webster)	1837	...	4011
1771	...	1900 (according to Dr Walker)	1841	...	3625
1791	...	2068	1851	...	2846
1801	...	2554	1861	...	3177
1808	...	2995	1871	...	2590
1821	...	3387			

It will be observed that the census of 1837 is larger than that of other years. This arises from the fact that it was taken in January, when the natives were all at home. In most other years, when the census was taken, more than one-third of the people were in other countries at public works.

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Skye in 1847, after an absence of many years, and although always hostile to emigration, the universal depression and suffering were such that he exclaimed, "Would to God that I had the money and the means to take away this people, from the sucking infant to the old patriarch tottering into his grave, and I would place them among their kinsmen in far distant lands."

It may be interesting to observe that the various causes which led to the calamity in question were at the time fully and freely discussed in pamphlets, platform lectures, and public prints. Opportunity was thus seized upon for the expression of opinions as diversified and heterogeneous as harlequin ever appeared in his dresses. Prejudiced theorists had full scope for divulging their vagary schemes and pampered dogmas. The afflicted Highlanders, in consequence, came in for a full share of public reprobation and reproach. Although well known to be a patient, forbearing, and peaceable people, they were now and again designated as a lazy, slovenly, and degraded race of men, and utterly unworthy of the vast public sympathy manifested in their behalf. They were thus unfairly and cruelly branded by such parties as were totally ignorant of their habits, and manners, and social circumstances. Hosts of idle travellers, newspaper reporters, flying commissioners, and such like, made rambling visits to the destitute districts, and published reports either teeming with inaccuracies, or replete with wild and sarcastic expressions. By such reports, the stranger would be apt to view the poor Highlanders as a race of men destitute of every virtuous principle, and quite as uncivilized as the Kaffirs or Hottentots! But such was far from being the case. The Highlanders had no doubt their faults, and who have not? Depressed circumstances may have, to some extent, sullied their native good qualities and virtues; but what other race would have manifested such an amount of forbearance and resignation under such crushing trials? In the hardships of war, they invariably gained for themselves unprecedented distinction and honour, and can it be supposed that all these prominent and praiseworthy qualities could completely vanish, and utterly desert them under their late calamitous sufferings! The man who could endure with fortitude the many trying deprivations of military life in far and distant climes, might surely be expected to endure with similar fortitude the sufferings inflicted on them by the hands of Divine Providence! During the first years of destitution in 1836-7, the management of the great public charity was vested in local committees, and was conducted with such consideration and prudence that no lives were sacrificed, and that few or none had any cause for complaint. These committees, consisted of the clergymen, the great tacksmen, the justices of the peace, the professional gentlemen, and the most intelligent of the community. They performed their duties at the expense of much time and trouble. But during the second years of destitution, in 1846-7, a new mode of management was adopted, by means of which the gratuitous services of the local committees were completely superseded. What was called a central board was formed in Edinburgh, which took the entire management of the whole concern. This central board, which consisted of gentlemen of the highest respectability, discharged its duties with that high degree of care and punctuality which could not fail to reflect much credit on its mem-

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bers in general, and, in particular, on its worthy secretary, that learned Highland-hearted lowlander, W. F. Skene, Esq., W.S. Unfortunately, however, the theoretical machinery for relief adopted by that board, failed to operate with such successful results as might legitimately be expected from such a large fund at its command. In the first place, a huge paid machinery for the distribution of relief was constituted, the expenses of which swallowed up no small share of the public funds. Inspectors-general, inspectors, sub-inspectors, and an indefinite host of underlings were simultaneously appointed. Week after week the funds were steadily drained by this monstrous staff of officials, yet no blame is to be attached to those gentlemen in any respect. They were all expert, intelligent, and honourable men, and principally half-pay officers of high standing. They were merely discharging the duties entrusted to them, and, as servants of the central board, were entitled to their stipulated rewards. But viewing the matter in the light of common sense, how was it physically possible for those gentlemen, entire strangers, to manage, with any degree of propriety and justice, the vast districts over which they were supposed to have surveillance? It is true that they had their celebrated test-regulations, as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—they had their staff of sub-officials, generally local parties, on whose representations they had entirely to depend, and who, from the nature of their duties, were apt to yield to the influences of partiality, favouritism, and flattery. The system thus pursued was not only inadequate, but absolutely ruinous to the people. The second rule given to the inspectors was to the effect that "parties who possess means of their own, or who have not consumed the produce of their ground, or stock, or whose property is sufficient to enable them to render their credit available, are not destitute until all their means are exhausted." This was a cruel, ruinous test.* By means

* The following is a copy of the instructions issued by Captain Fishbourne, Inspector for Skye, under the Central Relief Board, to the sub inspectors of Skye:—

RULE 1ST.—The parties who are primary objects of relief are those who are destitute, but who have no legal claim to subsistence from the parish, or who are not able-bodied labourers, in the full sense of the term.

RULE 2D.—Parties who possess means of their own, or who have not consumed the produce of their ground or stock, or whose property is sufficient to enable them to render their credit available, are not destitute until all their means are exhausted.

RULE 3D.—Able-bodied persons are not primary objects of relief, if they are in a situation to obtain employment in the district or elsewhere, or if they can support themselves by fishing, or if they have refused employment.

RULE 4TH.—All employment given directly by the Board, upon which the recipients of relief are to work, must be upon the principle that the whole labour of the recipient is taken in return for a bare subsistence.

RULE 5TH.—Children, under twelve years of age, may receive their relief on condition that they regularly attend school.

RULE 6TH.—The relief officer will make up a list of all applicants for relief according to a prescribed form, and will send a copy to the inspector for decision, with power to the relief officer to give interim relief to those who are above defined as the primary objects of relief.

RULE 7TH.—Where parties who appear to the inspector to be entitled to parochial relief are applicants, the relief officer will take the necessary steps to enable the applicant to make good his claim.

RULE 8TH.—The labour test must be applied to all parties who are to receive relief, and relief must only be given for work done. The allowance for a man performing his allotted task, 1 lb. of meal; performing one-third more, 1½ lbs.; females over twelve years of age, ¾ lb.; any female under twelve years of age, ½ lb. of meal. Duration of day's labour during winter, eight hours. To lose one fourth of the day if not present at muster time in the morning; to lose one-fourth of the day or more for not giving due

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of it the poor people had to part with their all before they could expect to receive any relief whatever. They had to dispose of their cows, horses, sheep, crops, seed-corn, domestic articles, and, in short, with every moveable piece of rude furniture they possessed, before each grown-up person would receive one pound of oatmeal a-day (of value about three halfpence), in lieu of eight hours labour! This was a preposterous plan, which hastened the poor starving creatures to misery. The sixteen ounces of meal per day, was but miserable nourishment at best, and even that pittance was disallowed if the applicant did not sell his cow, or pig, or seed-corn, if he had any, to purchase food. It was the aim of the local committee, during the destitution of 1836-7, to support the distressed in such a way as to enable them to preserve the little stock and means in their possession for the exigencies of the future, and in this they so far succeeded. The Edinburgh Board, on the other hand, adopted the opposite course, and granted no relief to the poor crofters until all their moveable property was sold, or swallowed up by their liabilities to proprietors, meal-stores, and friends who assisted them.

Unfortunately, the evils which have resulted from the mismanagement of this great charity are very serious, and in a sense permanent. Hereby the Highlanders have, in a great measure, lost that independent spirit by which they have ever been characterized. Hereby they were so closely identified with destitution and poverty, and so insultingly treated, as if they were senseless serfs or slaves, that their native characteristic "pluck" (if the term may be used) has been forced to give way, and compared with their forefathers, the Highlanders of ancient times, they have become a dispirited and broken-hearted race of men!

Having so far considered the excessive misery which overwhelmed the Highlands and Islands at the periods alluded to, it becomes every patriot to use his energies for devising some safe, radical changes in the management of the Highlands, to secure the natives, if possible, from similar visitations in future. The very circumstance of famine being produced by the failure of one or two crops (and these consisting chiefly of potatoes) indicates, not merely great poverty in the people, but clearly implies some grievous, radical errors, as to their condition and management. Import-

amount of work. The amount of a man's work to consist of the repair of one-half a rood of a road that could be repaired in a workmanlike manner at 2s 6d per rood; and of a greater amount than one-half a rood, if the repair could be effected for a less sum than 2s 6d, and of a less amount if the cost would be greater than 2s 6d; or if it should consist of half a cubic yard of broken stones, reasonably small, per day. A woman to wash, tease, card, and spin 1 lb. of wool per day, or 6 lbs. per week, for which she is to receive, for 6 lbs., 5¼ lbs. of meal; for 4 lbs., 3½ lbs.; and for 8 lbs., 7 lbs. of meal. For knitting stockings or socks—for 4 oz. worsted, ¾ lb. of meal; 5 oz., 1 lb.; and 3 oz., ½ lb. of meal. Weaving per day, ordinary breadth, 2 yards, ½ lb. of meal per day; 3 yards, ¾ lb.; and 4 yards, 1 lb. If the head of the family does not work, the family will lose their allowance of meal. If any other member neglects or fails to work, his or her meal only will be stopped. The men to be numbered off into work-parties under grieves, who will take charge of the tools, and keep the time of the party. His pay will depend upon the amount of work executed by his work-party. Three-fourths of the above scale of work will be received from the partially disabled, in lieu of full allowance. A primary condition of relief is that of having paid their debt to the society by work; that they shall have their patches of land dug and drained; and when any parties are admitted to relief, having done the above effectually, they shall receive a week's meal for their families. The house must be clean, and the pool of water and dirt removed from before the door, else their meal will be stopped.

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ant as it may be to supply the wants of the people in such distressing seasons as those alluded to, is is of infinitely more importance to ascertain the original causes of the calamity,—thereafter to inquire by what means the evil is to be prevented from increasing,—and lastly, how these Highland territories are to be wrested from the chance of declining ever again into a similarly impoverished and degraded state. These are solemn subjects for inquiry. The chief cause of the evils complained of mainly arises from the mismanagement of proprietors or land-owners. A ruinous determination on the part of many proprietors to enlarge possessions, to abolish middle-sized tenants, and to change the system of cultivation or management, has been fraught with disastrous consequences. On the Mainland, and in the Islands of Mull and Skye, and even in some portions of the Long Island, the increase in the number of sheep-farms has proved highly detrimental, and, in fact, ruinous to the people. Such changes have come to pass to an extent not compatible with the temporal or spiritual welfare of the natives, and in many instances without the least possible regard to their feelings and interests as human beings. Such is cruel, unpatriotic, unchristian !

Whatever may be said to the contrary, it is confidently believed that there is no sufficient ground for the despair too often expressed of being able to improve the condition of the Highlands and Islands, without having recourse to a general and sweeping emigration. Emigration, in short, ought to be the last resource adopted, as it robs the country of its bone and sinew, drains away its vital energy and life-blood, and leaves it utterly helpless, defenceless, and weak. Let the patriot open his eyes and take a look at the raw material, for it is there. Let him then glance at the staple element of waste land capable of producing food, and at the available labour to cultivate it, and that likewise at a moderate cost. Thus secured, let him be actuated by perseverance, prudence, and activity, until great results gradually develop themselves, and until such beneficial changes come to pass, as will equalise the condition of the Highlander with his brethren in other parts of Scotland.

Proprietors are blind alike to their own best interests, as well as to their sacred responsibilities for the welfare of their dependants, who do not adopt the most prudent means for the accomplishment of that purpose. The rights of capital, or of property, are not intended by the wise Ruler of all things, to be supreme. Consequently a landlord has not absolute liberty to convert his possessions into whatever evil purposes may suit his fancy, either through caprice, or from any other motive. He is a responsible being, and, were he to see it, his responsibility is great. It is a false and fatal theory to maintain, as many do, that if a gentleman purchases an estate in the Highlands of Scotland, or anywhere else, he has it in his power to do with it, and with the people on it, whatever he pleases. It is true that he may exercise that power, as too many are guilty of doing, and of too often doing to his own detriment, as well as to the ruin of his helpless dependants. But he ought in all this to consider well his own position, and to have a due regard to the rights of the people under his charge. Let him remember that for the manner in which he discharges the duties of his stewardship, unless he does so justly and humanely, he

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has not only to bear the responsibility and the odium before the eyes of men, but is accountable for his stewardship to the Great Judge of all the earth.

The Creator has so ordered it, that in every region of his dominions, and in every quarter and province of this earth, due provision is amply made for the comfort and well-being of every rational and irrational creature dwelling thereon. Man has his own particular sphere allotted to him, but so have the inferior animals. According to this view of the matter, deer and wild-fowl, and game of all kinds, have their own inalienable rights—their own provinces, their rugged forests, their secure fastnesses, and their barren hills wherein to dwell—and these let them have. But, on the other hand, these four-footed or feathered denizens of the forest have no right to occupy the dales and glens, the valleys and plains, which are adapted and intended for the maintenance of human beings. Nature has made suitable provision for every living thing. While lands capable of cultivation ought to be cultivated for the support and benefit of man, it will be found that such lands as cannot be cultivated are sufficiently adapted, as to quality, nature, and extent, for the requirements of all the inferior animals after their kind.

Viewing matters in this light, it will be seen that, while man has his own legitimate rights, he ought to get full possession of them. For the accomplishment of this end, care should be taken that lands and properties be judiciously apportioned and appropriated for the best interest of both landlord and tenant, and for the general benefit of all classes of the community. It would be unjust, unseemly, and highly impolitic to have estates cut up, as too many are, into large agricultural farms, and into extensive sheep walks. By such processes, no suitable room is left for the middle and lower classes of the tenantry. Ample provision, however, is furnished thereby for entailing ruin upon the country, for the gradual fostering of stern poverty, and for the disorganisation of a proper rural and social system of management. It is, therefore, by no means prudent, but ruinous, to have the whole country divided into large tenements of land, either for cultivation or for pasture; nor would it be proper, on the other hand, to have whole estates divided exclusively into small crofts or lots of land, to be occupied solely by peasantry, however industrious. There is a wise middle course, which ought to be carefully adopted. Society requires a due and proper intermixture of classes and of grades to render it prosperous. A Highland estate would be benefitted by having a gentleman-farmer planted here and there among the lesser tenantry to maintain the equilibrium of a wisely organised social system, and to act by his prudent example, and more skilled advice, as a guide and counsellor to his inferiors. The proprietor would thus have the pleasure of possessing a class of tenantry whose acting would prove mutually beneficial. The larger farmer would stand in the capacity of adviser to the less skilled, but equally comfortable crofters around him, while their aid to him in certain operations of the field would be reciprocally valuable, and duly appreciated. Above all, let the tenant-at-will system be abolished, and let the crofters hold their tenements under improving leases, and at reasonable, moderate rents. In this way, a happy, independent, and well-conditioned population would once more flourish in the country.

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Social blessings would thus be promoted, and a thriving community would dwell together in prosperity and peace, over the length and breadth of the Highlands and Islands. Destitution would take wings, and never again appear. The spirit of heroism and gallantry would be engendered anew, and Highlanders, so long crushed and depressed, would once again become inspired with their native bravery, and would ever be on the alert to defend their Queen, and their country, and their constitution. While warlike weapons are being constructed, immense fortificatiens erected, and thundering ironclads launched from our national dockyards, these formidable preparations would be rendered doubly effective through the loyalty and fortitude of a race of heroes who ever proved to be the invincible defenders of our Sovereign and country, and who never turned their back on friend or foe!

HIGHLAND FISHERMEN'S SONG OR *JORRAM.*

Pull away! pull away! ere the white-browed moon,
Flings her silvery sheen o'er the rolling deep;
Pull away! pull away! sing a merry tune,
Let the strong oars bend to our long stroke sweep;—
There is bread to win,
Let our birlin spin,
Pull away! pull away! we must shoot from the bay,
While the night-star peeps from the east clouds grey.

Pull away! pull away! see! they watch us glide,
And they wave their hands as the sun goes down;
Pull away! pull away! there our hearts abide,
And the maidens pray as we leave the town—
For our homes and wives,
And our children's lives;
Tho' the night is cold and our toil is hard,
O! their morning smiles are our best reward.

Pull away! pull away! hark! the grey gulls scream,
As they rise from our path o'er the ocean's breast;
Pull away! pull away! 'neath the bright stars' gleam
We will shoot our nets, where the fulmars rest:—
Ho! we'll cheery pull,
When each mesh is full,
Haul away! haul away! to our wild sea-song,
For our hearts are true and our arms are strong.

Pull away! pull away! see! the golden glow
Tints the dull cloud edge of the curtained east;
Pull away! pull away! let us homeward go,
For the moon has waned and the starlight ceased:—
Away o'er the deep,
While our loved ones sleep,
O! we hie to the shore with our bosoms glad,
And the joys of home wait the fisher lad.

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

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THE NEW CELTIC PROFESSOR FOR EDINBURGH.

—o—

THERE has been a good deal of speculation of late as to who the coming Professor of Celtic is to be. It is understood that the Council of the University have decided to leave the choice of the first occupant of the Chair entirely with Professor Blackie, and this is as it should be; for, without him, there would have been no Chair to fill. We are happy to learn that the man has been already virtually decided upon, and that the future Celtic Professor will be D. MACKINNON, M.A., of the *Gael*, and secretary to the Edinburgh School Board. Mr Mackinnon had a distinguished career in the University, and is a first class general scholar. He is a native of Mull, and in working his way up from the bottom of the ladder, he has given ample proof of the qualities required in our first Celtic Professor. He has, throughout his course in the University, and since, paid special attention to Celtic literature, and his papers in the *Gael* on "*Litreachas nan Gaidheal*" (The Literature of the Highlanders), show an extensive knowledge, and a due appreciation, of the subject under consideration. While we have others, among the rising generation of Celtic students, quite equal to Mr Mackinnon in Celtic scholarship, we are not aware of any amongst them equal to him in the higher Education and in general culture. Some names have been mentioned as candidates for the Chair whose work in the Celtic field is a mere caricature and burlesque on Celtic philology. Others who have been mentioned, such as the Rev. Dr Maclauchlan and Sheriff Nicolson, are, no doubt, well qualified, but they are perhaps too advanced in years, and too comfortably settled down in life in their respective social positions, to care about devoting the labour and close application absolutely necessary for a successful professor of Celtic, who must give a reason for his existence, and go over and cultivate an extensive field, hitherto comparatively untouched, even by our best native Celtic scholars. It requires a young man with proved ability, yearning to distinguish himself in Celtic research, to fill this Chair with credit to himself, to its distinguished founder, and to the Literature of the Celts; and Mr Mackinnon is unquestionably the most likely man. Professor Blackie is perhaps the only man who would, or could, have made such an independent and excellent choice, where so much influence was certain to be used to secure the post for more influential but less able candidates.

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KILCHURN CASTLE.

—o—

This noble relic of feudal ages is situated near the head of Loch-Awe, under the impending gloom of the majestic Ben Cruachan, which rises abruptly in rocky masses from the opposite shore of the lake. Amid the grandeur and variety which that fine lake derives from its great expanse, and the lofty mountains with which it is surrounded, it cannot be denied that Kilchurn Castle forms the leading and most picturesque object—

> **Is paramount, and rules**
> **Over the pomp and beauty of a scene,**
> **Where mountains, torrents, lakes, and woods unite**
> **To pay it homage.**

There is no other ancient castle in the Western Highlands that can compete with it in point of magnitude; and none, even throughout Scotland at large, can be compared with it for the picturesque arrangement of its buildings, the beauty and fine effect of its varied and broken outline, or its happy appropriateness to its situation. It stands upon a projecting rocky elevation at the head of the lake, into which the water of Orchy flows, and which elevation is occasionally converted into an island when the river and loch are flooded by rains. Although now connected with the shore by an extended plain, obviously of alluvial origin, and consequently forming a peninsula, it seems certain that the rocky site of the castle must have been at one time an island, and that the change has been produced partly by alluvial deposit, and partly by the lowering of the waters of the lake. Anciently it must have been a place of great strength, and its unusual size and extent attest the feudal splendour and magnificence which the knights of Glenorchy were accustomed to gather around them. But this fine relic of baronial dignity is now a ruin—"wild yet stately,—not dismantled of turrets, nor the wall broken down, though obviously a ruin"—and hastening to decay. The exterior walls are yet entire, but the mountain blasts sweep through its roofless halls, and the thistle waves its head in the now silent court-yard.

Wordsworth has addressed some fine lines to Kilchurn Castle, concluding thus:—

> **Shade of departed power,**
> **Skeleton of unbesieged humanity,**
> **The chronicle were welcome that should call**
> **Into the compass of distinct regard**
> **The toils and struggles of thy infancy!**
> **Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;**
> **Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,**
> **Frozen by distance; so, majestic pile,**
> **To the perception of this Age appear**
> **Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued,**
> **And quite in character—the strife,**
> **The pride, the fury uncontrollable**
> **Lost on the aerial height of the Crusades!**

Kilchurn, or, as it ought to be written, Coalchuirn, Castle is said to have been erected by the lady of Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, the ancestor of the ducal family of Argyle. Sir Colin, who was a Knight-Templar, was absent on a crusade at the time, and for seven years the principal portion of the rents of his lands are said to have been expended by his

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lady in its erection. The great tower was five storeys in height, the second storey being entirely occupied by the baronial hall. That necessary appendage of a feudal castle, the dungeon, is on the ground floor, and appears to have been sufficiently dark, damp, and wretched to render utterly miserable the unfortunate beings who, from time to time, were forced to tenant it, The remaining portions of the castle, which form a square enclosing the court-yard, though of considerable antiquity, are certainly not so ancient as the tower, and doubtless have been added at some more recent period. So late as 1745 Kilchurn Castle was garrisoned by the King's troops, and at a much more recent period it was fit to be inhabited. One of the factors, or overseers, of the Breadalbane estate caused the roof to be taken off, merely to obtain an easy supply of wood, to the irreparable injury of the Castle, and the unavailing regret of its noble proprietor, who was then absent. The greatest care is now taken of its preservation, but open and exposed as it is, time and the winter storms will soon work its decay.

There is a legend connected with this Castle, which has its counterpart in more than one legend of feudal times as well as in the pages of Homer, and which may be worth relating. During the long absence of Sir Colin, the Knight-Templar, he is said to have visited Rome, where he had a very singular dream. He applied to a monk for his advice, who recommended his instant return home, as a very serious domestic calamity, which could only be averted by his presence, was portended by his dream. Sir Colin immediately took his departure for Scotland, and after much difficulty and danger reached a place called Succoth, the residence of an old woman who had been his nurse. In the disguise of a mendicant, he craved food and shelter for the night, and was admitted to the poor woman's fireside. From a scar on his arm she recognised him as the laird, and instantly informed him of what was about to happen at the Castle. It appeared that for a long period no information had been received with regard to Sir Colin, nor had any communication from him reached his lady. On the contrary, it had been industriously circulated that he had fallen in battle in the Holy Land. Sir Colin perceived treachery on the part of some one, for he had repeatedly despatched clansmen with intelligence to his lady, and surely all of them could not have perished before reaching Scotland. His suspicions were well founded. Baron MacCorquodale, a neighbouring laird, who had been the most busy in propagating the report of Sir Colin's death, had intercepted and murdered all the messengers. He had then succeeded in convincing the lady of the death of her husband, and had finally won her affections, and the next day had been fixed for the marriage. Incensed at what he had just heard from the faithful nurse, Sir Colin set out early next morning for his Castle of Kilchurn, where he was told his lady then resided; and as he followed the romantic windings of the Orchy, the sound of the bagpipe, and the acclamation of his clansmen who had assembled to join the approaching festivity, were wafted to his ears. He crossed the drawbridge, and entered the gates of the Castle—at this happy season open to all—undiscovered and unregarded. While he stood silently gazing on the scene of riot that now met his view, he was asked what he wanted. "To have my hunger satisfied, and my thirst quenched," said he. Food

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and liquor were plentifully put before him; he ate, but refused to drink, except from the hands of the lady herself. Informed of the strange request of the apparent mendicant. the lady, always charitable and benevolent, came at once and handed him a cup. Sir Colin drank to her health, and dropping a ring into the empty cup, returned it to her. The lady, observant of the action, retired and examined the ring. It was her own gift to her husband when he departed on his distant expedition; it had been his talisman in the field, and had been kept sacred by him. "My husband! my husband!" she exclaimed, and rushing in, threw herself into his arms. A shout of joy from the clansmen rent the air, and the pipers made the court-yard resound with the pibroch of the Campbells. The Baron MacCorquodale was allowed to depart in safety; but Sir Colin Dubh, the son and successor of the Templar, after his father's death, attacked the Baron, and overcoming him in battle, took possession of his Castle and estate.

TORQUIL.

THUG MI GAOL DO'N FHEAR BHAN.

KEY D. *With great pathos and tenderness.*

m,	:	s	|	d'	:	d'	r'	:	m' |	l	: —
Chunn'	-	cas		long			air	a'		chuan,	
Thug		mi		gaol,			thug	mi		gaol,	
s	:	l	|	d'	:	—	l	:	s |	m	: —
'S i		'cur		suas			nan	seol		ard,	
Thug		mi		gaol			do'n	Fhear		Bhan,	
m	:	s	|	m'	:	m'	r'	:	d' |	d'	: —
'Nuair		a		dhiult i			dol	mu'n		cuairt—	
Thug		mi		gaol			duit	a		ghaoil,	

D.C. for Chorus.

m	:	s	|	l	:	—	r	:	-.d |	d	: —
Bha		mo		luaidh-s'			air	an		t-snamh.	
O!		cha'n		fhaod			mi	bhi		slan.	

Bha mi 'bruadar an raoir
A bhi 'n caoimhneas ri m' ghradh;
'S 'nuair a thionndaidh mi null
Bha do ruin falamh fas.
Thug mi gael, &c.

Cha'n eil leannan agam fein
Fo'n a ghrein ach a dha;
Fear diubh 'n Glasachu nam buth
'S fear air chul nan seol ard.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

Bha mi deas a's bha mi tuath,
Bha mi 'n Cluaidh uair no dha;
Dhe 'n a chunna mi fo'n ghrein,
Thug mi speis do'n Fhear Bhan.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

Cha teid mise 'thigh a' chiuil—
Thuit mo shugradh gu lar;
Bho'n a chualas thusa 'ruin
Bhi sa ghrunnd far nach 'traigh.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

NOTE.—Who the composer of the above words and air was, I don't know. There is, perhaps, nothing poetically beautiful about the words—their simplicity in my estimation being their principal merit. The melody to which they are sung is popular all over the Highlands, and deservedly so, for in pathetic tenderness it can scarcely be equalled. I am not aware that the melody has ever been printed till now.—W. M'K.

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Literature.

SERMONS IN IRISH GAELIC, by the Most Rev. JAMES O'GALLAGHER, Bishop of Raphoe; *with literal idiomatic English Translation on opposite pages, and Irish-Gaelic Vocabulary; also a Memoir of the Bishop and his times, by the* Rev. Canon ULICK J. BOURKE, M.R.I.A., President of St Jarlath's College, Tuam. DUBLIN: M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper Sackville Street. 1877.

THESE sermons are plain, powerful, and piquant. Several of them, barring some doctrinal differences, might be preached in Protestant pulpits. They possess much of the force of eloquence, as well as of the ardent fire that flashes in the sermons of the renowned Massilon. All throughout they display a degree of earnestness and sincerity which is creditable to the head and heart of their distinguished author. The translation of these sermons from Irish-Gaelic into English is admirably executed, and the rendering is surprisingly literal and idiomatic. Our brethren in the Emerald Isle have great cause to be proud of this handsome volume, as a substantial addition to their native literature. It is a work which will add to the laurels of the profound author of the "Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language." We are likewise no strangers to his valuable works for the benefit of the Celt, in his "Easy Lessons in Irish," and his excellent "Irish Grammar."

The Very Rev. Ulick J. Bourke appears to be possessed of the eloquence and enthusiasm of our own indefatigable Professor John Stuart Blackie, with this difference in favour of the Canon, that he must have imbibed Celticism with his mother's milk, while the Professor contrived to store it into his heart by dint of perseverance and hard study. Both gentlemen possess great lingual acquirements, both are adepts in philological pursuits, both cherish an insuperable predilection, yea, a passionate devotion for the language of the Gael, and both have traversed fields of research somewhat akin, yet different. The Canon has traced, with much ingenuity and logical acumen, the Aryan origin of the Celtic race and language, while the Professor has all but established a Celtic Chair in the Scottish metropolis, as a standing instrumentality to trace out, in perpetuity, the traditions, legends, and language of this ancient people. Both have achieved mighty things for the benefit of a race of people possessed of many interesting qualities, yet so frequently under-rated.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Celtic Student"—The books you want can be had from John Noble, bookseller, Inverness. There is only one complete copy of the original edition of Carswell's Gaelic Liturgy in existence, which is the property of His Grace the Duke of Argyll. A *fac simile* edition has, however, been published at a guinea and a-half, edited by the Rev. Dr Maclauchlan; and the entire remainder of it is now in the hands of Mr Noble, as well as of the others, and can be procured for twelve shillings. J. F. Campbell's "West Highland Tales," and "The Book of the Dean of Lismore," were published respectively at thirty-two and twelve shillings, but can now be had, from the same, for twenty-two and sixpence and six shillings.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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THE POETRY AND THE PROSE OF A HIGHLAND CROFT.

By the Editor.

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Much has been said and written, on the platform and in the Press, of the great advantages of an extensive crofter tenantry throughout the Highlands. What a beautiful sight to behold! Our glens and straths dotted over with romantic mud-covered cottages, surrounded by small lots or crofts, rousing the latent artistic embers in the bosom of the admiring painter. These, the homes of stalwart men, chaste and lovely women, and healthy, rosy-cheeked children—the unmistakeable evidence of a flourishing population, and the solid foundation of a prosperous and powerful nation. We have been taught by regenerators of the race that nothing is wanted to cure all our evils in the Highlands but crofts for the people—given a croft, and, it is seriously asserted, every other blessing will inevitably follow—health, comfort, good-will among us, godliness, chastity and all the other virtues, are the natural and necessary concomitants. At a distance, a cluster of cottages, with probably a goat or sheep, or both, browsing and feeding on the grass growing out of the mud-covered roof, glistening in the rays of an evening sun, is very pretty. To moralize and think, that some day, in one of these interesting habitations, a Burns or a Bloomfield *may* first see the light, and startle the world with his cottage-born genius, is a most pleasing and interesting mental exercise. The whole scene and its surroundings are beautifully poetic, and highly imaginative—poetry of the highest order, and, we regret to say, nothing but poetry—all imagination—a sham—a delusion. This style of thing—this delusion, is what we have thought proper to designate the *Poetry* of a Highland Croft. It seems a pity to disturb—to obliterate such a pleasing, such an attractive picture—to burst asunder this ideal, conceived and painted by those who really know nothing practically of the subject, and to give a true picture of the actual reality—the *Prose* of a Highland croft. That we had in the past, and still have, stalwart men, chaste women, and healthy, rosy-cheeked children in the Highlands, is true enough. That the Highland population is highly moral, in comparison with other parts of Scotland, that the people are devout and brave, in a superlative degree, is equally true. This, however, is not because of the lotting or croft system, but in spite of it. The actual prose—the stern experience of those who know the real state of things, the actual poverty and hardships of a crofter—is wretched in the extreme. No one can charge us with the want of

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genuine love and affection for the Highlands—for our native land; but we love the Highlander still more, and hesitate not to acknowledge that we are more solicitous for his welfare and future prosperity than for that of the stern and rugged land that gave him birth. No one is more anxious, nor would any be better pleased than we, could we but believe that the Highlander, under the present system, or by any extension of it, can ever be comfortable, prosperous, and happy, in his native glens; but we are satisfied that this can never be. At any rate, we are quite certain that the croft or lotting system, however much it may have extended, will never bring it about. If we can show this, it will naturally enough lead us to consider, What is best for the Highlander? even should the remedy result in entirely severing his connection with the land of his birth. In our view, and in this discussion, what is best for the Highlander himself must be kept absolutely distinct and separate from the other very different, although very important question—What is best for the Highlands and for the country at large? If the country should suffer, as it inevitably must, those who govern it and choose to ignore the Highlander, must be held politically and morally responsible.

Now, what are the actual realities as regards a Highland croft—what its advantages and disadvantages? The former, as far as the crofter himself is concerned, are few and meagre enough in all conscience, and may be summed up in a very few words. It is better than nothing at all—a shade above starvation point. Taking the crofts that we are acquainted with throughout the country—and there are few with which we are not acquainted—one of four acres in extent is above the average size, with a rental of about £1 per acre for arable. There may be a few larger than this, but the great bulk will be found to be much smaller, varying from small patches at from 10s to £4 a year rental. In addition to his croft, the lotter has in some places a share of hill pasture, for which he pays about £1 a year, capable of grazing from fifteen to twenty sheep, and, during the summer, two or three cows, a heifer, and a yearling. One of this standing, and possessed of such a stock, is considered a very well-to-do crofter, far above the average, comfortable, and even affluent; but we prefer to take one above the average to illustrate the system, and so obviate any charge of under-stating the position of the Highland crofter.

It is here important to know how much a croft of this kind will produce? Robert Somers, in his "Letters from the Highlands," says:—"On one of the best managed lots I find that a piece of land which used to yield twelve bolls of potatoes, has returned four bolls of barley meal. This must not be taken, however, as an average specimen, for *three* bolls of barley meal, or *two* of oat meal, for twelve bolls of potatoes, is a much more common return. The difference in point of utility to a family between the two crops may be easily estimated. A boll of meal is 140 lbs. in weight, a boll of potatoes is 448 lbs. Five pounds of potatoes are considered equal in point of nourishment to one pound of oatmeal, and from these facts it follows that the life-sustaining power of two bolls of oatmeal bears the same proportion to that of twelve bolls of potatoes, as 1400 does to 5376, or a fraction less than one to four. It is difficult to determine the precise quantity of nourishment necessary to maintain a

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human being in health and vigour; but I believe a family of five—two adults and three children—will live as the Highlanders live, that is, they will not die suddenly of starvation upon five pounds of oatmeal a-day, or twenty-five pounds of potatoes. And so, the further conclusion to which this brings us, arithmetically, is that while twelve bolls of potatoes would sustain a family of five during thirty weeks-and five days, the two bolls of oatmeal, as a substitute, are only sufficient to sustain such a family during eight weeks." We think, however, that a croft such as we have adopted in illustration of our subject would produce about two bolls of oatmeal, in addition to the twelve bolls of potatoes, thus giving sustenance for about thirty-nine weeks, out of the fifty-two, to a family of two adults and three children. It is here assumed that the potatoes are always free from disease, and that the family is a small one, far under the average. But take the case of a family of eight—two adults and six children—quite a common thing in the Highlands, as elsewhere, and the case, which is of very common occurrence, of the potatoes being nearly all diseased; instead of having provision for thirty-nine weeks out of the whole year, you have barely sustenance, taking everything into consideration, for six weeks. Of course, if no potatoes are planted, and the whole of the croft is given up to a corn crop, the sustenance will be doubled.

This is no mere theory or calculation made at random. The writer is one of such a family, and his actual experience is that, for three years in succession, when the potato crop failed, eleven bolls of meal had to be bought, in addition to the whole produce of a fair sized and well-conditioned croft, farmed considerably above the average. Here was an outlay of about £15 a year for meal, and about £6 for rent of croft, hill pasture, taxes and school charges—altogether from £21 to £22. Where was this amount of money to come from? The head of the household must earn something independently of the produce of the croft, or his family must starve. True, he could sell a two-year-old heifer annually, for which he would realise from £3 10s to £4, and, perhaps, a wedder—some years two—for 15s. At the present day, when prices have considerably advanced, these would probably realise about £8. It would be safe, perhaps, to calculate another £6 on an average from eight or nine weeks' wretched attendance at the herring fishing in Caithness, or on the East Coast of Scotland, still leaving a deficiency of £8 to be provided for mere existence, to say nothing about clothing, medical attendance, and the other absolute necessities of such a family.

And how is this deficiency to be made up? The head of the family must keep away from home after the fishing is over, during the autumn and winter months, at such labour as he can procure at railway works, or any other employment which he can obtain in the south. He is thus unable to attend to the cutting and gathering-in of the crop which had cost him so much labour and anxiety to lay down. He also loses his share of, in many places, an important item of manure—his share of any sea-weed that may be washed ashore during the winter and early spring.

If the deficiency is not made up thus—by earning from home, independently of the croft—the landlord must necessarily suffer. The rent and the meal-dealer must be left unpaid. Soon no credit is obtainable.

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The crofter is irretrievably in debt, without the slightest prospect of being able to extricate himself. One after another, his few cattle and sheep disappear, to provide the bare requirements necessary to keep his young family from positive starvation. His only remaining hope now is, that his young family may soon be able to earn something—not in the district, for there is no employment there, as a rule, to earn anything at, but away from home, in the south. No sooner, however, do they begin to aid their now aged father, and help him out of his slough of despond, than they naturally begin to look out for themselves. In many cases they had brought cows and sheep into their father's fold, placing them in the common byre, the whole family getting the benefit of them; but when the actual owner gets married, he must provide for himself, and the father's house is again made desolate and empty—the cattle are taken away by their owner, or, what is perhaps oftener the case, the house and the croft are sub-divided for the mutual benefit of the family, till there are two, and sometimes three, families trying to eke out an existence on a patch of poor land—which, as has already been shown, is not sufficient to provide bare sustenance for one family—at the same time packed away in a miserable cabin. How can this suicidal system be stopped, except by insisting on the younger generation to clear out and leave the country to their aged parents, with no prospect, but positive starvation staring them in the face in their old age, or what is to them the equally detestable and degrading parochial dole. We shall thus have the Highlands drained of its best men and women, and, as a rule, we now only find there those who are satisfied with, or prefer, semi-starvation at home with their aged and necessitous parents, to comparative comfort and affluence in foreign lands, where the Highlander, finding a profitable outlet and a good return for his natural industry and ability, is, generally, in good circumstances, holding a leading position everywhere out of his native land.

It is not our intention, at present, to deal with the proper remedy for this deplorable state of things. Our object is to indicate what the state of matters is, and to show that an extension of the present croft system can only make matters infinitely worse; but even assuming that an average croft is sufficient to exist upon (living, in the proper sense of the term, is out of the question), and we have shown that it is not, little short of positive starvation, it may be well to show in detail, and from actual experience, what kind of existence that really is.

We are anxious to put this matter in the most favourable light, and will therefore not start our illustration by placing a young man, newly married, to reclaim four or more acres of waste land, without house, byre, or barn, and, as must almost always be the case, without stock or capital of any kind. We shall start him and his young wife (after leaving his parents to their own resources), with a fair average croft, most of which is already arable, with house (such as it is), byre, and barn, ready to receive them. True, without evicting somebody else such a croft is hardly procurable, but let that pass. He begins his career as a married man and a crofter, in most cases shouldering a creel the first morning, walking a mile or more into the hills to fetch home on his back a load of peats from his father's stack, for until he gets a croft of his own, he has no chance to

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cut his own peats—indeed, he had no occasion, for when at home he lived with his parents, nor has he a right even now to cut any until the following May. Thus, at the very outset, he and his young wife must begin life as beasts of burden. In many places, they must go to the sea shore to gather the sea-weed cast on the beach by the winter and early spring storms, collect it into heaps until it rots and becomes good manure, after which it is carried in creels on their backs to the croft. As a rule, they have no cattle for the first year to produce manure, and even if they had it would not yet be available. They must therefore procure the whole manure of the first year's crop from the sea, as above described, or during ebb tides cut sea-ware at a distance, carry it on their backs to a boat, convey it to the nearest point, and carry it out in the same manner from the boat to the shore, up to their waists in water, after which it has all to be carried again, still on their backs, a distance of from a quarter of a mile to a mile, and sometimes more. The land has now to be delved, generally with the *cas-chrom*, or crooked spade. This primitive instrument is not such a good implement for the purposes of good husbandry as the ordinary spade, but it gets over the ground much quicker, a most important point, for, in the circumstances, what with procuring and carrying home sea-ware for manure, peats for fuel, and attending to all the other necessary calls upon the young crofter, he will find it hard enough work to prepare the ground even with the crooked spade, in the time at his disposal. He has also, with the assistance of his young wife, to rake or harrow the ground after he has sown the seed. No sooner is the spring work over than he has to begin cutting peats for next year's fuel. This over, his potatoes require his attention—he must keep down the weeds and hoe them. Then he has to gather and stack his peats—all throughout, himself and his wife, doing the work of horses, in addition to what is usually expected of ordinary human beings. It must be kept in mind that a small crofter cannot keep a horse, not having sufficient work for it, even if a new beginner had means to buy one, and food to feed him.

The pair (of human beings) have hitherto been necessarily living on any small means which the young man may have saved previous to his marriage, if he has found it possible to save any while keeping himself, his parents, and family from starvation; or, what is much more likely, and is, indeed, almost the universal rule in such cases, he must have been getting into debt all this time, and must continue to do so until the autumn—until he has reaped his first crop. The time has now arrived when he must go to the herring fishing in Caithness, or on the East Coast of Scotland. If he goes to Caithness, he may get a free passage in one of the fishing boats usually going from his own district; if to the East Coast, he must carry his bag upon his back and tramp it. The wife has to attend to the potatoes—drill and hoe them—as also to carry home on her back the necessary fuel during her husband's absence. It is needless to describe the slavish and wretched nature of a hired servant's occupation at the herring fishing. We have had experience of almost all descriptions of manual labour, and have not been able to escape this—the most wretched and miserable of all; and we are satisfied, from what we read and hear regarding it, that transportation itself, were it without dis-

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honour, is a heaven in comparison. It is, out of sight, the most slavish, the most wretched, the most miserable—the last of all occupations. After this period of banishment is over, the poor crofter returns home to gather his crop, with perhaps £6 or £7 saved. This will enable him to pay his rent, soon to become due, and help to pay off some of the debts incurred to keep soul and body together during the spring and summer. He must now make an effort to procure a cow, by some means or another, to eat up some of his fodder, and will take and keep one or two milkers of a previous season belonging to some one else, in return for their milk, during winter and spring. The probability is that he will spend the winter in comparative idleness, for he cannot really obtain any remunerative employment, unless he again leaves his wife and home for three months, for the south, where in winter he can barely earn enough to pay for his own food. In any case, he must return in the early spring to sow his next crop. But should he decide upon spending the winter months from home, who is to thrash his corn, attend to the cows now under his charge, and, in the rough winter storm, carry home fuel for the fire? In all probability his wife is by this time in such a delicate position as to be quite unable, even were the weather favourable, to carry home daily, through the hills, a load of peats on her back. This wretched state of matters will continue from year to year, and must, as the family increases, get worse and worse, even if the stock of cattle and sheep continues to grow in proportion to the increase of the family—which it seldom or never does—until he is in possession of the three or four cows, and the fifteen to twenty sheep, occasionally possessed, at one period of their existence, by a few of the better-to-do crofters.

For a few years, while the family is small, he may do without buying meal to supplement the produce of the croft, but every effort must be put forth to stock it. Generally no sooner is this done than the growing requirements of an increasing family demand that the cows and sheep be gradually sold, year by year, to pay the rent and the extra supply of meal necessary to provide for a large and increasing family of children.

All this wretched and amphibious existence might be tolerated with some patience if a decent livelihood—tolerable food above starvation point—could be had in connection with it. The food is, however, in most cases, more wretched than the kind of labour which has to be endured to procure it. The only means of subsistence which could be had from the produce of the croft, for the first year, were potatoes, porridge, oat and barley cakes, and gruel—no beef, mutton, milk, butter, or cheese. A cup of tea had to be procured in some manner to wash down the oat and barley cakes, and treacle or syrup to help down the porridge; while the potatoes had, as a rule, to find their way with a touch of rough salt to flavour them. Where a man has a few cows, sheep, and hens, this is, to some extent, changed. In that case a fair amount of cheese, butter, milk, and eggs, are generally available during the spring and autumn; and when milk gets scarce, about Martinmas, a wedder is sometimes killed, thus supplying a meat diet, at least once a week, during the winter. It must be apparent, however, that when the family increases to five, six, or eight, the wedder must be sold to pay the rent, as far as

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it goes, and the necessary supply of meal over and above the produce of the croft.

It must now be clear that. although a good many of this class may be met with in the more favourable circumstances described, no sooner do they get into the comparatively more affluent position, in consequence of their children having grown up, and aided them, than, by the breaking up of the family—when the sons and daughters begin to look out for themselves—the crofter, in his latter days, begins to gravitate to his old poverty and wretchedness, and, unless one of the family stays with and provides for him in his old age, the poor-roll, which he instinctively abominates, is his only hope.

We have hitherto been considering the question on the assumption that neither death nor affliction had visited the household; but as these will inevitably visit sometimes the most fortunate, a few more degrees of intensity must be added to the sufficiently miserable state of matters already depicted.

It is quite possible that some of those imaginative theorists may say that we are over-stating the wretchedness of the Highland crofter. The very opposite, however, is the case. It is impossible to over-state it, or give a proper idea of its extreme wretchedness on paper, especially in the space at present at our disposal. The actual misery endured by the great majority of these poor and helpless creatures is inconceivable. We have known scores of cases where, during the summer months, after the old crop had been exhausted, and the new one had not yet become available, where the family lived mainly on periwinkles, mussels, and barnacles, gathered on the sea shore; others, not quite so wretched, but so severely pinched that the family lived for weeks on a small quantity of milk curdled with a little rennet, to make it appear, in the eyes of the children, a little more substantial. This does not refer merely to special periods of destitution, like those so well described in recent numbers by the Rev. Alexander Macgregor. This wretchedness has been for many years, and still is, quite common in the Highlands, which may be said, although some periods have been more drastic than others, to be in a chronic state of destitution, and it will naturally be getting worse while the population* continues to increase in the districts where crofts prevail.

* It will be seen by the following figures that, instead of diminishing, as many writers maintain, the population in most of the croft districts has enormously increased during the present century—doubling, trebling, and in some cases almost quadrupling. The figures in the cases of Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and Lochbroom are not so complete as we should like to have them for the purposes of a contrast with the beginning of the century, had we the necessary material within reach :—

Years	1755	1791	1801	1811	1821	1831	1851	1861	1871
Glenshiel	—	—	710	—	768	715	573	495	463
Kintail	639	840	1038	1058	1027	1240	1009	890	753
Lochalsh	—	—	—	—	—	—	2299	2413	2319
Lochcarron	—	—	—	—	—	2134	1612	1592	1629
Applecross	—	1734	—	—	—	2892	2709	2544	2470
Gairloch	—	—	1437	2755	4518	4445	5138	5449	5043
Lochbroom	2211	3500	—	—	—	4615	4813	4862	4406
Lochs	—	—	1875	1927	2669	3067	4256	4901	4162
Borvas	1995	2006	—	—	2568	3011	4139	4609	4950

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Then, if all this be true, and we are ready to prove it so before any body of men, or tribunal, in the country—aye, and much more: What is to be the remedy? Is it to be cured by an extension of the croft system, *by increasing their number?* Never. The larger the number, the greater the amount of destitution. It is possible to improve matters by *enlarging* them to double and treble the size, and, if the Highlanders are to remain in the Highlands, this question must be faced in right earnest. The present crofts cannot be enlarged to a size sufficient to sustain a family in fair comfort without evicting two-thirds of the present occupants. This cannot, and must not, be done, unless the people leave of their own accord; and the only alternative that we can see, is the reclamation of waste land. But who is to reclaim? The crofters cannot, even if they get the land for nothing, for they have nothing to exist upon while working on the land, nor have they the necessary means and capital absolutely necessary to reclaim successfully in such an unfavourable climate, and generally insalubrious soil. Most of the proprietors, even were they disposed, are too poor, and cannot afford, to reclaim at their own expense, especially when any return for their present outlay is so very remote and precarious. To reclaim the Highlands, and to relieve the Highland population from a state of semi-starvation, appears to us to be only possible by Imperial resources, and the sooner those interested in the welfare of this noble race who, in spite of all their past and present miseries and misfortunes, are in many respects the noblest of human kind—brave, loyal, patriotic, highly moral, and ready as ever to fight, and die, if needs be, for their kin and country. The sooner the actual state of matters is fully realised, and influence is brought to bear upon the Imperial legislature, the better for all concerned. The object of the present article is to lay before the reader the actual *present* state and position of the Highland crofter. This done, we cannot, just now, enter further into the best remedial measures imperatively necessary, if the Highlander is to remain in his native country. That he must ultimately leave it, or degenerate and starve in it, unless his position is taken up in earnest by the Imperial Government, is becoming daily more glaringly apparent. There can be no question as to what is best for the nation—to have a hardy, loyal, and brave race living on the produce of the soil, ready to defend their country whenever occasion calls upon them to do their duty, or, on the other hand, tracts of land lying waste, tenanted only by sheep and deer; but no real friend of the Highlander, no one who is concerned more about the man himself than for his country will advise him to remain in a state of starvation, in a country where no value is placed upon him by those in authority —who, if they care not for the heroic race as such, ought to study the interest of the nation at large—while the fertile plains of America and Australia are lying ready for him to possess, where our countrymen can, with their natural prudence and industry, whenever they find a profitable field for it, exalt themselves and their belongings, in a very short time, to a state of independence and affluence. If it comes to be a question—Whether the Highlands or the Highlander is to be saved? we emphatically reply that, if it be found impossible to save both, whatever comes of the country that gave the Highlander birth, let us not sacrifice the race even at the cost to themselves—however trying to their patriotism and love of home

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—of severing their connection for ever with their native hills, and, to the nation, of depopulating the land. We do not admit the right of any one, from the throne to the gutter, peer or peasant, laird or factor, to send a single Highlander out of the country against his will; but we have no hesitation in saying that, failing improvement among the crofters, they ought, of their own accord and free will, to leave the country in a body, and let Great Britain, and those responsible for her future interest and welfare—if they continue to prefer wild animals to noble men and women—to do without them, and so, like all the other powerful empires of the past, which at a certain stage permitted folly and luxury to undermine them, begin her downward career, and end, like Greece and Rome; while the descendants of the despised Highlanders are rising into power, and laying the foundation of another Britain on another and distant continent.

A. M.

ALASTAIR BAN.

—o—

Alastair Ban, know the red-coats are coming,
Speed ye away to your mountain abode;
Alastair Ban, hie away in the gloaming,
Think not of me when the hounds are abroad.
Have they not reft us of chief and of glory?
Have they not slain the renowned of our clan?
Linger no more—seek the cave in the corrie—
Leave me, but love me, my Alastair Ban.

Alastair Ban, see our shielings are burning,
List to the shouts of our Sassenach foe;
Alastair Ban, hear the lone widows' mourning,
Homeless they wander in suffering and woe.
Why are ye sighing? oh! why are ye weeping?
Wild gleams your eye, and your cold cheek is wan;
Grasp not your sword—hark! the foemen are sweeping,
Kiss me and fly, my own Alastair Ban.

Alastair Ban, in my anguish of sorrow,
I live for your sake, and am ever with you;
Alastair Ban, how I pray for the morrow,
When peace will abide in our valley anew:
Oh! it will come when the noble have perished,
When Sassenach strangers shall crush every clan;
See how they ruin the homes that we cherished,
Fly from their wrath, oh! my Alastair Ban.

Alastair Ban sped away in the gloaming,
Sad was his heart as he trod o'er the heath;
Alastair Ban saw the red foemen coming,
And heard their wild yells as they marked him for death.
'Mid the dark heather a maiden was kneeling,
To gaze on her lover with heart-broken scan,
Shrieks of despair into heaven were pealing,
Alas! they had slain her own Alastair Ban!

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

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LYRICAL POETRY.

By the Rev. George Gilfillan.

—o—

Lyrical Poetry derives its name from the Lyre and its nature from the Heart. Of all the instruments of music, the lyre being the most ancient, is also one which reflects human emotion in the directest and simplest manner. Some sweet and graceful fables cling to the history of the lyre. Hermes or Mercury is walking along the shores of the Nile. It is immediately after an inundation of the river. He perceives there a dead tortoise which had been cast ashore, the flesh of which had decayed, and some of whose tendons had been dried by the sun. Hermes touched him with his feet as he was was walking ashore, when a sound not unmusical was produced. He immediately made an instrument in imitation of it, and hence came the lyre.

The lyre originally had only three strings. This was the Egyptian lyre, but it is fabled that afterwards the Muses invented one string, and other three were added by Orpheus, Linus, and Thamyras, and these being united to the three-stringed lyre of Egypt, gave rise to the heptachord or seven-stringed lyre of the Greeks. The number of the strings was at last increased to eleven.

The Egyptian and Grecian lyres were at first strung with the sinews of animals. The body of the lyre was hollow to increase the sound. The lyre was played now with the plectum or lyre-stick, made of ivory or polished wood, and now with the fingers. Although the lyre has generally yielded to the more complicated and many-stringed harp, it is even yet used as a musical instrument, and a very beautiful and graceful instrument it is. The lyre is the symbol of Apollo, and in no attitude does the God of Poetry and Music and Light, "the Sun in human guise arrayed," look more lovely, more thoroughly himself, than when represented grasping a lyre, while his head is thrown enthusiastically back, and his hands are gently touching the chords as if seeking to awaken "the soul of music sleeping in the strings." But other Deities too, including, of course, Mercury, the first inventor, are represented as holding the lyre or some other musical instrument, as if thus to denote the eternal harmony which pervades the universe. The lyre has been ideally transferred to the heavens, in a constellation, and it is reported by astronomers that there is a star in that constellation which is to be our Polar Star for a thousand years; and when the pole and the lyre are united, surely this might inaugurate a period of peace and joy such as the world has not hitherto seen, when, in the grand words of Schiller,

> **Love and song, song and love, intertwined ever more,**
> **Weary earth to the sons of her youth shall restore.**

Before glancing at the history of lyric poetry, there is a preliminary question to be asked and answered as to its nature or essence. And as lyric poetry is probably the earliest of all poetry, so this leads us to look

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briefly at what poetry in a general view is, and we will here find the answer to the question, "What is lyrical poetry" in replying to the other. Many definitions of Poetry have been given. "It is," says Aristotle, supported by Macaulay, "imitation." "It is," says Johnson, "the art of pleasing." "What is poetry?" asks Ebenezer Elliot; "it is impassioned truth." What is poetry? Were we asked we might say it is enthusiasm or love—pure, refined insatiable affection for the beautiful forms of the material universe, for the beautiful affections of the human soul, for the beautiful passages of the history of the past, for the beautiful prospects which expand before us in the future. It is this which makes personification the soul of poetry, and the inspiration especially of all lyrical song. the tense of which is not the future nor the past, but always the present, The lyrical poet dwells as the Deity is said to do, in an "Everlasting Now." Nothing with him is dead, or cold, or absent; all is living and all is near. He brings the sun down to his side, as he apostrophizes him with Ossian, as "O thou that dwellest above, round as the shield of my fathers." The morning star is not far off, as he sings with Burns—

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

The winds with him are not cold currents of air; they are messengers, they are couriers—the messengers of destiny, the couriers of God; and he cries out with Shelley, as he beholds the tempest gathering in the dusk of the October eve—

Thou wild west wind—thou breath of Autumn's being;

nay, identifies himself with it as he adds—

Be thou ME, impetuous one;
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe.

The rainbow is not a mere prismatic effect of light; it is a bridge without a river, a bow without an arrow, and the hands of the Most High have bended it; and the poet says with Campbell—

Triumphal arch that fills the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To tell me what thou art.

The lightning is not merely an electric discharge; it is a barbed arrow of vengeance, it is winged with death. The thunder is not so much an elementral uproar as it is the voice of God, and the lyric poet with David says—"The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters." The stars are not vast and distant orbs, but eyes looking down upon men with intelligence, sympathy, and love, and the bard cries with Byron—

Ye stars which are the poetry of Heaven!

The ocean is not a dead assemblage of waters—the poet sees it in another light, and cries aloud—

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> Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
> Glasses itself in tempests,
> Nay, to His Anointed.

Nay, every blade of grass lives, every tree has its moral, every flower its sentiment, and he throws his excess of soul into deaf, dumb, and dead things, as did Burns, when he caught the poor daisy to his bosom, in the line—

> Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower.

This rapt elevated feeling, this all appropriating and transfiguring love, may be found in other varieties of poetry besides the lyric. We find it more or less fully in the epic, in the drama, and in the didactic poem. But in these it is mixed up and modified with other matter. But in the lyric this enthusiasm, which is the spirit of song, stands alone. We may remark in passing, that even in these other varieties of poetry the bard, whenever he gets into his loftier mood, becomes lyrical in spite of himself. For instance, Milton has no passage in his "Paradise Lost" more poetical than his address to Light—"Hail! holy light"—which is a magnificent lyric itself. And Thomson, after he had finished the "Seasons," during which the fire was burning within, and now and then leaping forth, at last bursts out irresistibly in that glorious hymn at the close—

> These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
> Are but the varied God. The rolling year
> Is full of thee.

But in the lyric this poetic spirit has freer course, and is more abundantly glorified. The poet is not encumbered by any story to tell—at least, any story of length and complication—by any plot to unravel, by any characters to depict, by any large moral to develop; he has simply, like a bird or a bee, to sing out his warm and gushing feelings—to sing, and as he sings, like the skylark, to soar. Hence, from him is expected less art and more nature. Of course there goes a certain amount of skill to the building of the smallest ode or song as well as to that of a cottage with only a but and a ben, or even a house of cards. But there is much less of these than is required for a castellated mansion or a palace. Therefore, in the lyric, the great requirement is impulse, fire, heart, provided these be genuine, not forced; and next to these the demand for unity, and this owing to the general shortness of a lyrical strain, is easily supplied. A long lyric is tiresome, as we feel when reading certain poems which, though epic in name are lyrical in substance, such as Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," which consists of 12 books, and Southey's "Curse of Kehama," which consists of 211 cantos. The best odes in the world do not cover more than two or three pages, and some of our sweetest songs, such as "I gae'd a waefu' gate yestreen," are not more than sixteen lines.

But I pass now to what is the special subject of this paper. That lyrical poetry is the earliest of all may, without needing to resort to the fading traditions and irregular effusions of the earlier races—the Hindoos, the Persians, and other Oriental nations—may be argued from the fact that lyrics are the earliest productions of the Hebrew Muse. And hence, it almost inevitably follows that the earliest odes, with perhaps a few exceptions further east than Palestine, are the best.

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Neither the Grecian nor the Roman genius, neither the inspiration of Italy, the most musical of lands, nor of Britain or Germany has, with all their marvellous wealth of poetry, equalled such odes as that which Deborah uttered from the summit of Tabor; or that which Moses sang in the ear of the great Congregation, as he ascended to Pisgah; or that which Habakkuk rehearsed to the chief singer upon his stringed instruments; or that which David sang when he described the descent of the Deity, clad in a panoply of darkness, spotted with coals of burning fire; or that which a nameless but noble bard gave forth in that matchless descant on creation, called the 104th Psalm. Indeed, the whole poetry of Scripture is more or less lyrical. Solomon's Song, though dramatic in structure, is lyrical in spirit. The Lamentations of Jeremiah are the most plaintive lyric ever wailed out by inspired mourner. Isaiah's Prophecy is the "Song of songs, which is Isaiah's." The whole genius of the economy may be compressed in the lines—

With harp, with harp, and voice of psalms,
Unto Jehovah sing;
With trumpets, cornets gladly sound
Before the Lord the King.

The lyric attuned to the best music of these early times was for many ages the grand and only medium between the heart of man and his Maker, and arose as sweetly and spontaneously as the voice of breezes, the song of birds, or the soft murmuring of summer oceans.

It has been maintained that in Greece, too, the earliest poetic productions were hymns to the Gods, but Sir Daniel Sandford has shown that religious invocation was but an incidental portion of the minstrel's song, and that the homage due to their Deities was principally paid in a lively exhibition of their characters and adventures, a setting forth of mythological traditions, and a display of that faith which traced the interference of Divine agency in every turn of human affairs. The very rudiments of Grecian poetry appeared in the guise of heroic song. The bards chanted to their harps such traditional events as the Argonautic expedition, the Siege of Thebes, the death of Meleager, and above all the "Tale of Troy Divine," which was afterwards to expand into that great epic Divine, the Iliad of Homer, which has since ranked with the Pyramids, the ancient Colossus of Rhodes, the Sphynx and the Memnon, as one of the wonders of the world—wondrous in its own magnitude, and in being built at such an early period. But these traditions and tales, though only historic, were conveyed in lyric verse and sung to lyrical accompaniments. And I need not remind the reader that many scholars have maintained ever since the days of Wolfius that the Homeric songs were the accretions round certain lyrical "Rhapsodies" proceeding from a multitude of minds, and not, after all, from that

Blind Bard who, in the Chian strand,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

But a hundred visions of gifted spirits, in various ages, met and mingled in Greece—grew, gathered, and crystallised into the one transcendent whole, which at once dwindles and deifies mankind—humbles

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them as individuals but exalts them as a race. After Homer there appeared, however, in his name what are called the "Homeric Hymns." The difference between them and the Homeric Poetry that preceded it was two-fold. First, the hymns were more devotional in their character; they were, properly speaking, sacred poetry and holy, while even the heroic narratives had been sustained by a simple musical accompaniment. The hymns, like the lyrics which followed, were sung to music of a more pronounced and complicated character—the lyre and the pipe, which had so strong an effect upon the metre, style, and whole construction of later poetry. There was another difference: In the epic narrative the person of the minstrel was almost entirely concealed from the hymns. In the strains of Hesiod it became more visible, and so prepared the minds of Grecian audiences for those distinct revelations of individual feeling in which lyric poetry—the poetry of emotion and personal enthusiasm—largely indulges. Through all the Greek lyric compositions, whether appearing in odes, in songs, or in the choruses of tragedy and comedy, this, says Sandford, "is the predominant tone." We find it in the enthusiasm and fierceness of Archilochus, in the thrilling, burning, heart-searching energies of love-tortured Sappho, and in the regal spirit and lofty pride that mingle with all the fire of Pindar.

We must glance at one or two of the great lyrical names in Grecian literature. And I name here first, Eschylus, who, though a dramatic poet by profession was a lyrical poet by nature. Eschylus is now chiefly remembered as the author of the "Prometheus Band," a lyrical drama of historical merit. Most people have heard of this being Prometheus, who for snatching fire from heaven and lending it to man, and for taking man's part against his Maker, attracted the vengeance of Jove, who chained him to a rock in the Caucasus and fastened a vulture on his liver. This subject Eschylus has treated in a trilogy of plays, only one of which has come down to us. Some have conjectured that he has given in these plays a rude sketch of the Christian scheme—Prometheus, suffering in behalf of men, and at last producing (when delivered by Jehovah) a reconciliation between man and God, being a kind of outlying type of Christ, and were this granted, it would cast a more pleasing light upon the old world-moving story. The storm-beaten rock in the Scythian desert, the far lands below, the everlasting snows around, the bare head —bare but for a crown of wintry stars of the solitary unsleeping, unweeping sufferer, the blistering sun of noon, the cold Orion, and the Great Bear of night which seem carrying tidings of *his* fate to distant immensities, the faithful vulture (that "winged hound" of hell) tapping at his side with her slow red beak, the sympathies of angelic visitors, the approach of Hercules the deliverer, long expected to release Prometheus from his agony, and the glorious result—heaven on earth—man, his champion, and his heavenly Father united in one family of changeless peace and progressive felicity and glory—all this seems a preliminary ray, however remote and faint from the great unrisen sun of Christian truth.

Eschylus, the author of this wonderful lyrical play, after a chequered life, having been a soldier as well as a play-writer and an unsuccessful patriot, died at last in Sicily in exile. Some say that an eagle, mistaking

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his bald head for a crag, let fall a large shell he was carrying on it, and killed him. It was fitting that such a gigantic man should have found a grave in the land of Etna and the Cyclopses. There, in his 69th year, he rendered back to God the blast of the breath of his nostrils, and a prouder and a more powerful spirit never came from and never returned to its Creator.

The war lyrist of Greece was Tyrtaeus, whose battle odes have never been surpassed, except by Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," of which I shall write in my next paper. The lyrist of patriotism was Alcaeus, and of conviviality Anacreon. The love lyrist of Greece was Sappho. Most people have heard of her unfortunate passion, how having fallen in love with a youth called Phaon, who rejected it, she took the lovers' leap on a rock hanging over the sea in one of the Ionian islands; and I may say, for the information of love sick men or maidens, if there are any such among my readers, that

Leucadia's rock still overlooks the sea.

But I suspect now-a-days most of this class resemble Duncan Gray, who only

Spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn.

If Sappho's famous remaining ode, however, be genuine, and if she was sincere in writing it, she certainly was quite fit for the lovers' leap or for a lunatic asylum. It is thus sweetly rendered by our poet Phillips, touched up a little, it is said, by Addison:—

Blest as the immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.
'Twas this deprived my soul of rest
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.
My bosom glowed—the subtle flame
Ran quickly through my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darknes hung,
My ears with low murmurs rung.
In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

Pindar is a name familiar to all lovers of poetry, although his writings, which consist only of 45 odes—rescued from that destruction which has overwhelmed so many of his and other noble productions of antiquity—are little known, except among scholars. Of his personal history scarcely anything is told, except that he was born in Bocotia, near Thebes, about 520 years before Christ. His father was a flute-player, so that it might be said that his cradle was rocked to the sound of that fine instrument. Yet there was more of the fife and of the lyre about Pindar's genius than of the flute. At an early age he was instructed in music and poetry, which have always gone together, and so they should, for "what God hath joined let no man put asunder." It is said that love had contributed her quota to his instruction. The object was Corinna, the most famous poetess of her

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time, who was as beautiful as she was gifted. She stimulated Pindar's genius and emulated it too, and is said to have conquered him five times in lyrical contests, although some will have it that her charms, as much as the merit of her powers, influenced the judges, and perhaps made Pindar waive his claims to the laurel. Little else is known of this great poet. The date of his death is uncertain—some insisting that he died at 65, and others that he lived till 80 or 90. It is curious that the most of these ancient poets lived to a very respectable and some to a long age. In modern times our bards seem a poor, puny, short-lived, no-lunged, dreamy generation—Keats only living to 24, Byron to 36, Chatterton to 17, Alexander Smith to 37, and even the brawny Burns dropping down at the same abortive age; whereas Eschylus, and Euripides, and Pindar, and Sophocles, left their grand climacteric long behind them ere they departed. I suspect the modern bards take too much tea and tapioca, whereas these old fellows lived upon sheep roasted whole, venison pasties, and jolly rounds of beef. Pindar passes with many for a kind of highly elated Olympian horse jockey, but he was in reality a most true and great objective and subjective poet too. He sang the glory and the pride of Greece—these Olymptic games which formed the centre of its gallantry and rank, its emulation and piety, where every one who had contended for the prize was a hero, with the Nemean lion's nerve, with pride of courage equal to the disdain of death, sang of these struggles with a gorgeousness and sweep of style which has never been surpassed, and which has since defied all English translation, unless what was given, as Mrs Gordon tells us, when Professor Wilson, then a young student in Magdalene College, Oxford, when being examined for his degree, appeared himself liker an Olympic athlete or prize-fighther than a student, with his long yellow hair, mighty stature, and eyes like the fiery flame, and read in his deep dithyrambic accents, and those wailing tones of pathos and poetry, a version of the metres and imagery of old Pindar, which made the examiners' hair stand on end, and some of them declare that they had never understood or felt the fire, and fervour, and sublimity of the poet's genius before.

The Olympic games sung by Pindar were a very grand affair—considerably superior to Musselburgh or Perth races, or even Epsom. The design of those games was to preserve in the minds of the youthful warriors the old heroic spirit of their nation, to secure the countenance of a race of men worthy of those who in former days fought and bled for the liberties of their country. From all parts of Greece aspiring spirits flocked to join in the contest. It was thought intolerable pride in Alexander the Great to refuse to come unless they brought a host of kings to contend with him. Besides those who were there to take part in the struggle themselves, thousands were attracted to feast their eyes on the spectacle. The splendour, the rank, the fashion, the beauty, as well as the valour of Greece, were there. Never did the sun look upon a more gallant spectacle than when his morning rays shone upon the Olympian field. The morning was generally awakened by the spirit-stirring sound of trumpets, and by the breathing of aerial music. Long ere dawn, indeed, the youthful warriors had been up preparing for the sports of the day—girding themselves for the wrestle, oiling their bodies for the race. All was bustle,

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alacrity, and eager animation. Every eye was bright, every heart was beating high. The race-ground was surrounded by thousands of applauding spectators, who seemed to stare on the general emulation, and to bend over with eager interest. There were to be seen the principal men of Greece. Its sages were there, smiling with austere complacency on the joyous scene. Its orators were there, and their eyes were kindling at the sight, and they could scarce forbear launching the thunders of their eloquence to encourage and inspire the combatants. Its veteran warriors were there — their hearts still deeply sympathising with the scene, their memories telling them of byegone days when they also contended, and their eyes filled with tears at the thought that these days were for ever passed away. And there were its poets; there was Pindar and Corinna by his side, and their fierce odes—like the thrill of some loftier trump than that which had sounded the note of the contest—seemed to electrify the assembly, and nerve the youthful aspirants as they ran or as they wrestled, as they spurred the restive steed, or with firm hand managed the careering chariot, must have been exalted when looking round they beheld, and that they must, what eyes were on them, what applauses were saluting them, and what songs were preparing to crown their actions with the meed of immortal glory! Surely such a scene was worthy of the conservation and fitted to inspire even the greatest of poets, and just as the beautiful Tournament lives imperishably in the prose of Ivanhoe, so the Olympic games are still fought over again in the burning words of Pindar.

Among the Romans there is less lyric poetry, and it is of considerably less value. The genius of that people was too formal and too imitative for the lyric. It excelled more in didactic and epic poetry, as the works of Lucretius, Virgil, and Lucan testify. One great lyric poet, however, Horace namely, Rome produced. He is often called an imitation of Pindar, although no two poets can be more dissimilar. Pindar is more of the poet, Horace of the artist. Pindar has more fire, Horace more flourish. Pindar has more of the fervent warrior; Horace is a quiet cultured citizen of Rome, with his enthusiasm entirely under his control. Pindar is careless of conception, careful only to throw out "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," gigantic images, and sentences of rugged glory. Horace is continually weighing, polishing, furbishing, and finishing off his periods. Pindar may be compared to our Coleridge and Shelleys; his genius is powerful, tumultuous, and ungovernable. Horace resembles our Campbells and Grays—chaste, select, elegant—his very fire resembling, rather pictured flame than that which blazes on the heath or revels in the conflagration. Let me quote what Pope in his "Temple of Fame" says of these two poets:—

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanced, and pinions stretched for flight,
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God,
Across the harp a careless hand he flings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;

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The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd the Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleased with Alcæus manly rage to infuse
The loftier spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
The polished pillar different sculptors grace—
A work outlasting monumental brass.

In my next and concluding paper I mean to carry on the history of lyrical poetry through the middle ages, and the age of ballad poetry to our own day, with its many ode and song writers. The middle ages, I may mention, will not detain us above a minute or two, and as to the foreign lyrics we shall not touch on them at all; while the paper shall be principally devoted to the ballads and lyrics of our own country. In taking this hasty glance at these perished ages, I have been struck about as much at the natural piety as the poetic genius of the ancients. I saw quoted in some paper, and I have heard it asserted sometimes, "that before Christ every nation and every man being without God had been a total failure." I thought such assertors hazarded a very narrow and a very untenable assertion. For, in the first place, when was there a nation or a man totally without God? "When," to use Paul's words, "did God ever leave himself without a witness?" "When was He," as Paul has it again, "far from any one of them, since in Him they live, and move, and have their being?" And surely it is an extremely contracted view which would hold and teach that such men and poets as we have been depicting—and we have only spoken of a very few—as Homer, and Eschylus, and Pindar, men who employed the mightiest genius in cherishing the flame of piety toward God, and in inculcating moral duties toward mankind, who were the real preachers of their day, and far more successful than the majority of preachers since, have been total failures, and that the noble nations of the Greeks and Romans had no Divine truth to tell, and no divine mission to fulfil to the world? Then might we ask, "Why, O God, did'st thou make such peoples and such men in vain?" I have no patience either with the fanatical and ignorant pity or with the still more insolent patronage with which some allow themselves to speak of the grand old nations of antiquity. "I am *wae* for Plato," said an old worthy Divine not long ago, but I venture to think that had Plato known, he would have been *wae* for him and for us. To Plato may be traced some of those great Christian ideas which have been too often elaborately disguised and corrupted in after ages. While granting in the fullest manner the inestimable value of the religion of Christ, and the clearer and fuller light it has brought to the world, let us not imagine that all thinkers and poets before Him were thieves and robbers—that all men before him were children of the Evil One, and that till the Star of Bethlehem arose there was nothing but a dense, unbroken, and malignant darkness. From the bottom of my heart I am *wae* for those who can think so hopelessly of man, and so unworthily of the Universal Father, who has told us himself that in *every nation* "he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him."

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THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

By Alastair Og.

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[Continued.]

"Ma ta 'Choinnich bu tu fhein an ceatharnach, agus fear mo sgialachd, c'aite an eigin an d' fhuair the greim air na th'agad diubh, agus de bhrod nan seann Oran?" ars' Alastair Sealgair, "mar rium fhein, an deighe sid, nach coma leam ged a bheirinn fhein duanag. 'S beag a bheireadh orm agus te na dha, a chuala mi aig mo sheanair, mun duine threun, thapaidh, agus bhlath-chridheach sin, air an cuala sinn iomadh iomradh innse dhuibh,"—

UISDEAN MOR MAC 'ILLE PHADRUIG.

Bha 'n duine so ainmeil airson iomadh treubhantas agus gaisgealachd ri linn, a reir an sgiala a fhuair sinne air. Tha, mar tha fios agaibh uile, monadh ann an taobh deas Ghearrloch ris an abrair, an Tom Buidhe, fada bho aite comhnuidh muinntir air bith, agus tha e na cheum aithghearr gu taobh deas na duthcha, 's bi' muinntir ga ghabhail gus an latha 'n diugh. Ann an ionad araidh air mullach an tuim, tha aite ris an abrair Slogag an Tuim Bhuidhe. Cha ghabhadh neach air bith an rathad so an deigh tuiteam na h'oidhche, nach robh faicinn coslas gobhar bhuidhe a bha a dol ann an iomadh riochd. Chuala Uisdean Mor Mac 'Ille Phadruig iomradh mu 'n aite, 's mu 'n chuis-chlisgidh a bha cuir eagal air luchd gabhail an rathaid aonaranaich so; agus a chum dearbhadh a chuir air na chual e, smuainich e 'n rathad a ghabhail; oir cha bu chlaodhaire gealtach e, a theicheadh 'o ni air bith a chitheadh na chluinneadh e.

Dh' fhag e Gearrloch an am dhol fodha na greine, is thainig e gu tigh duine araidh a bha tamh ann am Braigh-Thorusdail, fagus air am bheil abhuinn do'n ainm cheudna. Chaidh e steach, 's chuir e furan is failt air a bhreabadair, oir be sin ceaird an duine. Dh' fhoinnich am breabadair dheth.

"C'ait am bheil thu dol?"

"Tha mi dol" ars' Uisdean "a dh' ionnsuidh an Tom Buidhe."

"Nach eil eagal ort" ars' am breabadair "gun tachair a Ghobhar Bhuidhe riut?"

"Cha 'neil, tha claidheamh math agam."

"De! mur tig e as an truaill dut?"

"Mur a tig fiachaidh mi 'n gunna oirre."

"De! mur a freagair e?"

"Mur a freagair fiachaidh mi Catriona, Piuthar mo shean-mhathair oirre."

Le so air adhart a dh' ionnsuidh na h' aibhne ghabh Uisdean. Air dha bhi meadhon an uisge, chuala e gobhar a meigidich mu choinnidh.

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"Tha do mheann bh' uat a chleideach?" ars' Uisdean.

"Ma tha" ars' a ghabhar "fhuair mi nis e," 's i toirt leum na choinneamh, sa deanamh greim air, ann a meadhon na h' aibhne, 'sa ag radh—"Uisdean Mhoir Mhic 'Ille Phadruig, do bheo cha teid as."

"C'aite a nise am bheil do chlaidhe 's do ghunna" ars' a ghobhar.

Cha d' thigeadh an claidhe as an truaill, 's cha tugadh an gunna strad.

"C'aite a nise am bheil Catriona, Piuthar do Shean-mhathair?"

"'S tu a b'fhearr cuimhne," ars' Uisdean, se toirt tarruing air a bhiodaig, 's dha sathadh gu smearail anns a ghobhair. Leig a ghobhar sgread bhais aisde, is thar i as. Thill Uisdean Mor gun dail gu tigh a bhreabadair. Choinnich a bhean san dorus e, 's dh' fhoinnich e an robh am breabadair a 'steach? Thuirt ise gun robh, ach gun robh e gle thinn. "Leig fhaicinn domh," ars' Uisdean?

"Oh! cha leig," ars' ise "cha 'n fhaod duine fhaicinn an traths."

"Feumaidh mi fhaicinn co dhiu," ars' Uisdean, 's e gabhail a steach gu leabaidh a bhreabadair, a bha, cha mhor, anns na h'ubagan deireannach. Thog Uisdean an t' aodach dheth na bhreabadair gus am fac e an lot a thug a bhiodag ann. Tharruing e Catriona an dara h' uair, is mharbh e 'm breabadair."

Cha 'n eil iomradh againne gum facas "gobhar an Tuim Buidhe" o'n oidhche sin.

An deigh do dh' Uisdean Mor cuir as do ghobhar an Tuim-Buidhe, bha gnothach aige do Lochbhraoin. 'S ann mu dheireadh a gheamhruidh a bha e gabhail an rathaid, ris an abrair, an Diridh-Mhor. Thainig deireadh an la mach anabarrach fiadhaich, le cur is cathadh. Air do dh' Uisdean tighinn gu aite araidh do'n ainm Leathad-Leacachan, chunnaic e coslas boirionnaich na 'sineadh ri taobh an rathaid. Air ball dh' fhoinnich e rithe ciod a bha i deanamh an sud ri 'leithid do dh' oidhche? Thuirt i ris nach b' urrainn di dhol as gun chobhair—"a thuilleadh air a sin feumaidh tu fiachainn" ars' ise "ri gniomh bean ghluine dheanamh dhomh; oir tha mi ann an saothair-chloinne." Ghabh Uisdean Mor an dreuchd fos laimh, 's ann an uin ghoirid dh'aiseadadh i air leanabh mic. Bha an duine calma tapaidh, ann an droch staid, fada bho aite comhnuidh dhaoine, 's an oidhche gu h' olc.

Nuair a chunnaic Uisdean mar a bha—gun robh beatha dithis an ceangal ris, mharbh e an t' each air an robh e a marcachd; dh' fhosgail e bhroinn, 's thug e a mionach as, chuir e dheth aodach-uachdair fhein, 's phaisg e 'bhean san leanabh ann, agus sparr e steach iad araon ann an ctrach bhlath an eich; chuir e beachd air an aite, agus thug e as cho luath sa bh' aige dh' iarraidh cobhair. Fhuair e prasgan do dhaoine calma maille ris, 's phill e gun dail, agus fhuair iad a bhean san leanabh a cur nan ceo dhiubh ann an broinn an eich. Nuair a fhuair Uisdean a bhean air a giulan gu sabhailt gu feadhainn a ghabh curam dhi, dh' fhag e i is ghabh e thurus. An deireadh a laithean thainig Uisdean gu bochdainn, air chor 's gum b'eigin da bhi siubhal troimh 'n duthaich a sireadh na deirce. Chaidh e aig am araidh cho fad ri baile Dhuneidin. Bha e dol troimh'n t' Sraid agus chual e guth 'os a chionn ag radh anns a Ghailig "Is fuar an la 'n diugh air Leathad-Leacachan mu thuath." Thug e suil

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suas, agus chunnaic e ccslas bean uasal sa ceann a mach troimh uinneag. Thubhairt i na focail cheudna an dara h' uair. "Am b' aithne dhuitsa an t' aite sin," ars' Uisdean? "Thig a steach," ars' a bhean "agus innsidh mi sin duit, am bheil cuimhne agadsa a bhi a gabhail Leathad-Leacachan ri oidhche fhiadhaich, cur is cathaidh, agus bean ann an suidheachadh eigneach tachairt riut, agus an doigh air an do thiorc thu a beatha agus beatha a mic? Is mise bhean, agus bithidh mo mhac, a naoidhean a ghleidh thusa beo, a steach an so gun dail." Thainig an gille, 's dh' innis a mhathair dha gu'm be sud an duine ghleidh beo araon iad an oidhche a rugadh e. Dh' fhaoiltich an duin' og Uisdean gu suilbhire, thug e dheth na luideagan, 's thubhairt e ris nach dealaicheadh e ris tuilleadh, 's nach rachadh' e mach uaithse gus an tugadh am bas a mach e. Chaith Uisdean deireadh a laithean gu sona, maille ri Mac Mhuirich a Curach an Eich—ainm a lean ri sliochd an oganaich gas an la an diugh.

Reading a manuscript "History of the Clan Mackenzie" in our possession, after writing the above story, we met with the following account, evidently, of the same incident. The writer shows that Mackenzie of Kintail, who was at Flodden with his uncle, Hector Roy of Gairloch, was not killed as some historians asserted, "but it appears," continues the MS., "that John of Kintail was made prisoner, which induces an anecdote, circumstantially told at the time and yet currently believed in this country, relating to his escape. When his captors were conveying John and some of his followers southward, they were assailed by a violent storm, which forced the party to seek shelter in a retired house occupied by a woman, the wife of a shipmaster, who, observing the captive Highlanders, and in reference to the boisterous weather which then raged, as if unconsciously, exclaimed, 'Lord help those who are travelling on Leathad Leacachan to-day!' Astonished to hear reference thus made to a mountain so familiar to them, she was interrogated with regard to her acquaintance with so distant an object, and she related that, during a sea voyage which she had ventured with her husband, she became so ill that it was necessary to land her on the north-west coast of Scotland, where, travelling with her maid and a single guide, they were overtaken by a storm, and she was taken in labour. In this distress a Highlander passing took compassion her, and as the case was desperate, and there being no other resource, he killed one of his horses, ripped up the belly, and taking out the bowels, replaced them by herself and the new-born infant, as the only effectual means from the storm, till, by this means, he gained sufficient time to procure female attendance—thus saving the mother and child. The most providential instance was, that this relation took place in presence of the humane individual Highlander to whom she owed her preservation —at that time one of Kintail's followers. Her attention being drawn to the fact, she contrived an interview in private, when she fully recognised him, and successfully planned the escape of his master and his whole party."

(To be Continued.)

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HIGHLAND BATTLES AND HIGHLAND ARMS.
V.

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CULLODEN.

His Grace of Cumberland, it is well known, issued a general order to his forces which, whatever may be said of its accuracy, was certainly neither logical nor in accordance with the views expressed by General Hawley. For in the first place he informed his forces that very few of the Jacobite soldiers were real Highlanders, and, secondly, that whatever they might be, they were, if firmly resisted, the most despicable of all adversaries, and would be defeated with the utmost ease. Lastly, he had some time previously promulgated his wondrous bayonet exercise, which still occasionally finds admirers in writers upon military subjects. This exercise being that each soldier in place of thrusting at the adversary immediately opposite him, was to direct his weapon against the one immediately to his right, and in this way deliver his thrust upon the right side of his opponent, which was unprotected by his target.

In reference to these propositions, it may be remarked that the first was a downright and barefaced falsehood, which could only have been promulgated on the assumption of the ignorance of the men to whom it was addressed.

The second was just a repetition of General Mackay's account of the behaviour of the Highlanders, in which he afterwards candidly acknowledges himself to have been completely mistaken.

The bayonet exercise was, however, an emanation from the brain of the great Duke himself, and has certainly the idea of originality, if of nothing else, to recommend it.

When, however, its merits are considered, it must be borne in mind that an active and well trained soldier can always, by facing towards the right, interpose his target so as to parry a blow from that direction,* and there is therefore nothing whatever in the Cumberland method, but even admitting that the bayoneteer succeeded in wounding his adversary to his right, his opponent in front had an equal opportunity of cleaving his skull, and thus no advantage whatever could be derived to either party from his Grace's contrivance, and the engagement would still require to be fought according to the relative merits of the weapons employed.

It is nowhere related whether his Grace's much vaunted system was ever actually tested at Culloden or not, all that has been ever mentioned being that some Highlanders were killed by bayonets, which was, as Lord Elcho says, the easier because a number of Highlanders had laid aside their targets.

General Sir Charles Napier, an ardent admirer of the bayonet, admits that he had seen in India a native swordsman lying on the ground thrust

* All the better classes of the Highlanders were individually well trained to the use of the broadsword and target.

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through with a bayonet, and the bayoneteer lying beside him mortally wounded with his opponent's sabre—how parties would have fared had the swordsman been provided with a target, he does not say, but the result may be conjectured.

The celebrated Russian general, Suvarrow, published a general order to his forces, in which, among other injunctions, he directed his soldiers to have no fear whatever of the Turkish sabre, but to rush fearlessly upon the Turks with their bayonets, but he adds that after having transfixed a Turk with his bayonet, a Russian must spring quickly and dexterously back, in case he receive a scratch from the scimitar of the Turk even after he is dead.

The idea of an European soldier loaded with his knapsack and other heavy accoutrements, being expected to exercise the agility of a flea while the Turkish soldier, completely unencumbered as he then was, is supposed to be about as heavy and immoveable as a stall-fed ox is inimitable, and equally contrary to reason as his Grace of Cumberland's bayonet exercise. The strength of the musketeer in both cases rests in his bullet, not his bayonet.

In reference to Suvarrow's instructions, it should be borne in mind that for a long period the Russian bayoneteers never ventured to face the Turkish scimitars, excepting behind *chevaux de frize*, which accompanied their marches and were manœuvred as a regular part of their army; but gradually the fierce and unmethodical Turks, finding themselves unable to penetrate through the *chevaux de frize*, and feeling the destruction inflicted on them by the well-plied muskets of the Russians fired from behind these barriers, yielded to the natural cowardice of human nature, and began to shrink from the Russian musketry, without looking whether they were defended by *chevaux de frize* or not.

Lord George Murray, in one passage of his Memoirs, says that the commanders of the Highland forces had become sensible that without more training than could in the circumstances be given the Highlanders, they would not in the long run be found equal to regular troops, and this opinion has found great favour with Dr Hill Burton; but it certainly seems very extraordinary that men who, according (as it has been shown) to the testimony of their adversaries, could manœuvre on the field of battle as well, if not better, than any regular forces, should be so incapable of being effectually trained. It would almost seem as if Lord George with all his dash and valour and confidence in the formidable cry of claymore, had yet an admiration of the martinet and pipe-clay system to which he attached an unnecessary importance. Or it may be that he referred to the clan rivalries and disputes which it was certainly impossible to eradicate from the Jacobite army, and which culminated so fatally at Culloden.

In considering the results of this engagement, it must be borne in mind that the Highlanders were suffering from the pangs of hunger, and exhausted by the night march to and from Nairn, that many of them had laid aside their targets, and that they were kept needlessly exposed for a long time to a powerful fire of artillery, to which they had no

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effectual means of replying, and that the Government forces comprised a powerful body of cavalry.

Dr Hill Burton says (*vide* p. 488, vol. 8) that one almost pities a Highland army in these circumstances.

Upon the same principle, all infantry, from the earliest to the latest period of warfare, is to be pitied if exposed to the combined attacks of infantry, cavalry, and the artillery of the period; but how the Highlanders were more to be pitied than their opponents would have been, had they been placed in similar circumstances does not appear. On the contrary, it was proved at Culloden that the Highlanders, in one respect at least, made a greater impression upon their successful adversaries than has ever been done by modern bayoneted infantry.

By all accounts of the engagement, the Highlanders, after their courage had been sorely tested by their unnecessary exposure to a prolonged cannonade, made a partial charge, which was completely successful so far as regarded the first line of their opponents, who were defeated, and fled in wild disorder behind their second line, in spite of the Duke's bayonet exercise.

The second line certainly succeeded in repulsing the Highlanders, but it would rather appear that this success was due much more to the fire than the bayonets of the Government forces, although there is no doubt but that some of the Highlanders were killed by bayonets and spontoons, whose action was greatly facilitated by the want of targets on the part of many of the mountaineers.

Whether the Highlanders, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, displayed the great activity and determination evinced by their ancestors at Killiecrankie may possibly be an open question, for it must be remembered that the Highland forces at Culloden amounted to upwards of 5000 men, while their loss did not much exceed, if it even reached, 1000, about one fifth of their number; but at Killiecrankie the victors, 1800 strong, sustained a loss of about 600, which was one-third of those engaged. This would almost show that at Culloden there was hardly that absolute contempt of danger and fiery determination on the part of the mountaineers which had been displayed at Killiecrankie.

One element of disaster to the Highland army existed at Culloden which had never before previously occurred in modern times, and seems almost of itself to explain the discomfiture of the Highlanders, and that was the conduct of the Macdonalds, who, because they were stationed upon the left in place of the right of the line, actually refused to charge, and left the field without striking a single blow for the cause in which they were engaged.

Tactically, therefore, the field was lost owing to a large body of the defeated never having fought or attempted to do so, and that not through their having been prevented from engaging by being skilfully cut off from the opportunity of attacking, by the manœuvres of their antagonists, as occurred at Blenheim and elsewhere, but simply by their own misdirected ideas of military etiquette—an idea which seems the more absurd when it is borne in mind that at Killiecrankie the Macdonalds were stationed

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without hesitation or remonstrance upon the left of the line, where they did right good service.

Be this, however, as it may, there is no doubt but that the Macdonalds who had, by past history proved themselves upon the whole the most brilliant and successful of all the clans, forfeited on this fatal day by their unmeaning prejudices, the prestige which their previous exploits had so deservedly earned.

It is also singular that the fact of the Macdonalds having formed the left at Killiecrankie is never once alluded to in all the commentaries and explanatory statements which have been made regarding Culloden.

The only possible manner of allowing the Macdonalds to drop mildly is a lame one. It is, however, nevertheless true that the defeat, immediately after it had taken place, was not considered by the bulk of the army as so fatal and decisive as the Prince's subsequent conduct rendered it; and the Macdonalds believed that they would have had an ample opportunity of rectifying matters at the next fighting day, when, according to one of the clan (*vide* a letter printed at the end of the Lockhart Memoirs), he stated that the Athole men would not refuse them the right on that occasion.

The occasion, however, never arrived, and the stain upon the military reputation of the Macdonalds must for ever remain uneffaced, and, looking to their position on the left at Killiecrankie, actually unexplained.

The retreat of the Highlanders was, however, marked by the greatest superiority which infantry ever achieved over cavalry in modern times, and such as no bayoneteers can ever boast of having effected.

A large body of Highlanders marched off the field in military array, and encountered a regiment of English cavalry, who actually opened their ranks and permitted them to pass through unmolested. Nay, an English officer, having observed a straggler, advanced a few paces to seize him, but the Highlander cut him down with his claymore, and actually plundered him of his watch and purse, and joined his comrades without the slightest attempt on the part of the English to molest him. (*Vide* Memoirs of Chevalier Johnstone.)

Can Dr Hill Burton, or any one else who pities the Highlanders at Culloden (which is, in other words, alleging that bayoneteers have greater defensive power than sword and target-men), mention another instance of cavalry having so respected bayoneteers.

It is impossible in any account of Culloden to pass over the conduct of Macdonald of Keppoch, who showed such heroic self-devotion to the cause he had espoused, and his sense of duty.

Although his clan refused to follow him, he yet advanced singly to meet the enemy, and was shot dead in the advance.

Some writers assert that such heroic conduct is an unnecessary sacrifice of life, and an act of pure reckless gallantry, but when an officer in a subordinate position like a colonel receives an order to advance, he has no alternative but to do so, and if military discipline is to be carried out, the order must be obeyed, whether his regiment will follow him or not, although it must be admitted that the nerves of few men have proved equal to those of the gallant Keppoch.

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Norman Leslie, who led the Fifemen at the victory at Ancrum, and afterwards assisted at the murder of Cardinal Beaton, perished in a similar manner. Having escaped to France after that slaughter, he obtained the command of a squadron of horse in the French service, and being ordered to charge, he galloped forward unsupported by his men, and singly cut his way through his adversaries, but was severely wounded, and ultimately died of the injuries he received. This has been denominated an act of heedless gallantry, but I confess for my own part that although the slaughter of Cardinal Beaton was a cruel and, in the circumstances, cowardly act, I could pardon Norman Leslie if he had murdered the whole college of cardinals for the sake of the gallant death he died.

The great body of the Highland soldiers were not in the slightest degree dispirited by the defeat at Culloden. They felt that they had not had fair play, and had still confidence in their claymores and targets, and a large body accordingly collected at Ruthven with the view of renewing the struggle, when, to their utter discomfiture and dismay, they received the orders of the Prince that no further resistance was to be made.

How little the Highlanders expected that the cause was to be so pusillanimously abandoned, may be gathered from the letter from the Macdonald clansman previously referred to, and certainly the Prince then displayed his want of nerve and resolution which had long been suspected but never previously completely evinced.

It is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, in one of his articles on the subject, that when the first line of the Highlanders gave way, Lord Elcho addressed the Prince, and urged him to place himself at the head of the second and charge, and when he refused, his Lordship cursed him as a coward and traitor, and swore he would never see his face again.

Lord Elcho's Memoirs, however, go to disprove the correctness of this tradition, as he says that after the defeat of the first line, the advance of the second would have been useless, but he certainly expresses no great opinion either of the Prince's head or nerves. The whole conduct of the unfortunate Prince after Culloden would indeed tend to support the idea (previously expressed) that he had no confidence in the brilliant tactical powers of the Highlanders, and trusted to the insane hallucination that the Government forces would not fight against him with any determination, and finding himself deceived in this, his courage completely gave way.

Before closing this article, it may not be out of place to give a few technical details regarding the claymore to which the Highlanders so much trusted, and with which they certainly performed such brilliant feats.

These weapons were not originally peculiar to the Highlands, but were originally used by all Scotsmen—being indeed the arms described by Patten in his curious and interesting account of the English invasion of Scotland, which ended in the disastrous rout of Pinkie, and in describing how the Scots were armed, he says "their swords were notably broad and thin, and so made for slicing, that as I never saw none so good, so think I it hard to devise any better."

The Andrea Ferrara blades, which were latterly considered so exclusively as Highland weapons, were, according to the most authentic accounts,

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manufactured by an Italian artist of that name, during the reign of James the Fifth, and according to tradition were tempered with the water of Lochend, said to be peculiarly fitted for the manufacture of steel: but many swords of excellent form and temper were manufactured by native artists. These weapons were probably obtained by the Highlanders, to a great extent, by purchase or barter when the Lowlanders adopted more peaceful habits after James the Sixth's accession to the English Crown.

The blade of a Scottish broadsword was rather over than under three feet in length, and the weapon itself admirably balanced, and fitted either to give stroke or point, although the contrary has been erroneously asserted by some writers.

The grandest specimen of the weapon the writer of this ever saw was destroyed by the fire in the Tower of London. It formed one of the arms taken from the Highlanders at Preston in 1715. It was certainly considerably more than three feet in length, and of great breadth, and tapering into a very formidable point, and altogether it looked as if in the hands of a powerful man it would have been capable of inflicting most fearful wounds.

From the Memoirs of Locheil, it appears that the Highlanders were in the practice of using a motion similar to the drawing cut of the Asiatic nations—a Highlander, says that author, never drawing back his sword after making a cut, but running it the whole length of the blade through the wound, the broad and thin blade of the claymore rendering this motion easy and effective. It also appears, from the same author, that deer and, probably, cattle were slaughtered with the broadsword—a pretty effectual mode of keeping the swordsmen in practice. Cleaving the skull seems, however, to have been more generally practised by the Highlanders than decapitation (the Turkish method). I find, on referring to the Memoirs of Locheil, that the unfortunate Englishman, killed when eating his lunch at Achadelene, had his skull cloven and his head cut off, as stated in the previous article.

It is certainly alleged that the swords anciently used by the Celtic race were too long, and that thereby they suffered defeats from the Romans and other nations, covered with defensive armour and armed with shorter weapons; but without entering into this question, as to which much might be said on both sides, it need only be observed that the claymore was of precisely the length to enable its wielder successfully to encounter a bayoneteer, as it could always over-cut the bayonet when caught by the target, or even if the bayoneteer succeeded in transfixing his adversary, the length of the broadsword enabled the compliment to be returned. In this respect, indeed, the bayonet, which is considered as a pike, differs from its original most materially, as a pike inflicts a wound at a distance from which no sword can reply—a fact overlooked by many authors on tactics, who assume that a bayonet is in every respect identical with a pike.

The writer cannot, even at the risk of redundancy, avoid averting to the extreme injustice done to the Highlanders by all painters who have ever attempted to depict their exploits.

In not a single painting has it ever been attempted to pourtray a fair,

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full, and sweeping stroke descending upon an adversary which history tells so constantly happened. The Highlander is generally represented as waving his weapon meaninglessly in the air, while the opposing bayoneteer is either transfixing him, or about to do so.

Sir William Allan, in his picture of the death of Colonel Gardiner, represents a group of Government soldiers defending themselves desperately, one of them with a clubbed musket has just shattered the skull of one Highlander, while another, wounded, is imploring mercy, and the Highlanders there depicted never seem to have thought of defending themselves with their targets, while it is a notorious fact that not a single Government soldier ever attempted at Prestonpans to club his musket.

Another painter, some years ago, attempted to pourtray the exploits and fate of Colin Macbean, the gallant and powerful Highlander who, at Culloden, cut his way through the opposing forces, and killed twelve men before he fell overwhelmed by innumerable foes. In place of representing him as cutting down at least one of his adversaries, he is simply depicted as cowering behind his shield, while his opponents are closing around him on every side.

In the last place, I may be permitted to advert to the very common allegation by historians, that the atrocities perpetrated by the Duke of Cumberland were necessary to subdue the spirits of the Highlanders, and reconcile them to the union with England.

This assertion was repeated most emphatically some years ago by Mr Goldwin Smith in one of those historical generalizations in which he so frequently indulges, and in which he distorts facts in the manner best calculated to injure the memory of those who form the subject of his misrepresentations.

According to Mr Smith, the Lowlanders of Scotland were by their analogous forms of government naturally inclined to union with England, but that the Highlanders were not of the same disposition, and that they required the victory of Culloden, and its subsequent atrocities to break their spirits into a salutary submission to the English union.

Had Mr Smith, however, studied Scottish history with the least attention, he would have found that the Highlanders were upon the whole more partial to the English than they were to their Lowland neighbours. Not to mention alliances which were formed by the Lords of the Isles at very early periods with the English against the low-country Scots—there can be no doubt but that under Montrose they were acting in concert with all the Englishmen whom they could get to join them, and that in the rising under Dundee they considered that they were acting in concert with the English Jacobites, and that should they have proved successful in arms, they believed that the Highland chiefs would have displaced the Lowland noblemen in the confidence of the King, and that their influence at the court of London would have become predominant.* In the insurrection of 1715 a strong corps was perhaps injudiciously detached to England to support the Jacobites of that country, and the '45 was based

* This idea is very plainly developed in the Memoirs of Lochiel (*vide* p. 291 and seq.)

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almost solely upon the expectation of English assistance. How these facts can be reconciled with the alleged aversion of the Highlanders to fraternise with Englishmen, must be left for Mr Smith to explain, but he has not yet done so.

The assertion that the atrocities after Culloden crushed the spirits of the Highlanders, and was the means of making them submissive to the yoke of the House of Hanover, is equally unfounded. For many a long year after the '45, the Highland peasantry brooded in sullen indignation over the cruelties to which they had been subjected, and longed for nothing so much as an opportunity of avenging themselves upon the Government which had sanctioned the brutalities to which they had been subjected, and had there arisen any power in the Highland aristocracy sufficient to have given a rallying point to the wishes of the lower orders in the Highlands, a much greater number would have joined the second insurrection than did the first.

A curious proof of this is to be found in the Memoirs of Sir John Sinclair, who, in 1792, obtained the repeal of the barbarous and despotic Act of 19th George II., which prohibited the use of the Highland dress. Shortly after this repeal, Sir John wore the Celtic costume while passing through a district of Perthshire, and while walking along the road, was followed by a number of the natives, talking Gaelic with great vehemence; an old Highlander at length accosted him in a cautious whisper, and said, "Sir, if you are come here in the good old cause, I can give you to understand that there a hundred gude men ready to join you within the sound of the bell of Logierait."

Such was the manner in which the Bloody Duke broke the spirits of the Scottish Highlanders, and such is the truth of Mr Goldwin Smith's generalizations.

AN INVERNESS COLONEL IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—A war correspondent of the *Times* writes from the Headquarters of the Russian Army at Plevna:—"Upon our arrival I was consigned to the hospitable attentions of Captain Stromiloff, of the brigade Staff, while the details of the transfer were arranged with Colonel Toutoulméne, the new commander—a small, wiry, bright-eyed officer, who is evidently an energetic cavalry commander. He had commanded the Kuban Cossacks before taking charge of the Brigade. Colonel Lewis 'of Monar' commands the second regiment, the Terek Cossacks. This officer is 60 years of age, but he rides like a man of 25. Scobeloff said to me, 'He is one of the best officers in our Army, and I almost feel ashamed of myself when I give him an order.' The ancestor of Colonel Lewis of Monar was a Scotchman, who settled in Russia before the time of Peter the Great. The present representative of the family does not know a word of English, and is perfectly Russian in every way, but still remarks with evident pride that he is 'Lewis of Monar.'" [We are informed by an excellent authority that this distinguished officer is Colonel Lewis Mackenzie, the representative of the old Mackenzies of Monar, in the county of Inverness.]

THE POPULATION OF LOCHALSH.—The following, obtained after the article on "The Poetry and Prose of a Highland Croft" was printed, is a complete statement of the population of the Parish of Lochalsh in the present century. It shows a large increase:—

Years.....	1801	1811	1821	1831	1851	1861	1871
Lochalsh.....	1606	2034	2492	2433	2299	2413	2319

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IAIN RUADH MAC DHUGHAIL.

(JOHN ROY MACAULAY, THE FAMOUS HUNTER.)

—o—

THE subject of the following remarks was he whom Mary Mackellar confused with *Ailean Donn* in her version of "Fair Annie Campbell's" death and extraordinary burial. The letter of the Earl of Dunmore's factor—Mr Kenneth Macdonald—will, I think, have already satisfied Mrs Mackellar, as it has done everyone else, that what she calls "her version" was no version at all, but a stringing together of parts of two very different stories. If she still has any doubts, I venture to think that they will be dissipated when she has perused the following account of *Iain Ruadh MacDhughail*. Malcolm Macaulay of *Caolas-na-Sgeirean*, to whom Mrs Mackellar appeals, although probably he could not give the whole of the story of "Fair Annie Campbell," he (as also his brother Murdoch, who is gamekeeper with Mr Scott at Fincastle) could give the whole of the following stories about his kinsman, a portion of which Mrs M. prefaced to her so-called story of *Ailean Donn*, and he must have been much surprised to see his relative, *Iain Ruadh*, described as the lover of "Fair Annie Campbell."

Iain Ruadh MacDhughail was a scion of the Clan Macaulay of Lews, and his great ancestor, Aulay the Red *(Aulaidh Dearg)* a son of Olave, or Olaf, the Norse Olla, or Olaus settled in the Island of Lews in the eleventh century. Though not a few of this clan were men of great celebrity, and famous in their day and generation, they were wholly unable to cope with their kinsmen, the Macleods, nor with their invidious kinsfolk, the Morrisons—being few in number in comparison with the former, and but a mere handful as compared with the latter—with both of whom they had many a bitter and deadly feud, and this fact accounts for the smallness of the tribe at the time we write of.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century, the mortal hatred so long borne by the Morrisons to the Macaulays reached its highest possible pitch. About that time, while the Macaulays were assembled at a banquet, given by their Chief, at a place called "*An Earrain*," situated between the Reef and Valtos, in the parish of Uig, the seven sons of Tormoid Mor of Bernara, along with the whole of *Clann Mhic Gille Mhoire*, the Morrisons, went to the "*Earrain*," surrounded the building where the Macaulays were assembled, and savagely slaughtered every man, woman, and child of that unfortunate race, with one solitary exception. The individual who escaped this fearful massacre was a young boy, named John Roy Macaulay *(Iain Ruadh Mac Dhughail)*. The story of how he was carried away and concealed, and how he escaped the dreadful fate of his kindred, the attempts afterwards made upon his life, his flight to Skye, his return and fearful revenge, is as curious as it is remarkable, but being too long for insertion here, I will, on a future occasion, place it before the reader, and meanwhile I pass on to

John Roy Macaulay (commonly called *Iain Ruadh Mac Dhughail*), the subject of the following sketch, who was the great-great-great-grandson

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of the "young boy," John Roy Macaulay, also named *Iain Ruadh Mac Dhughail*, as above. He was the eldest son of Murdo Macaulay, grandson of Donald Cam, than whom there was none more brave nor powerful, when in his prime, in the Western Isles. The stories and traditions about this man's feats of strength and great intrepidity, when in actual combat, would fill many pages of the *Celtic Magazine*. John Macaulay, our present subject, was born at Valtos in the latter end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century. He was a beautiful, handsome, and lovely youth, the very pride of his mother, Betsy Macpherson, a native of the Isle of Skye. The same beautiful graces which adorned him in childhood and youth developed themselves more and more as he grew up into manhood. It was discovered long before he reached his teens that he possessed many of his predecessors' hereditary qualities. He also gave indications, if spared, of becoming a great hunter, and this opinion was fully verified in his after life, a fact which justified his mother's retort to her mother-in-law, who made an uncomplimentary remark when John was born—viz., "*Cha docha sin na deadh shealgar e*" (Not more likely is that, than that he will be a good huntsman). When John attained his full strength, few, if any, of his contemporaries equalled him in prowess. Nor was there any that could match with him in his tenderness of heart and affable disposition, and no one tired of his pleasant society. As a hunter, a sport of which he was devotedly fond, he could not be excelled. He was only in his fifteenth year when his father died, and was, therefore, a mere youth when the sole care of his father's family devolved upon him. But seldom, indeed, had such weighty responsibilities fallen upon shoulders more able to bear them than John Macaulay's, for never did the fatherless children and the affectionate widow feel any want while they had John, who constantly supplied them with abundance of venison from the hills, and trout and salmon from the rivers and lakes. He was thus doubly loved and valued by his mother, who never went to bed at night, if she expected him home, until he arrived. He sometimes roamed far off among the hills in pursuit of his game, and could not get home the same day. On such occasions as these he would roll himself in his plaid (without which he never walked abroad), and lie down among the heather, or, if one was close at hand, enter a lonely shealing, and pass the night within it. Many interesting tales are told of John Macaulay, but as they chiefly refer to his hunting exploits, I shall only recite one or two of them.

Iain Ruadh (John Macaulay's Gaelic patronymic, and by which he shall be referred to in what follows) went on one occasion to hunt the deer on the famous hills of Clare *(Bennaibh-a-Chlar)* in the Lews. He had barely set his foot on the Clare, when his keen eye observed a splendid stag snuffing the gentle breeze on the side of a hill. Being a skilful stalker, he soon got within range and fired; but, contrary to his usual success, he only succeeded in wounding it. No sooner was this noble specimen of the denizen of the forest struck by the bullet than it sped with mighty bounds from the hills of Lews across the valleys to those of Harris. Knowing that the stag was severely, if not mortally wounded, and loath to lose such a fine animal, *Iain Ruadh*, who was swift as a roe, gave chase, and followed him to a hill called *Stialbhal* in Harris.

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When near the summit of the hill the stag dropped down dead. In a minute *Iain Ruadh* was sitting resting on the antler's ribs; and when in the act of cutting its throat, he found himself confronted by *Iain Og Mor*, Sir Rory Mor Macleod's forester, who was, as well as *Iain Ruadh*, on this occasion, accompanied by his gillie. *Iain Ruadh's* gillie, had, however, fallen a good way behind his master in the chase to the top of *Stialbhal*, and it was some time ere he reached it.

I may here say that *Iain Og Mor* was "Fair Annie Campbell" of Scalpay's grandfather, and a son of Donald Og who, with a number of others, was barbarously murdered at Eilean Stocknish.

Finding *Iain Ruadh*, not only trespassing, but actually in the act of killing deer in the forest which was under his charge, *Iain Og Mor* requested him to deliver up his gun, a request which was indignantly refused. He, however, explained to the forester how he had shot and wounded the stag on Clare, and had merely followed it to Stialbhal. But this explanation had no effect upon the enraged forester, who furiously seized the hunter's gun to wrench it by force out of John's hands, intending, at the same time, to castigate the owner into the bargain. But this was a feat which he soon found he could not perform; he began without calculating the cost, and woefully failed, for *Iain Ruadh*, who was now somewhat roused, seized him with his right hand—his gun being in his lett—and threw him down violently on the heath. But no sooner did he allow him to get up than he again attacked the hunter, and was the second time thrown down as easily as if he had been an insect; and on his taking hold of the hunter a third time, he gave him such a severe castigation that he was unable for a considerable time to move from the spot on which he lay. After thrashing the forester, *Iain Ruadh* went to the gillies, who were standing together, close by, and administered a sharp slap on the cheek to each of them, saying, "You are both standing there quite happy; though we were foolish enough to kill one another, you would never interfere." *Iain Ruadh* and his gillie now returned to Lews.

On recovering a little from the effects of *Iain Ruadh's* effective pounding, *Iain Og Mor*, assisted by his gillie, found his way down from the hill, and with great difficulty reached home. On entering his house he went to bed. Noticing this, his wife enquired of the gillie whether any person had met his master in the forest that day, and being answered in the negative, she asked whether *Iain Ruadh Mac Dhughail* had not met them. Seeing that she repeated the question, and had now put it in such a pointed and positive manner, the youth admitted the fact. She then asked him, "Were they in grips?" and "Which of them proved the strongest?" The lad answered that, "*Iain Ruadh* put *Iain Og* to the ground." This reply pleased *Iain Og's* wife so mightily that she exclaimed in raptures of joy, "*Se mo roghain a bha 'n uachdar*" (It was my choice that was uppermost). To account for this remarkable expression by *Iain Og's* wife, I must explain that previous to her marriage with Macleod's forester, she had been courted and loved by *Iain Ruadh*, and that she most ardently returned it; but that, for some cause or other not recorded, the courtship was broken off, and the wounds then made in the young maiden's heart do not seem to have been subsequently healed.

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As soon as he was able to undertake the journey, *Iain Og* went to Rodel to acquaint his chief, Sir Rory Mor Macleod, of all the circumstances of the case—how he found *Iain Ruadh* hunting in Stialbhal, and how he assaulted himself for demanding his gun. On receiving this intelligence, Sir Rory dispatched a messenger in great haste to *Iain Ruadh*, requesting him to appear at Rodel, without delay, to answer for his conduct. On receiving this urgent message, *Iain Ruadh*, taking his gun, dirk, and plaid along with him, proceeded at once to Rodel. Arriving there, he went and took up his position on the top of a little hill close to Rodel House, where he was soon observed by Sir Rory's page, who immediately apprised his chief of the fact. *Iain Ruadh* was at once sent for, and it being the breakfast hour, he was invited, and sat at the table along with Sir Rory and his family. They had a splendid *dejeuner a la fourchette*, to which ample justice was done. The cloth being removed the chieftain, after some little fencing, requested the hunter, in a stern voice, to deliver up his gun forthwith. "Why, sir, do you ask for my gun?" boldly enquired *Iain Ruadh*. "Because," answered the chief, "you were not only found trespassing in my forest, but you almost killed my forester, *Iain Og Mor*." The hunter then explained the manner of his going to the hills of Harris, and why he fought with the forester, as already described. "But," said *Iain*, "as you demand my gun in your own house, after I have shared your hospitality, you shall have it, but rest assured that, had it been on the top of Stialbhal you had made the request, you not only would not have got it, but you would be served exactly as *Iain Og Mor* was—there, take the gun. Farewell."

It was a terrible mortification for *Iain Ruadh* to return to Lews minus his favourite, and trusty gun, but meantime there was no remedy but to console himself as best he could. He got his mother to make him a suit of clothes of a peculiar grey, and attired in them, he applied himself assiduously to angling on Loch Langabhat; and so successful had he been in this that between the time he gave up his gun, in the beginning of summer, and the day on which he received it, in the following autumn, he fished seven barrels-full of salmon alone.

His gun was returned to him in the following manner:—In the beginning of autumn, Sir Rory sent a message to *Iain Ruadh*, requesting him to meet him on a certain day at *Bealach an Sgail*, at the north end of Harris, where he (Sir Rory) and party were going to the chase, and that his gun would then be delivered up to him. Sir Rory and party arrived at the place indicated on the appointed day. They had just sat down to luncheon, at the "*Airidh Mhor*," when *Iain Ruadh* was seen approaching them at a place, some distance off, called "*Braigha Bhuirnir*." Being attired in his peculiar greys, Sir Rory, as the hunter came up to them, said, "O man, it's you that have undergone the great transformation since I saw you last." *Iain Ruadh* replied that now, instead of being a hunter, he was a fisherman, and was dressed to suit his profession. Sir Rory felt the force of *Iain's* answer, and, handing him his gun, said, "Hunt wherever you choose in any of my forests as if they were your own." *Iain Ruadh* replied by singing a song which he had composed one day while going out to fish, after having parted with his gun at Rodel; and as a specimen of his poetical genius, I shall give two stanzas:—

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Oh ! nach truagh leibh fein 'm fhaicinn,
'S mi am ruith gu carn breacaich ;
'S mi gun ghunn', ach an t-slat air mo ghualainn ;
Poca frithlisg, an cead diubh,
Ann an sean osan agam,
Ann an ionad a phoc sa'n robh luaidhe.

'S i mo ghunna dubh gleusda,
'Mharbh uldaichean feidh dhomh,
'S rinn i roimhe dhomh 'feum ud cuig uairean,
Chuir mi 'n t-ord do na cheardaich
Dheanamh dhubhanan gain'mhaich—
'Saoil sibh fein nach robh an samhradh so cruaidh orm ?

* * * * * * *

On finishing the song, *Iain Ruadh* left Sir Rory and his party, but he had only gone a short distance (still on Macleod's lands of Harris), when, observing a herd of deer a little distance off, he whistled in a manner altogether peculiar to himself, and in a moment the herd stood still. Taking a steady aim with his generally unerring hand, he fired, and *seven* splendid stags lay dead upon the heath ! The place where this unparalleled feat was accomplished is called "*Sniamh nam Feidh*," or the Bend of the Deer, to this day. *Iain Ruadh* immediately returned to acquaint Sir Rory of what he had done. He found him still sitting where he had left him a few minutes previously, and told him that he and his gillies would find sufficient work for a day to carry the seven stags which were just killed back to Rodel. Sir Rory and his party heard the shot, but would not believe that *Iain Ruadh* had knocked over more than one of the herd until they went and saw them, when Sir Roy exclaimed in admiration, "Well done, my brave fellow ! it was a pity to keep you so long without your gun." The Chieftain then requested him to take the spoil home for his own use, but this generous offer the proud hunter politely declined, remarking that he could get plenty sport, in his own grounds, without encroaching on other people's preserves.

A short time after the incidents just narrated, a gentleman from the South, then travelliug in the Isles, chanced, in course of his Hebridean tour, to call at *Iain Ruadh's* house at Valtos, where he was put up for a night. Wishing to be as hospitable as possible, and to give the stranger something unique and palatable for breakfast, *Iain Ruadh* set forth and brought home a stag from the forest, a salmon from the lake, a trout from the stream, and an otter from the loch, before the stranger was out of his bed in the early morning. This, the tourist acknowledged, was the most wonderful thing he had seen since he set out on his journey.

The following anecdote will give the reader some idea of *Iain Ruadh's* great personal prowess :—He went, on one occasion, along with the gentlemen of the Lews, who were accompanied by Sir Rory Macleod of Dunvegan, and Mackenzie of Kintail, to have a day's sport in the deer forest of Park, Lews. Some time previous, a large fank, similar to that constructed for sheep, was formed at Park for the purpose of driving the deer

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into them at pleasure. Into this enclosure the bold denizens of the forest were driven on the occasion in question; but when they found themselves imprisoned, hemmed in on every side, they became furious, and rushing madly to the fank-gate, leaped over it with a bound, scattering and knocking over their besiegers like so many twigs. *Iain Ruadh's* position was in the centre, in front of the gate, and a powerful stag, in the act of passing right over his head, was caught by the antlers, and quick as thought he had the foaming and furious animal lying on his back in front of him. While performing this almost incredible feat, *Iain Ruadh* had not so much as moved his feet from their original posture. Addressing Mackenzie of Kintail, he said, "See my prize." "You are yourself what I would call *the* prize," answered the Chieftain, who presented, there and then, *Iain Ruadh* with a handsome present.

The next anecdote is told, with much pathos, in the Lews and Harris; and, although it may properly be classed with other superstitious stories, it is, nevertheless, believed in those places as true to the letter.

Iain Ruadh went at one time on a hunting excursion to a certain place about two miles from the head of Loch Resort; and as he intended to remain there for two days, he took up his quarters for the night in a little *bothan* (bothy or cabin) which stood on the hill. A number of these *bothain* may still be seen in different parts of Lews, particularly in the parish of Uig. They are in a circular form, neatly built, and roofed in with rude mountain flags. The roof being slightly raised in the centre, and covered over with turf, it is thoroughly water-tight. These primitive houses are situated in two different localities, and are called *Bothanan a Chlair Mhoir*, and *Bothanan a Chlair Bhig*. They are supposed to have been built many years ago, but by whom, or for what particular purpose, no one now living is able to say. Some of them are in as perfect a state to-day as when they were first constructed. As I have said, *Iain Ruadh* passed the night in one of these rude and primitive habitations, and having lighted a fire, he and his gillie, who was along with him, sat down before it and warmed themselves. They were not long enjoying this comfort, however, when they heard a noise outside, which seemed both strange and "uncanny." "Who is there?" enquired *Iain Ruadh*. "*Is duastail mi, is duastail mi*," was the unearthly answer. Nothing daunted, the hunter replied, "*Se curaidh mi, se curaidh mi.*" To this the voice from without replied, "*Cha 'n fhuirich mi, cha 'u fhuirich mi.*" Our hero then retorted, "*Cha chumair thu, cha chumair thu*," and rushed out, gun in hand, but saw nothing. The spectre had fled. That it was the harbinger of some coming evil they had no doubt, and they felt a sort of presentiment of some looming danger. The *bothan* in which this colloquy took place is called *Bothan Dhustail* to this day. We were informed quite seriously by one *Seanachaidh* that it was the Evil Spirit himself who haunted the *bothan*, and that *Iain Ruadh* finished him; but whatever it was, whether creature, spectre, or spirit, we have reason to believe that the Evil Spirit is still in existence, even in Lews, and as active as ever. The *Seanachaidhean* affirm that the whole thing "is perfectly true from first to last."

Another, and it is the last story which we shall tell of this famous

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hunter, is related thus :—Early one morning, *Iain Ruadh*, accompanied by his brother *Sgaire* (Zachary), started for the chase. On reaching the margin of *Loch Langabhat*, they observed a large stag grazing on the *Eilean Dubh*, in the middle of the loch. They immediately stripped, and, fixing their guns behind their necks, swam to the island ; but after searching it from end to end, no living creature could be seen. Chagrined by their disappointment, they again returned to the mainland, but no sooner did they arrive there than they saw the stag on *Eilean Dubh* as before. The second time they swam to the island, but on again reaching it nothing could be seen. Disappointed and vexed they returned to the mainland; but, strange to say, no sooner had they reached the shore than they saw the stag for the third time in the same place. Determined not to be foiled thus, they made for the island the third time, every inch of which they carefully examined, but failed to find any trace of the stag, or of any other living creature. Looking at each other with a bewildered and silent gaze, they left the islet the third and last time. In their repeated journeys already made to and from the island, *Iain Ruadh* took the lead, and the last was commenced in the same manner—*Iain Ruadh* was foremost; but when about mid-channel he called out to *Sgaire*, "I am awfully sick—I can go no further." Scarcely were the words uttered, when the comely and manly form of the brave *Iain Ruadh Mac Dhughail* sank to rise no more. The loving son, who so often gladdened the heart of an affectionate mother, will never cheer or comfort her again ; the eyes of her who continued to gaze long after him, each morning, as he started for the hills, will be for ever dimmed, with the tears shed for the loss of her son. Although only a few strokes behind him when he sank, *Sgaire* could render no assistance, so rapidly did his brother sink. The gillies, too, stood on the shore helplessly looking on—they could give no help. It was with a sad and heavy heart that *Sgaire* went home that day ; and the sorest trial he ever endured, either before or afterwards, was when he beheld the bitter anguish of his mother, who, on hearing the melancholy death of her son, cried long and vehemently, "Oh, my son, my son ! what shall I do for my son ?" and tore the jet black hair from her head.

Iain Ruadh was drowned on a Wednesday ; and all the inhabitants of Valtos turned out that evening to search for the body, which they soon recovered. In the spot where his body was laid down, on the heath, after it was taken out of the water, a large stone has been placed on end. It is still called "*Clach Bheis*," after *Iain Ruadh's* mother, whose name, as I have already said, was Betsy, and may be seen to this day. His mother, on every succeeding Wednesday while she lived, composed, at the side of "*Clach Bheis*," either a song in praise of her son's beauty, or a lament for his death.

In deference to her memory, and as a specimen of her poetical talents, I shall append part of the first song composed at "*Clach Bheis*:"—

'S daor a cheannaich mi 'm fiadhach
A rinn Iain Diciaduin,
Rinn an t-Eilean Dubh riabhach mo leon,—
'S daor, &c.

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Bu domhainn an linne
'S an robh na fir ga da shireadh,
'S an d'fhuair iad mo chion 's e gun deo,—
Bu domhainn, &c.

Nuair a thug iad a steach thu
Bha do ghruaidhean air seacadh ;
Och ! se m'eudail a bh'aca gun deo—
Nuar a, &c.

A Dhomh'uill Mhic Iain
A nochd 's cruaidh leat mo naighachd—
'S ann a tha iad gun aidhear san Strom—
A Dhomhuill, &c.

Gur mise th' air mo chreachadh
Dol a dh'ionnsuidh do leapadh,
'S gun mo lamh air do chraicionn geal og—
Gur mise, &c.

Tha do pheathraichean truagh dheth,
Air droch cheangal tha'n gruagaibh ;
Oh ! se 'n losgadh a fhuair iad 's an leon :
Tha do, &c.

Is gur 'iomadh duin' uasal,
Leis 'm bu duilich mar chual iad,
Bho 'n Teist gus am buail iad an Strom :
Is gur, &c.

Cas a shiubhal na 'm fuar bheann,
Ghabh thu roghainn bha uasal,
'S tu gun treobhadh no buailtean air doigh ;
Cas a, &c.

Is gur iomadh bian beiste,
Chunnaic mise mu d' reidhlean,
Se mo chreach nach do dh'fheud thu bhi beo !
Is gur, &c.

Gur lionmhor dhuit caraid
Eadar Leodhas 's na Hearradh,
Air nach treigeadh am barail dha'n deoin,
Gur lionmhor, &c.

* * * * * * *

This *Cumha* or lament has a very beautiful and plaintive air. I repeatedly heard it sung by Mr Malcolm Macaulay, Caolas-na-Sgeirean, Harris, who, like the subject of our sketch, is an offshoot of the Macaulays of Breinish, in the Lews.

MAC IAIN.

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TO THE READER.

THIS Number brings us to the end of the Second Volume. It had been confidently predicted, two years ago, that the *Celtic Magazine* could not live half a year—that the *Celtic* field was so limited that we could exhaust it in a few months. The Magazine is now twenty-four months old, and we have been able barely to enter within the field—to touch upon its outer margin, and when we shall have been engaged in it for twenty-four years, instead of months, we shall only then be commencing discoveries of new and more valuable treasures in a field in which ample room will be found for good work, though probably with little profit, for others.

The field is inexhaustible, as we shall ultimately show, if properly supported. Volume I. was well received by the whole Press of the country; but it is universally admitted that the one now concluded is far superior, thanks, mainly, to those gentlemen of high literary attainments who have so generously and patriotically contributed to its pages.

Among the most prominent contributions, we may be permitted to mention "The Clearing of the Glens," by Principal Shairp, of St Andrews, and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford; "Destitution in the Highlands," and "The Last Scenes of Flora Macdonald's Life," by the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A.; "Highland Battles and Highland Arms," by James Macknight, W.S., Edinburgh; several contributions by Professor Blackie; "Lyrical Poetry," by the Rev. George Gilfillan; "Superstition of the Highlands," by Mary Mackellar and "Mac Iain"; Sketches by "Torquil;" "Depopulation in Badenoch," and "The Death of Colonel Baillie of Dunain in India," by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; "The Fentons in the Aird," by Alexander Fraser, accountant; "Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum," by Alexander Mackintosh Shaw; and "Sonnets on Lochawe," by Evan Maccoll. To these, and the many others who have contributed to the pages of the *Celtic Magazine* during the past year, our acknowledgments are due, and are now most heartily tendered. To them we are mainly indebted for what is universally admitted to have been the high character of the Magazine.

"Alastair Og" had but little chance during the past year to distinguish himself in his *Highland Ceilidh*. He suffered in consequence of a too familiar acquaintance with us, for we have repeatedly taken the liberty to put aside his contributions to make room for others, with whom we did not feel disposed to take the same freedom.

"The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer," we have every reason to know, were well received while passing through the pages of the *Magazine*. They have since been published in book form, and Mr Noble, bookseller, bought up the whole issue in sheets. The work is now already practically out of print.

It will be seen in our next that the "Memoir of John Mackenzie, of the 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry,'" resulted in a subscription sufficient to enable

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us to erect a monument to his memory. If the *Magazine* had done nothing else during the twelve months, its mission would not have been a failure.

We are specially indebted to Mr William Mackenzie, the representative, of the *Aberdeen Free Press* in Inverness, for supplying the GAELIC SONGS, WITH MUSIC in the Sol-fa Notation. In the next volume, it is our intention to give the OLD NOTATION as well, and so meet the views of those who do not understand the new system.

Among the contributions already in our possession for the Third Volume are—"Our Own Lyrical Poetry," by the Rev. George Gilfillan; "The Earlier Life of Flora Macdonald" (a series to complete her history), and "Superstition" (also a series), by the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A.; "The Bonnie Earl of Moray," by Torquil; "The Doom of Dunolly," a poem of about 900 lines, in ten cantos, by William Allan, and "The Black Captain," by MacIain. We have several unpublished Gaelic Poems, from the Mull Manuscript in possession of the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, Nova Scotia, which will appear in early numbers. We have also an inexhaustible supply of the *Highland Ceilidh*, and we intend to draw upon it much more than we have done during the past year.

A special feature of the next volume will be a "History of the Clan Kenneth, or Mackenzie," by the Editor, to be commenced in the first number, continued throughout the whole year, and probably much longer. Such a history as this must necessarily be, more or less, an account of almost all the clan battles and feuds which took place in the North-West Highlands and Islands for the last six hundred years, as also the various battles in which the Clans were engaged under Montrose, "Bonnie Dundee," and "Bonnie Prince Charlie." A large amount of valuable and authentic information has been already obtained, and no effort will be spared to make the work, when complete, *the* History of the Mackenzies. The Fitzgerald-Irish-origin of the Clan will be given, but not adopted, the writer considering a native Gaelic descent from the Old Earls of Ross much more authentic and probable. The first two instalments will be devoted to the discussion of this important point, after which the history of the House of Kintail and Seaforth will be given, with a correct genealogy, under the name of each successive Chief, beginning with Kenneth, the first of the line of *Clann Choinnich*. The different branches of the Clan will be afterwards treated in their order of seniority, with authentic genealogies, as far as procurable. To enable us to be strictly accurate in the latter, the aid of members of the respective principal families is to some extent necessary, and has, in several cases, been already accorded. We shall esteem it a favour if others will kindly aid us by doing the same.

Corrections and correspondence are solicited while the History is going through the *Magazine*, with the view to make it ultimately, in another form, as perfect as possible. It is intended to conclude the whole with a History of the Mackenzie Regiment—the 78th Highlanders, or "Ross-shire Buffs."

The *Magazine* is gradually gaining influence, commanding respect, and the circulation is already large and rapidly increasing. The same

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care will be taken in the future, as in the past, to avoid mere political articles, and upon no account whatever will sectarian views find insertion in its pages.

Just one word as to the financial part of the business. It is of great importance to all concerned that the subscriptions be paid *in advance*.

We would respectfully direct the attention of Advertisers to the *Celtic Magazine* as being an excellent medium for advertising. It is thoroughly established, and has a *bona-fide* and influential circulation among the Highland aristocracy, the educated classes, and Highlanders generally at home and abroad—throughout England, Ireland, and the Colonies. No Quack Advertisements of any kind are admitted.

A h-uile latha 'chi 's nach fhaic.

ORAN GAOIL DO CHARAID OIG.

KEY D.

.d',l	s ., m : r . m	l, : d ., r	r . r : s . l	r : d.	
Gur	mul - ad - ach mi 'n	comh - naidh, Measg	cuideachd a's mi	m' on - ar,	
.r	m ., m : r . m	l, : d . r	m : s	l : -.	
'S ged	bheir mi greis air	spors, Bidh mi	trom, trom,	trom.	
.m	l ., l : d' . r'	t : m . m	d' ., l : s . l	r : d.	
Air	son ged 'eil mi	gniomh - ach, Mu 'n	ni mu 'm bheil mi	miannach,	
.r	m ., m : r . m	l, : d . r	m : s	l : -.	
Gidh -	eadh nach 'eil mo	chrioch - an, 'Dol	leam, leam,	leam.	

Gach seachduin dhomh mi-fhaoilteach,
Gach la a' deanamh saothrach,
'S gach oidhche luidhe m' aonar,
An rùm, rùm, rùm.
Di-sathuirn bidh mi gruamach,
'S di-domhnaich bidh mi smuainteach,
'S air moch-a-thrath di-luain,
Theid mi null, null, null.

Ged ruigeas mi gu h-anmoch,
'S ged fhairich mi mo mheanmuinn,
Cha 'n fhaigh mi cainnt a Barabra,
Ach gann, gann, gann.
Le iomadaidh luchd mu-ruin,
Cur bacadh air ar miannaibh,
'S 'g a folach-sa a m' fhianuis,
Gu teann, teann, teann.

Sid 'n uair labhair Babaihh,
Tha roghainn diubh a b' fhearr leam,
Na 'm faighinn sud gu m' ailghios,
'S an am, am, am.
O athair, na biodh fearg ort,
Tha 'n soghainn ud neo-chearbach,
Am fear a 's fhaid' bha 'g earbsadh,
Leig leam, leam, leam.

Mo bharail air do rannsachd,
Is t' fhanadh anns an aon stagh,
Nach 'éil thu 'g a me chunntadh,
Ach gann, gann, gann.
Do dh' innseadh dhuit nach fior sud,
Thoir dhomhsa pears' an lion-anart,
Is gleidh do chuid is t' iomhaigh,
Gu am, am, am.

NOTE.—The above song is the composition of Rob Donn, the Reay Bard, and is perhaps the most popular of his compositions. The air is a very pretty one, and must have had a good deal to do with the popularity which the song has obtained.—W. M'K.

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